

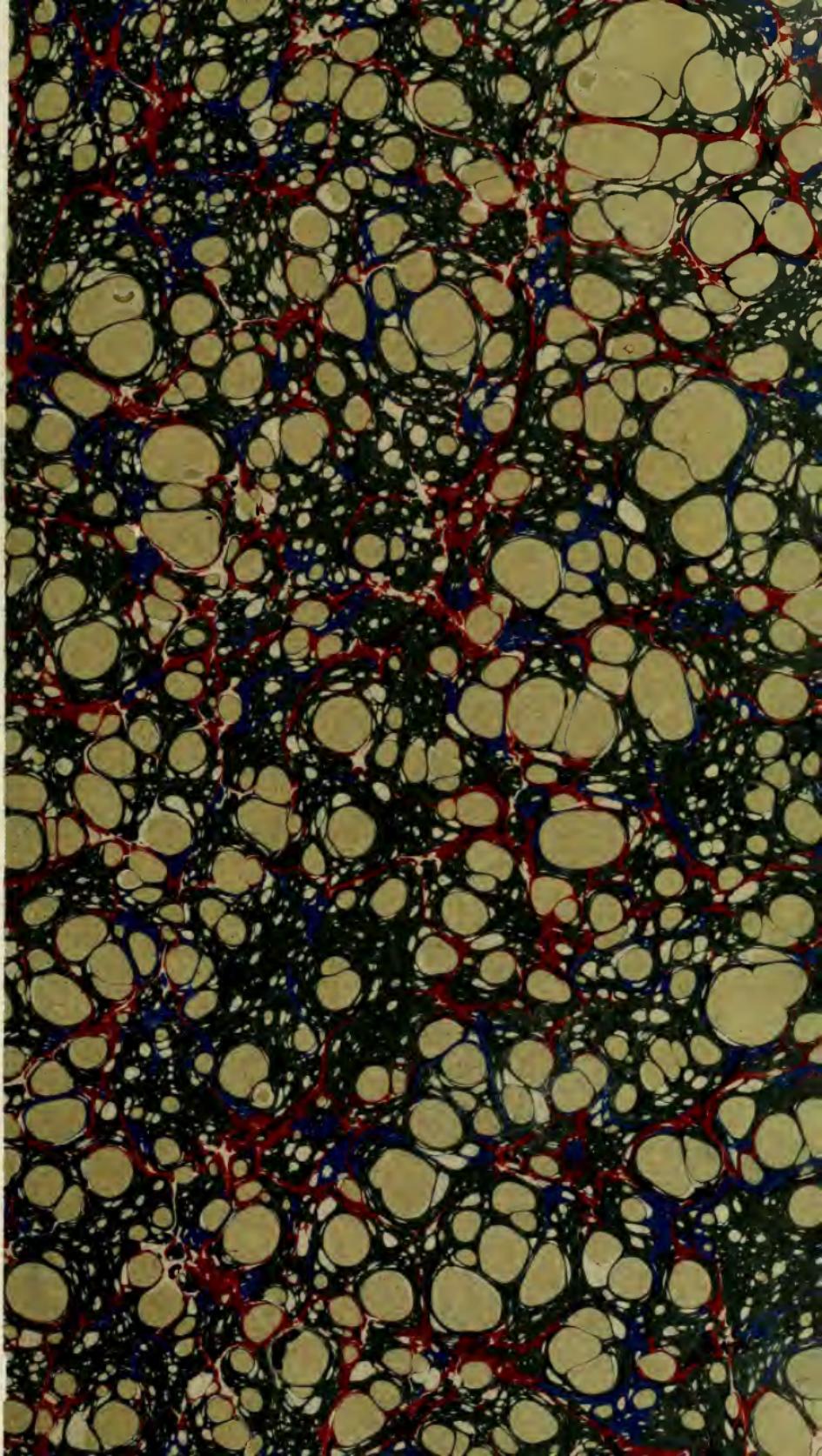
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The
Rev. Dr. F. N. Hove
with the regards
of
Thosulon K. Lothrop

SAMUEL KIRKLAND LOTHROP.



S. R. Lottreph

SOME REMINISCENCES
OF
THE LIFE
OF
SAMUEL KIRKLAND LOTHROP.

EDITED BY HIS SON,
THORNTON KIRKLAND LOTHROP.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

CAMBRIDGE:
JOHN WILSON AND SON.
University Press.
1888.

One Hundred Copies Printed.

No. 68.....

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THE manuscript of my father's Reminiscences fills more than two thousand pages, from which such portions have been selected for printing as it was thought his own judgment would have approved, and as it is hoped may interest those for whom this little book has been prepared.

THORNTON K. LOTHROP.

BEVERLY FARMS,
July 7, 1888.

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IT is very pleasant to live to be so old as to be permitted to become an *obedient parent*; to find one's self surrounded by adult, wise, kind, affectionate children, whose wishes, tenderly but earnestly expressed, become as it were a command that must be obeyed, and to which your own heart prompts a ready and cheerful obedience. Brought to this happy condition myself, I begin to write these reminiscences of my life at the command of my children; and if they shall serve to amuse, interest, or instruct them, they will accomplish the highest object at which I aim, and at the same time repay me for all the labor expended upon them, and for all the mingled pain and pleasure which every one must experience in recalling and writing down the incidents and events of his own life, however humble and uneventful that life may have been. I begin to-day, trusting that God will give me strength to persevere till the work is finished, and I can leave it to my children for their private use, but not for the public press, save perhaps in some brief portions which they may select.

S. K. LOTHROP.

BOSTON, February 1, 1877.

SOME REMINISCENCES
OF
MY LIFE.

I.

ANCESTRY.—BIRTH.—CHILDHOOD, UP TO THIRTEEN
YEARS OF AGE.

I HAVE a decided opinion that very good blood flows in my veins, though history does not show that any one bearing the name of Lothrop has played a pre-eminently conspicuous and honorable part in the public affairs of England or America. Indeed, my first American ancestor, the Rev. John Lothrop, of Barnstable, Mass., is, so far as my general or genealogical knowledge extends, the most distinguished and important person of the Lothrop family that can be found either to attract the attention, gratify the pride, or awaken the admiration of its members. He was born in 1584, at Etton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where many families of the name held lands and ranked with the gentry, or, as a friend once said to me, the upper class of yeomanry. I believe the family is unquestionably of Saxon origin, though some modern members of it aspire to bring it over with William the Conqueror, and claim for it a Norman origin. For myself, I much prefer to feel that I am descended from a good old Anglo-Saxon family uncontaminated by Norman blood.

John Lothrop entered Queen's College, Cambridge, in 1601. On graduating, he studied divinity, and took orders in the Established Church of England, and soon had a position as curate at Egerton in Kent. Of the mental struggles and conflicts that resulted in convictions that induced him to resign his living and abandon the Established Church I have never seen any account. But he did resign, and going up to London, where probably he was already well known, he became pastor of the first Independent Congregational Church of the City of London, Borough of Southwark, in 1624. The nucleus of this society in the neighborhood of London Bridge—a neighborhood subsequently designated as “the *hot-bed* of Non-conformity”—was gathered as early as 1597–98, and had a very distinct organization as early as 1616. As the pastor of it, John Lothrop soon attracted attention. Committees of Parliament went down to attend his services, to ascertain whether there was anything so heretical or seditious in them that they must be stopped. He himself and five of his parishioners were summoned before the bar of the House of Lords for examination. Ultimately Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, silenced John Lothrop by casting him into the cleric prison. I do not know the length of his imprisonment. He could not make the recantations necessary to his deliverance. His wife sickened; Laud would not let him out for a brief visit to her. She died; Laud would not let him out for an hour to attend the funeral. Three small children—the oldest a girl under nine years—were left without support or protection. Some of Mr. Lothrop's congregation took these children “in procession,”—as one account has it, to Lambeth Palace,—and demanded of the Archbishop what was to be done with them; who was to take care of them, their mother dead,

and their father kept in prison by his order. The appeal prevailed, and Laud consented to release John Lothrop from prison, provided he would agree to leave the realm within forty days after such release, which was the merciful provision of the law at that time for all persons imprisoned for Non-conformity. John Lothrop gladly accepted the conditions, and in a few weeks, in the autumn of 1634, came to this country, followed or accompanied by about twenty-five families of his flock, and settled in Scituate. In 1639 he moved to Barnstable, or what is now called West Barnstable, and the present "First Church" in that town is the church which John Lothrop and the families coming with him established there. Its earliest records, I believe, are in his handwriting.

This John Lothrop was my first American ancestor, and I do not care about tracing back beyond him. He was a noble fellow, of "the stuff that martyrs are made of,"—one of those Puritans to whom the Christian world is so largely indebted for the religious liberty it now enjoys; I am satisfied to claim and establish lineal descent from him.

The Rev. John Lothrop, early after coming to America, lost his oldest child, a daughter; married a second time, and had several children. I descend in the direct line from Joseph, his seventh child and fourth son, who was born in England, probably in Lambeth, in 1624, and came to America with his father; he settled, married, lived, and died in Barnstable. He had a son named Hope, who also lived at Barnstable. Hope had a son named Benjamin, who removed to Windham, Conn. He had a son John, whom he educated at Yale College, and who settled in New Haven. He had a son named John Hosmer, who also was sent to Yale, graduated in 1789, and studied law with Mr. Daniel Wadsworth, of Hartford, at the same time

establishing and conducting at Wethersfield a private school for young ladies, which became quite famous in its day and was very remunerative. In due time he was admitted to the bar, and opened an office at Hartford, where he soon had an extensive and lucrative practice. He acquired such a reputation that before he had been five years at the bar he was employed by a Connecticut Land Company, as their solicitor or agent, to proceed to Georgia, sell their lands, and settle up their affairs in that State, receiving a certain percentage on the sales, etc., for doing the business. He was several months — nearly a year — in Savannah, where he became very intimate with the family of Major-General Greene, of revolutionary fame. I have an impression that he was domesticated under the General's roof. At any rate, his business at Savannah brought him into such relations with General Greene and his family that he conceived the highest regard for them, and subsequently named his first daughter Cornelia Greene, in honor of the General's wife.

On completing his agency and returning to Hartford he found himself a rich man for those days, with about fifty thousand dollars of property.

At this time (about 1796) quite a number of highly respectable families were emigrating from Connecticut to Oneida County, N. Y., and the young lawyer, with plenty of means, and a strong love for rural occupations, determined to join them. At Hartford he had known for some time George W. Kirkland (twin brother of Rev. J. T. Kirkland, D. D., President of Harvard College), who was half lawyer and half land speculator, having offices and a home both at Hartford and Albany. George Kirkland gave to John H. Lothrop letters of introduction to his father, Rev. Samuel Kirkland, long a resident in Oneida County as

missionary to the Indians. The result of these letters of introduction was, that Mr. Lothrop was soon deeply moved by the charms of the missionary's oldest daughter, Jerusha Kirkland, who had hosts of admirers and many suitors. Much to the chagrin of some older suitors, he found favor in the lady's eyes, and February 1, 1797, John H. Lothrop and Jerusha Kirkland were married by her father, at her father's house in Clinton, about ten miles distant from Utica and about the same distance from Oriskany, where Mr. Lothrop had purchased land and erected a house, to which he conducted his bride, — she on a pillion behind him on horseback for the last two miles of the way, because no road had been laid out, and there was only a bridle-path through the woods.

John Hosmer Lothrop and Jerusha Lothrop were my father and mother. I am the fourth child of that union. Of my mother's family I have learned but little. Nathaniel Kirkland, who came to this country in the "Hopewell" in 1635, and finally settled and died at Lynn, was my mother's first American ancestor; and his grandson, the Rev. Daniel Kirkland, of Norwich, was her grandfather.

The property which my father had purchased at Oriskany was a splendid farm of two or three hundred acres; he had built a good large house, and here for two or three years after his marriage he lived very comfortably as a sort of gentleman farmer, — his name entered at the Oneida County bar to give him the status of a lawyer, but without expecting or intending to do much professional business. Had this state of things continued, my father would probably have become eminent in the farming of his day, as he had a taste for all rural employments, an eye for a horse, a heart for all "dumb animals," and was passionately fond of flowers and fruits, and to the

end of his life took pride in making his little garden more beautiful and productive than any of his neighbors'. But unfortunately his prospects were soon overclouded, and a sudden and unexpected disaster completely changed his position and subsequent career. His brother-in-law, George Whitfield Kirkland (already referred to), was nominally a lawyer, but largely engaged in business enterprises and speculations, particularly in lands. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College,—sent there instead of to Harvard, where his twin brother, John Thornton, was educated, because of his father's early connection, both as pupil and teacher, with Moor's Charity Indian School, out of which Dartmouth College had grown. He was a man of great energy and activity, sanguine and plausible, easily fascinating everybody whom he met. He prevailed upon my father to loan him considerable sums of money, in all about twenty thousand dollars, and to indorse his paper to the amount of thirty or forty thousand dollars more; and this within two or three years after my father's marriage. Suddenly, about 1800 or 1801, George Kirkland failed. His bankruptcy was complete and very bad,—the assets small and the liabilities great. Of course my father not only lost all his loans, but was responsible for all his indorsements, and the two — loans and indorsements — far exceeded all his property. Cases of failure or bankruptcy could not be adjusted then with the ease or fairness that they can now. My father gave up his farm and house at Oriskany, and all his property, to George Kirkland's creditors; and this not being sufficient to satisfy their demands, he was, in conformity with the laws of that day, arrested and confined to the jail limits,—that is, a territory extending a mile or two in every direction from the jail,—and under various fortunes and much hard work he was

busy for the next fifteen or eighteen years in supporting his family and paying off his debts, as indorser, to George Kirkland's creditors. I have an impression that the last payment on this score was made to a Philadelphia firm in 1817, and seem to have a recollection of hearing my father say to us at the tea-table that he had made this last payment of nine hundred dollars, and was now for the first time since he gave up the Oriskany farm a free man, and did not owe a dollar in the world. It may be that this was subsequently told to me, but I think I recollect hearing my father say it. One thing I am sure of, though I cannot at this moment fix the date of it; I think it was about the time I was leaving home, in 1817. I remember my father's saying to me that he had never regretted his loss of property; that he had had a happier and a more useful life in struggling and working hard for his family and children, and meeting all the claims of integrity, than he should have had in the comparatively easy and affluent circumstances in which he was living at Oriskany when he was first married.

It ought to be said here, in justice to the memory of my uncle, George Kirkland, that had he lived, my father would not have been so entirely robbed of his fortune, or left for so many years to struggle for means to pay his indorsements. George Kirkland was an honorable and enterprising man, and would undoubtedly have retrieved his fortunes, though he had unquestionably a large element of the schemer and adventurer in his composition. Getting such release as he could after his failure, he joined Miranda's expedition — I might call it filibustering expedition — to South America in 1804, holding under Miranda a commission as major. He seems, however, soon to have separated himself from this expedition, and to have engaged

in trade between the West Indies and New York. He had made one very successful voyage in the autumn of 1805, and a way seemed to open before him by which to regain his prosperity and relieve my father and others who had suffered through his misfortunes. But in the spring of 1806, on his second voyage, his vessel was chased by pirates, and as the only means of escape it was run ashore on St. Domingo, and Mr. Kirkland, from excitement, and hard work and exposure in striving to save all that he could of the cargo, was seized with congestive fever and died after an illness of two or three days, leaving his friends and relatives to lament his loss,—which they did very sincerely, for he was a very lovable man,—and my father to struggle on with the debts, with no further hope of help or deliverance through Mr. Kirkland's efforts. It was during this period, while he was absent with Miranda and in the West Indies, and before the news of his death arrived, that his father, the Indian missionary, in passing through Albany saw exposed for sale in a shop window the crayon likeness of Major Kirkland in military costume, which now hangs in the dining-room of No. 12 Chestnut Street. He immediately recognized it, and entering the shop conducted a negotiation for it with more skill and prudence than commonly marked his purchases: "Whose portrait is that, and why is it offered for sale?" "It is a likeness of Major Kirkland, who has gone off with Miranda. He forgot or neglected to call for it before he left, and the artist, wanting money, has ordered it framed and offered for sale." "It is rather a striking face; what does the artist ask for it?" "He told me I must not sell it under twenty-five dollars; which means, I suppose, that he would sell it for that. I have had no offers for it yet." My grandfather, with some apparent reluctance, agreed to give

the twenty-five dollars. When the money was paid, and he was about to leave the picture-framer's shop with the crayon in his possession, he quietly intimated to the astonished dealer that he was very glad to possess it; that it was a likeness of his son; that he was Major Kirkland's father. It came into my possession as a gift from my mother.

To return to the arrest of my father and his confinement to the jail limits. The jail was at Whitesboro', and on leaving Oriskany he removed to a pretty good log-house a few rods from the jail, on the opposite side of the "green," as it was called, in the village of Whitesboro'. It was situated on the right-hand side of the road, on the brow of the little hill that you ascend from the valley of the Sauquoit Creek, in going from Utica to Whitesboro'. This log-house was standing for many years within my recollection, but as an appendage in the rear to a handsome frame house or cottage (for both were only one-story buildings) which had been built in front of it. The original log-house had but one room, which served for kitchen, parlor, bedroom, and lawyer's office. Here my father and mother lived for four or five years, — I do not know precisely how long, — and here in this log-house, on the 13th of October, 1804, at about eight o'clock in the evening, I was born, — ushered into the world under the professional services of a Scotch physician, then and for many years subsequent famous in Oneida County, and known among his friends by the sobriquet of "old Sawney." His real name was Coventry, — a name which one certainly, and I think two, of his sons have made honorably distinguished in the same profession. I was the fourth child of my parents, though but two of the three preceding me were living at my birth, — Charles Kirkland, about six years old, and Cornelia Greene, about

four years. Another son, named Henry, had died in early infancy, about a year previous.

We did not live long enough in the log-house at Whitesboro' for me to have any personal recollections of it. My father's professional business increased. He was a genial, courteous, warm-hearted man; the sympathy of the community went out to him in his misfortunes, and when it was seen and known that he had surrendered all his property and gone to work in his profession determined to pay every dollar of his liabilities, it was easy to procure his release from the jail limits and secure him liberty to work wherever he could work to most advantage. He soon, therefore,—as early as 1805, I think,—removed to Utica, opened an office there, and in addition to his law business became the editor of a weekly newspaper, the Utica "Patriot." My memory first comes to consciousness at Utica, in a house in Genesee Street, opposite the head of Broad Street. In going back to the days of my early childhood I am surprised at two things: first, at how little, on the whole, I remember up to eight or ten years of age; and yet, second, how clearly I recall the few things that I do remember,—how distinctly they stand out before me to-day. I have one very distinct memory-vision of my grandfather, the Indian missionary, for whom I was named, that must have occurred early, when I was so young that he took me up with his hands, holding me at arms' height over his face, which was slightly thrown back, and then brought me down to his lips and kissed me, and gave me back to my mother, I suppose. This memory of being thus taken up and kissed by my grandfather, the room in the old house at Clinton where it occurred, the precise part of the room, opposite a window, where he stood, the white flannel dressing-gown he wore, and my fright and relief

in getting safe to somebody after it, is just as distinct and vivid a memory as anything in the past that I can recall. Yet how I got to Clinton, whether my mother was with me, whether we were there for a day or week,— all connecting and surrounding circumstances save those mentioned above are an absolute blank to me. So it is with the house opposite the head of Broad Street, Utica, where we lived while I was between one and a half and five years old. I have no continuous recollection of anything; but certain points, insignificant and isolated, are vividly daguerrotyped upon my memory. I cannot recall, for instance, an image of the whole of my father and mother's bedroom. Yet I recall distinctly one window, the fireplace, and the bedstead with tall tapering posts painted green, and the relations in which these three things stood to each other, and to a large recess with an arched entrance but no doors, where I slept. I can recall my little trundle-bed and where it stood in the recess,— on the left-hand side of the arch as you entered,— but I can recall nothing else in this recess, save that the arched entrance had drapery curtains of some kind which were looped up on either side. I remember also one night I had been put to bed, where I was left for a few minutes alone, which I rather enjoyed, because the fire in my mother's bedroom shone in and made the recess bright and cheerful; and then my mother came in, and kneeling down beside my trundle-bed, I suppose prayed with me and for me. I have no recollection of repeating or attempting to repeat anything after her, but only of an impression that somehow I was all safe because of what she had done; and then she rose and kissed me and went out into the bedroom. I have no recollection of my brother Charles while we lived in this house, and can recall my sister Cornelia only once;

and that was one day when we were left in the nursery, while the family were at dinner,—two gentlemen, Dr. Coventry (old Sawney) and Mr. Cochran of Deerfield, having been invited to meet my aunt Eliza Kirkland, of Clinton. Cornelia wishing to get something from the mantelpiece, which was too high for her to reach, attempted to stand upon the fender and thus obtain what she desired. She had succeeded in getting up, one foot on the fender and one hand holding by the edge of the mantelpiece, when the fender turned over, and Cornelia, losing her hold on the mantelpiece, fell into the fire. I recollect her screams, as well as my own, and the rushing in of the whole party from the dining-room. Fortunately the fire was not in brilliant condition, and the chief injury was a large powdering of ashes and a slight wound somewhere on the head.

I have one or two other isolated memories of this period. The dwelling-part of the house was in the rear; I have an impression of it as very nice, cosey, and comfortable, with quite a large garden. But the front part, on the street, was occupied as a store (filled with all the varieties of things that constituted the stock of a country store at that time) by Ralph Kirkland, my mother's cousin; my father having some interest in it, but giving it no personal attention, as he was occupied with his law-office and editorship. I remember being in this store one day,—when a man who had fallen in the cellar came up the stairs leading to it with his face covered with blood and dirt,—an unpleasant sight to any one, but especially so to a child; I gave a yell and turned to tottle off. Starting to run to get away from that horrible face I soon fell,—was picked up by my uncle Ralph (as we called him) and carried into the house, with a bad cut under my chin, made by a bone

sticking up in the ground. I carry the scar to this day, and it has been a terrible bother to me in shaving, all through life.

My grandfather, the Indian missionary, died in 1808, when I was four years old. I was taken to his funeral. I remember being in the room where his body was before it was placed in the coffin. A large number of the Oneida Indians were there,—many men and women standing round the bed and gazing wistfully at him, and talking in subdued tones to one another. I crowded in among these, that I might also see. My next recollection is, that squeezing out, I found myself near the fireplace and table where Mrs. Joseph Kirkland (aunt Kirkland, as we called her) was putting crape on the hats of her sons,—Charles, William, and Edward,—and I saw also that my brother Charles (and this is the first distinct recollection I have of him) had some on his. Forthwith the pride and passion of a four-year-old youth began to have full swing; and my demand to have some crape put on my green morocco cap having been negatived by my mother as unnecessary, I set up a pretty loud whimpering, which was hushed by my aunt Kirkland's complying with my very reasonable and legitimate desire. With proud satisfaction I took my cap from her hand with a band of crape round it, falling behind in streamers four or five inches in length, worked my way out of the crowded room to the hall, and thence to the kitchen to show it to Maria Lewis, with whom I was a favorite, and who seemed entirely to approve. I have no recollection of any other incidents of the day, save of sitting with this same Maria at the upper hall window to see the procession move from the house down the avenue and along the road to the church at Clinton village, where the funeral services were held. The body was then brought

back from the church and buried in a beautiful spot just beyond the garden, south of the house.

Shortly after this we moved to what we always called "the Snyder house," which was on Genesee Street just above where the canal crosses it. From this house I was first led forth to school, — a school for young children kept by Miss Nancy Taft. I have not very pleasant impressions of either the school or the schoolmistress. I remember her once punishing me because, having on a new pair of shoes with thick soles that were my great admiration, and wishing to impress Rutger Miller, who sat next me, with an idea of the thickness of their soles, I lifted up my feet and putting my legs out straight from the knee struck the soles together; the noise resounded through the little schoolroom, attracted the attention of Miss Taft, and almost before I knew it I received a shake that made my teeth chatter, and was set down hard upon the seat, and told in accents that do not come to my recollection as very sweet, "to keep still or she would whip me." This was early in life, but no posterior impression is more distinct.

Once, as I was standing by her knee, the book upside down in her lap, while I was repeating the letters pointed out by her scissors, — suddenly the scissors were thrust back into her lap, her left hand was applied to my forehead, pushing back the hair, tightening the skin, and bending back the head; and in this condition, with the thumb and finger of the right hand she gave me a tremendous fillip. I think she had a thimble on the finger she used. At any rate, this is the first time I remember *seeing stars*, and the recollection of Nancy Taft is not sweet and pleasant to me.

In the early autumn of 1809 we removed some distance farther up Genesee Street, to a house since known in

Utica as "the Johnson house." This house my father owned. It was planned and built under his direction, and was just finished. It was a very nice, large, comfortable house, and had then, as now, a large garden on the left and a broad carriage-way on the right leading to a large yard, stable, etc. The garden extended back as far as these, but was separated from them by a fence with a gateway. I have no recollection of our moving into the new house, but only remember that we were there. I can see my father enjoying a cigar on the piazza, and recall a feeling that the parlor into which I went to bid him good-night seemed very grand. My first recollection of our having a horse and cow begins at this house. I do not think we had them before. There stands before my mind's eye a large, English-built, bright-bay horse, which I subsequently knew and drove by the name of "Captain." He was a splendid great fellow, and at first and for several years I stood much in awe of him.

At this time, 1809, it was still a question whether Utica, or Whitesboro', or New Hartford was to be first,— the centre of civilization and business for that part of the country ; and persons not infrequently moved from one to the other of these villages, with the idea of more business and an improved condition. While my father still lived at Utica, where he had built this house, and had his office there and held his editorship of the Utica "Patriot," he had also a law-office at New Hartford, and went there two or three days in the week for such clients as chose to consult him there ; and Captain and a green chaise were brought into requisition about this time as the means of keeping his appointments at New Hartford.

Not long after our removal to the Johnson house, I was delivered from Miss Nancy Taft and sent to a man's

school — Master Dixon's — with my brother Charles and sister Cornelia. Master Dixon's schoolhouse was a large unpainted building, nearly opposite Nancy Taft's seat of learning. I remember my nervous agitation when I found my sister Cornelia — my hand in hers — leading me across the street, my back turned upon Miss Nancy Taft's school, where I had always gone before, and the doors of the (to me) terribly big building and a man's school open before me. I recollect whimpering a little, and hanging back, but my sister led me on ; and from my hanging back in the street my memory passes immediately to my finding myself very comfortable and happy on the first row of low wooden seats, or benches, without any desks before them, and placed between my two friends, — Henry Breeze, who lived next door to us, and Rutger Miller. My next vision is one of morning pride and evening sadness. In the morning I was the owner of a brand-new copy of Webster's Spelling-book, with my name written in it by my father. It was mid-winter, much snow on the ground, and snowing fast that morning ; but there was no hesitation about going to school, and I followed my brother and sister with proud satisfaction. I could now read pretty well, and I was the possessor of Webster's Spelling-book, and could read the story in it of "the old man, and the boys in his apple-tree." When the afternoon session ended, I determined to take my new book home with me, and so placed it, as my mother had done in the morning, within the belt of my great-coat, which buttoned pretty tightly around me. When we came out of school there was some rough-and-tumble play among the big and little boys in the new snow that had fallen during the day, and I was thrown down, heard something crack, and when I picked myself up, found that my new Spelling-book had lost

its glory. It was bound in very thin boards covered with blue paper. Both of these were cracked right in the middle, between the top and bottom of the book, and both top and bottom turned outwards from my body at an angle of forty-five degrees. I cried bitterly at my misfortune, worked my way out of the crowd to the other side of the street, where I was comforted by one of the big boys,—Sam Breeze,—who took the book out of my belt, bent it back even and straight, and put it into my belt again, so that it looked all right. That winter Sam Breeze left Utica to enter the United States Navy, and I never saw him again for more than forty years. But when he was a rear-admiral in the navy, toward the close of the War of the Rebellion, and was in Boston, I reminded him of the incident, which he also remembered, and had the pleasure of telling him that I had never seen his name in the papers without recalling his kindness to me at that time.

My next vision of Master Dixon's is of my brother Charles, declaiming from Percy's Ballads,—

“Gentle river, gentle river, lo! thy streams are stained with gore!”

The hush of the schoolroom at the time and the burst of applause at the close of the declamation come up to me very distinctly. This is my second distinct remembrance of my brother Charles.

Late in the spring of 1811, when I was about six and a half years old, the day before we were to move to New Hartford, and when matters were in some confusion in the household, I started for school in the afternoon, and when nearly at the schoolhouse, came across one of my school-fellows, Bildad Merrill, playing in a sand-heap near some new brick buildings that were being erected. Of course I stopped and joined in the play a little while, and then proposed that we should go on to school. His answer was

very distinct and positive: "School is n't going to keep this afternoon 'cause General Washington is dead." This seemed to me very conclusive, because I had a dim idea in my mind that General Washington was a very great man, whom everybody revered, but I did not know that he had then been dead several years; so I joined Bildad in playing truant without exactly being conscious that I was playing truant, yet having all the while some slight misgivings on the subject, especially when he proposed that we should go down to the river. We went to the river, which was very high, the spring flood not having yet entirely subsided. There was a large number of boats moored there. At that time there was considerable navigation on the Mohawk; large boats used to be poled up from Schenectady laden with goods for the West, to float down again laden with grain in bulk or flour in barrels. Bildad and I played about in and out of these boats; some larger boys gave us a row in a skiff up the river and back. I don't remember all we did; but toward the last of it, when it was long after the hour for the close of the school, and the sun was beginning to show signs of setting, I lost my red morocco hat. It fell into the river from one of the boats, speedily filled with water, and was swept down the stream, its rim just showing above the surface. This changed the spirit of my dream, and we both started for home, — I very disconsolate, wet, dirty, bareheaded, and under some apprehension about my reception. On the way I met one of our servant-girls, sent to look for me. She seemed angry and destitute of compassion; had no sympathy for my lost hat; told me I had no business down at the river; that my mother had been very anxious about me; and, seizing me by the hand, dragged me home at a rapid pace, very uncomfortable to my short legs.

I remember also, while we lived in this house, the whole family's adjourning from breakfast one morning to see a new horse arrived the night before, and then being groomed. He was a small Canadian horse, not exactly a pony, though we sometimes called him so; and as we looked at him, my father turned to my mother, and asked, "Well, my dear, how do you like Rabbit?"

This horse played an important part in my boyhood life from 1811 to 1816, and yet I have only one other recollection of him while we lived in the Johnson house, and that is in connection with Christmas in 1810. My brother William was then about two weeks old, my mother still in her room, and so my father determined to take his four oldest children, Charles, Cornelia, myself, and Mary Ann, over to Clinton to keep Christmas. I have only flitting visions of this thing, here and there, but very jolly and pleasant to recall. I see myself in our "pleasure pung" (as we called it, to distinguish it from our "lumber sleigh"), sitting on a cricket, with Mary Ann by my side, our backs to Captain, and my father tucking the buffalo-robe round us. Presently Cornelia got in and sat down opposite, and my father, taking the reins, asked Charles, whom I had watched mounting Rabbit by the stable door, if he was ready; and receiving an affirmative answer, we started,— Charles behind as we passed through the carriage-way, but the moment we reached the street and turned to the left toward Clinton, Charles went ahead, and Captain followed with good speed. At what hour in the morning this was, I cannot say. But when we started there was no indication of the dawn, and the stars were very brilliant. It must have been very cold, for the snow creaked sharply; but I was very comfortable, much interested in gazing at the stars, but more in watching Charles on Rabbit, who

was now by our side saying a few words to my father, now in our rear walking his horse down a hill which we had descended rapidly, and now shooting ahead of us as we had to walk up hill. I recollect the shouting to wake up old Groves, the keeper of the toll-gate at New Hartford, who seemed to be annoyed at being roused so early, but was mollified by a "Merry Christmas!" from all our voices, and returned the compliment as we drove away. I recall nothing more of the drive save the turning into the avenue at Clinton, stopping at the side door of the house, where Charles, having arrived before us, stood ready to help us out. Then came the Christmas breakfast in the large hall, —broiled chicken, fried sausages, baked potatoes, eggs, hot biscuit, and buckwheat cakes. I sat next to my grandmother, being always a pet of hers because named for her husband, Samuel Kirkland. I remember the breakfast-table, with all these good things upon it; but of the rest of the day I have no distinct recollection. This is the first Christmas and the first sleigh-ride I remember.

Early in the spring of 1811 we removed from the Johnson house to New Hartford. Of that first summer in the New Hartford house I recollect only the famous comet, and my being often permitted to sit up quite late with the family on the porch to look at it. One evening as my father and a friend were on the porch looking at and talking about the comet, they spoke of the general feeling in the community that it was an omen of evil, and Dr. Kirkpatrick — my father's friend — said that many people interpreted it as a clear indication that we were to have war with England; to which my father replied that there were enough signs of that without the comet. This is my first recollection of any allusion to the War of 1812; and I remember that this conversation gave me the impression that

something terrible was to happen, and that the comet was a warning and forerunner of it, and so for the remainder of its appearance I watched it with a mysterious awe and fearful apprehensions. To my childish remembrance it was something far more grand and impressive than the most famous comet that has since appeared,—that of 1858. As I recall it, the comet of 1811 was many degrees higher up in the heavens,—about midway between the horizon and the zenith,—its tail much longer, and apparently very near to us, and so brilliant as to have a sensible effect in illumining the atmosphere.

My life to myself really began at New Hartford, and my memory is crowded with the images of events that occurred during our residence there, but I am a little uncertain about their chronological order. I cannot remember the *first* time I mounted Rabbit, or how or when I learned to ride. All is a haze, till one day I went down to the village on Rabbit bareback, with a message to 'Lindy Smith, to get her to come up and do some sewing for mother. I reached the house all right, gave my message and got my answer, 'Lindy coming to the front stoop, which was directly on the street, so that I did not have to dismount. 'Lindy's house was at the southeast corner of the village green, across which I had ridden in a diagonal direction in going to it; but on leaving I thought I would follow the road by the south side of the green, about thirty or forty rods, to the main street of the village, and turning to the left there, go home. Rabbit had a decidedly different impression, and insisted upon going back the nearest way, over the green. The consequence was that as he was veering very strenuously to the left, and I pulling with all my might to make him go to the right, his body and my own soon came to an angle of departure, and I fell off. I held on to the

reins, however, and he stopped instantly. I led him back to the front stoop and mounted, and he made no further objection, but went quietly to the street as I originally proposed, and behaved with singular propriety all the way home. This, I think, must have been in the autumn of 1811, when I was just seven years old. My only recollections of this winter of 1811-12 are of going to school—Charles, Cornelia, and myself—to Mr. Allen at the schoolhouse on the green, of our sometimes taking our dinner in baskets if the weather was very cold or stormy, of the lumber pung coming for us sometimes at the close of the afternoon session under the charge of Patrick Murphy, our man, who used to entertain me with stories about the fairies in Ireland.

In this summer of 1812 I was largely occupied with Rabbit, and during Charles's absence was often sent off on errands two or three miles away. I was no longer permitted to ride bareback, but was required to put on the saddle,—a very large, comfortable one, which my father had had constructed to suit his portly frame, but in which a boy verging toward eight left a large portion of unoccupied space. At first I used to bob about in it considerably, especially when I lost one or both of my stirrups, and found that my knees would not *dig* into the saddle-flaps, and hold me on, so nicely as they would into Rabbit's bare shoulders. However, I soon got to understand it and like it; and it has always seemed to me that that great old broad saddle of my father's was, on the whole, the most comfortable I have ever known. I certainly have never felt so proud and happy in any other.

The summer of 1812 was memorable for the declaration of war against Great Britain. It did not make so much commotion around us that summer as in 1813 and 1814;

still, I remember my father's earnest condemnation of it, — he being a strong Federalist, — and the conversations he held with Mr. Rider, a student in his office, of which I understood nothing but this, — that the war was bad and a mistake. We all felt sorry when detachments of troops passed our house on their route to Buffalo or Sackett's Harbor; but there was an excitement about it which was not unpleasant to a boy, especially when they encamped, as they often did for a night, in fields near by.

I recall two other incidents of the summer; one was a visit from my father's half-brother, Henry Lothrop. He came up on horseback, and spent a long time at our house and with other friends. I have an impression that the object of his visit was to escape being drafted. He was a tall, handsome man, much younger than my father, and made himself very pleasant to us children; and I cried very bitterly when he rode away on his journey back to Connecticut.

The other event was the visit, in the latter part of the summer, of the Rev. Azael Backus, D.D., — my father's classmate, — who, through his influence, had been chosen President of Hamilton College, and had come up to reconnoitre and determine whether he would accept the appointment. The party consisted of four, — Dr. Backus, his wife, his daughter Wealthy (who afterwards married Gerrit Smith), and his oldest son Albert. I thought them very grand people, as they travelled from Connecticut in their own carriage, — a sort of carryall painted yellow, — Dr. and Mrs. Backus on the back seat, entirely shielded from sun and rain and wind, and their son and daughter on the front seat, the former driving a fine, sturdy pair of gray horses. They stayed with us two or three weeks

Dr. Backus accepted the presidency of the College, but did not enter upon its duties till the next spring.

Hamilton College was at this time a matter of great interest to all the best and most substantial people of that part of New York, but especially to the Kirkland and Lothrop families. It had grown out of the Oneida Academy,—an institution virtually founded some fifteen or twenty years before by my grandfather, who had given it nearly the whole of the lands he had received from the Indians and the State of New York in attestation of his valuable and patriotic services during the War of the Revolution, especially in keeping the Six Nations neutral in that struggle. His great object was to have a school on the borders of civilized and savage life where the youth of both conditions—civilized and savage—could be educated together, and the latter receive especial benefit from intercourse with the former. But the borders would not remain stationary; civilization continually encroached; the Indians, though still numerous, became insignificant and unimportant amid the rapid increase of the white population; and the wants of the latter seemed to demand that the Academy should be elevated to the rank of a college. A charter for this purpose was granted; and through the Federal influences—which in the Kirklands, Lothrops, and other good people in Oneida County at that time were strong and potential—it was called Hamilton College, in honor of the great statesman. Considerable funds had been raised, and new buildings were to be erected; and my father, as one of the trustees, was intrusted with the superintendence of these things, and for a year or two was much at Clinton and on College Hill, as it was called.

In the summer of 1813, being the oldest child at home, I

was a more important personage in the family than I had ever been before. My brother Charles was away at school, to complete his preparations for Hamilton College, and my sister Cornelia was at Lydia Motte's,—a Quaker lady who kept a boarding-school for young ladies about six miles from our house. Charles came home only two or three times a year, at his vacations, but Cornelia every Saturday. I used to drive up for her Saturday afternoon, and on Monday morning see that she was safely deposited at Lydia Motte's by 9 A. M. My own schooling was rather neglected; and Rabbit and I were largely employed in various business and errands for the comfort of the family.

This summer I was able to realize that a body of men in uniform, with guns at their shoulders, were still only men, and entirely to overcome the fear of soldiers, which had full possession of me the year before. There was a recruiting station at New Hartford, and a large field there was occupied for several months as a camping-ground for successive bodies of troops. My first visit to this place was to carry a message from my father to Colonel Backus, commanding a Connecticut regiment encamped there; and of course after this I seized every opportunity to run away to the camp, and got to know many of the soldiers.

My last recollection of 1813 is of a warm Christmas, the roads open and muddy, and of riding behind Charles on horseback to Clinton to keep Christmas; none others of the family venturing on the expedition, the day was so gloomy and the roads so bad. I remember the hearty welcome we received, and the profuse kindness with which we were treated; but I also recollect that the blanket spread behind the saddle for my accommodation was rather thin, and that farmer Palmer's horse (we were not allowed

for some reason to take Rabbit or Captain) was a little uncomfortable in his motions.

The winter of 1814 brings back to me only two events ; the first a bitter-cold ride, in which I came near perishing. My mother had been passing two or three days at Clinton, and I was to drive over in the sleigh after school in the afternoon and bring her home. I suppose I was as warmly clad as was common at that period, and our "pleasure pung" was well furnished with buffalo-robes ; but there was a bitter, penetrating wind directly in my face. I soon began to feel it very much ; the buffalo-robe and my great-coat seemed to have no effect in keeping it out. I urged Rabbit, and he pressed ahead like a good fellow ; but the faster he went the fiercer came the wind. The sun had set, the clear, brilliant western sky was losing its lustre, the twilight nearly gone, and I had still a mile and a half to reach my grandmother's. I had been tempted to stop and get warmed at one or two of the houses I had passed ; but I thought it was unmanly to be troubled at the cold, and that I should be laughed at ; and so I kept on, growing more indifferent about it, and fast approaching a state of insensibility. I was suddenly roused by a brilliant fire in Squire Stebbins's kitchen, shedding its light through a window. Instantly, instinctively,—for I was unconscious of any reflection about it,—I turned Rabbit's head and we dashed through the gateway up to the door. Whether I cried out or not, I cannot say ; but Squire Stebbins and his boys were soon out on the broad flat stone step,—he helping me out and into the house, and the boys fastening Rabbit in the shed. I was not carried immediately to the fire, but kept in the back part of the room. It was soon ascertained that I was not frozen anywhere, only terribly chilled through, the life-heat almost taken out of me by the cold

wind. Presently I was brought nearer the fire, and shortly after that sat down at the table with the family and partook with avidity of what I thought was the best milk-porridge I had ever tasted. This thoroughly warmed me and strengthened me, and in a few moments I was a man again,—or at least a resolute, jolly boy,—and the sleigh was brought to the door. I was nicely wrapped up in the buffalo-robés, and Rabbit got over that mile and a half to the Kirkland house about as quickly as he ever did. It was so late that they had come to the conclusion that I was not coming. I told my story of Squire Stebbins's kindness, and was comforted with weak tea and waffles; the moon rose about half-past eight, and mother and I had a very comfortable ride home, the wind having subsided,—what there was being on our backs, which were more sheltered than in modern sleighs. I have always looked back upon this as a very narrow escape from death. I was in an exhausted physical condition when I left our house in New Hartford. I had eaten nothing since my early breakfast, save the cold dinner I carried to school in the morning, and was therefore totally unprepared to resist the cold; and if I had not turned in at the Stebbins house, I think that Rabbit, who knew where he was going and every inch of the way, would have carried me safe to my grandmother's door, but I should have known nothing of it when we got there.

Later in the winter of 1814 some men were filling the ice-house, which was connected with the woodsheds on the one hand and with the cellar and cellar-kitchen of the house on the other. The men were packing the ice in straw, and had left in their absence between their loads a burning candle, held by a fork stuck through it into the plank sheathing of the ice-house. While they were gone

the candle burned down and fell into the straw, much of which was dry and untouched by the ice; and the whole thing was instantly in a blaze. My father was at his office, my mother and Cornelia in the village shopping, — Patrick Murphy, our man, driving them in the pung. I was the oldest child at home, when Margaret Evans, our Welsh servant-girl, cried out "Fire!" I rushed out and tried with her to shut the ice-house door, that we might keep the flames in there; but there were obstacles in the way, and I left her to do that if she could, while I ran to the village screaming "Fire! Fire!" Fright gave me a tremendous speed. My neighbor and playfellow Gus Kilburne — who could commonly run faster than I — could not keep up with me: he used to say I could never run so fast again. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. The village was filled with sleighs and people. Instantly there was a general rush for Squire Lothrop's; men and buckets, and the fire-wardens, my father and mother, etc., were soon on the ground, and the fire fortunately was extinguished just as it was bursting through the plank sheathing of the ice-house into the dry cellar and kitchen. If it had once got under way there, the whole house must have gone. Margaret Evans and I were commended for shutting the ice-house door as far as we could, and I especially for giving the alarm in the village. The necessary repairs were speedily made, the ice-house new sheathed and filled; but many weeks passed before the smoke and smell got out of the house, and all summer we thought the ice sometimes made the water taste smoky.

The summer of 1814 I spent chiefly at Clinton; and the principal event in it, to my mind, was, that in the early autumn when we began to gather apples, of which there were great quantities on the farm, — three large orchards,

— my grandmother offered to allow me one bushel for my own for every ten that I picked. The usual share in picking apples was one bushel for every fifteen ; but I was a favorite of my grandmother, and hence the bargain with me,— a third more favorable. I think I remember the zeal and perseverance with which I worked ; and through my brother Charles, who entered college in September, 1814, I sold enough, at fifty cents a bushel, to the students of Hamilton College to put three dollars and a half into my own pocket, and carried twelve or fourteen bushels home to the family at New Hartford. I have never eaten such apples as used to grow in my grandmother's orchards.

My only distinct remembrance of the winter of 1814-15 is the arrival of the news of peace with Great Britain, and the hearty rejoicings of all parties thereat. We had a bell-ringing and an illumination hastily arranged at New Hartford. But Utica was wiser ; she waited to make suitable arrangements, and the illumination there looms up to me now as on the whole the most splendid I ever saw. It was fine sleighing, and people flocked in from the surrounding villages. We all went from New Hartford, — father, mother, and all the children except William, and John (who was but six weeks old). We took tea at cousin Joseph Kirkland's, and then drove all over the village, which was everywhere as light as day,— a substantial tallow candle burning in every pane of glass,— with tar-barrels and bonfires at various points. I could not appreciate it, but I distinctly remember the gladness and cheerfulness that came upon everybody by the close of the war.

It was during this summer that I had commonly to ride down to Utica Saturday afternoon and bring up the mail for the "Patriot," with which my father was still connected

as editor. I remember distinctly only one of these rides. Augustus Kilburne, my "fidus Achates," was to go with me, as he often did, riding behind me on Rabbit. We commonly started about half-past four in the afternoon. At two o'clock, or a little later, we had a severe thunder-storm, with hail; but at half-past three it had cleared off, the sun was shining brightly, though the clouds still hung black and heavy over Utica and the Deerfield hills, and we could see the lightnings flash and hear the thunders roll. Gus Kilburne came over a little after four, considerably agitated, and asked if I was going to Utica; he said his mother would not let him go, and he did not wish to go. His mother, he said, did n't believe I should find any Utica; thought it was wickeder than Sodom and Gomorrah, and had no doubt that God had destroyed it with fire and brimstone in the storm that had just occurred, and that there was now a Dead Sea there. I forget what impression this made upon me; I only remember that my ride seemed rather more solitary than usual. I found Utica standing, but awfully battered and bruised by the hail, few windows having a whole pane in them.

In the winter of 1815-16 I was kept more regularly at school; and under the instructions of Providence Brace, and an inspiration coming from Rachel Shephard, who always chose me third or fourth on her side when we had a spelling-match in the school, I made good progress in the ordinary branches of an English education. It was this winter also that I became something of a declaimer, and used to speak "Brutus and Cassius" and "David and Goliath" with Ham Risley, and several single pieces from Shakspeare, in which my father gave me lessons.

In the spring of 1816 my father abandoned the law and accepted the office of cashier of the Ontario Branch

Bank, going to Utica every morning in the chaise with Captain and returning every evening, leaving us the wagon and Rabbit at home: we were looking forward to moving to Utica, as soon as the cashier's house could be finished. This was the famous cold summer, in which we had heavy frosts every month; nothing fairly ripened but the wheat. A little corn and a few potatoes were harvested. My sister Sarah was born in May of this year. We were not able to move to Utica till the last of November or early in December. The moving was done principally by Uncle Bingham and myself, with Rabbit and our wagon; I remember that our sufferings from the cold were fearful.

It seemed very pleasant to get back to Utica, now the great place in the upper valley of the Mohawk. Our new home, next the Bank, was pleasant, and we had a very cheerful winter. I went to school, and soon found myself at home with boys whom I had known five years before,—some of them a little older than myself; and for the first and only time in my life I went to a dancing-school kept by Mr. Artignave in Bellinger's tavern two evenings in a week, while once a fortnight we had a public evening at which parents and friends could come in and dance. Captain Clark's daughters (Mary and Elizabeth), Louisa Walker, and Ellen Devereux were my especial favorites among the young girls, though it was generally understood that Louisa Walker was my particular delight; I oftenest—always when I could—escorted her home after the dancing broke up. Through the dancing-school I became intimate with John Bacon and other young clerks in stores. They united with the boys in school, and we had a famous Fourth-of-July celebration, a picnic, some speeches, a poem, and the firing

of pistols, in Bellinger's woods, just back of where my sister Mrs. Wetmore now lives.

After the Fourth of July I went for a visit of six or eight weeks to my grandmother's; and here I took part, and according to my own recollection and in my own judgment a very active and important part, in breaking and training a pair of colts,—a year's difference between them. General Collins's "Pete," an old black fellow and horse-trainer, had had something to do with them; but he was very irregular in attendance, and I, who was perfectly at home with horses at that time, took them in hand and devoted myself to the work. I have a perfect recollection of the pride I felt when I rode one of them, the youngest, to Utica, dined at my father's, and then rode him back,—and this the first time he had ever been more than a mile or two from the house. On the way to Utica he made several attempts to turn round; but with mingled gentleness and firmness, at the expense of some bruises on my legs caused by being rubbed pretty hard against the rail fences, I triumphed. He came home like a bird; and when he found himself approaching the old mansion, his neighing seemed like a wild cry of delight.¹

In the summer of 1816, Dr. Kirkland, then in the sixth year of his presidency of Harvard College, came to Oneida County to visit his relatives and attend Commencement at

¹ My first experience in swimming on horseback came in connection with this ride on one of the colts to Utica. On coming to the Sauquoit Creek, just below New Hartford, the bridge looked in bad condition, and I determined to ford the stream. There had been heavy rains the day before, but the water was not higher than usual above the banks, although it had *gullied* out a deep channel, and the colt had hardly got in his length before he lost footing, and had to swim for it, which he did finely. I knew enough to let him have bridle, and we got across safely, though I had wet legs up to my thighs.

Hamilton College. During this visit he said,—as my mother subsequently told me,—“You have a hard time, Jerusha, and your husband has suffered much through his connection with our brother George. I should like to make it up to him as far as I can, and I propose that you let me adopt one of your sons. Samuel, I think, should be the one, as he is named for our father. Send him down to me next summer; I will take care of him, give him a good education, carry him through our college if he likes to go, and then he can make his own way in the world.” This offer was generous, while at the same time, it was only just. My father’s good-nature had been imposed upon by George Kirkland, and pecuniarily he had suffered much through him. So the proposition was accepted. I was glad to go; but there mingled with the gladness the feeling that I should come back when my education was completed. I had no thought then but of fighting the battle of life at Utica, in the midst of my family and friends, and of marrying Louisa Walker. I was on the verge of thirteen; and in those times, on that frontier of civilization, a boy of thirteen was quite a man.

We were to have started for Boston in the last week of August, but because of the prevalence of some epidemic at Cambridge, our journey was postponed till October. My sister Cornelia was to go down with me, to finish her education at the famous school at Litchfield, kept by the Misses Pierce,—old friends of my father,—and also my Aunt Eliza Kirkland, on visits to her brother, and to her sister, Mrs. Frank Amory; and we were all three to be escorted by Hun C. Beach,—a clerk in my father’s bank. The morning of our departure was a beautiful October morning. Aunt Eliza arrived from Clinton about 11 o’clock. We had a substantial lunch, and then started,

about noon, in a large stage-wagon with four horses, to be driven that afternoon to Little Falls, and take the stage for Albany the next morning after breakfast, and thus avoid for one day the necessity of being roused at 1 A. M. The next morning at 7.30 we were in a crowded stage for Albany, which we reached at 11 o'clock at night, and after two hours' sleep were roused to take the stage for Hartford, which we left at Goshen, and took a side line to Litchfield, reaching there about 4 o'clock. Cornelia was received at Miss Pierce's; Aunt Eliza, Mr. Beach, and I went to the hotel, where we passed the next day (Sunday), and heard the subsequently famous Dr. Lyman Beecher preach. On Monday morning, after taking leave of Cornelia, we proceeded to Hartford, meeting at Farmington Prof. Edward Robinson,—whom my aunt afterwards married,—who went to Hartford with us; which we reached in season to make a visit to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. The next day we came from Hartford to Boston, reaching there about 11 P. M., and stopping at the Exchange Coffee House, which was burned the next year. The morning after our arrival we took a carriage and drove out to my Uncle Amory's, at Milton, where we stayed and dined; and after dinner—leaving my Aunt Eliza there—Mr. Beach and I came into Boston. He got two tickets for the old Boston Theatre in Federal Street; we sat in box number ten, and I saw the elder Wallack in "Macbeth," and Mrs. Drummond in the "Forty Thieves." The next morning Uncle Amory called, took us to Faneuil Hall, and to Concert Hall to see a painting of the Sea Serpent, which had just made its first appearance at Gloucester; he then went with us to Dr. Kirkland's, at Cambridge, and left us there. Mr. Beach stayed to dinner; and after

dinner Dr. Kirkland took us to the Library and the show-places of the College. It was then determined that I should drive Mr. Beach in Dr. Kirkland's chaise down to the Boston side of West Boston (Cambridge) bridge, from which he would find it a short walk to the Exchange Coffee-House, and I return to Cambridge. I knew the road by which I had come out from Boston with Uncle Amory,—the broad main-road through Cambridgeport,—so I took that, and we soon found ourselves at the point where we were to part. I think that I should have had a hard time of it, except that Beach was cheery and jolly, and would not let me give way to my feelings ; so I swallowed them down and turned round, and soon got interested in seeing what speed I could get out of Dr. Kirkland's horse, especially as the twilight was becoming dim. I plied the whip a little, evidently to the amazement of the horse, who would switch his tail and jog on pretty much as before. On reaching Dr. Kirkland's house I found that tea had been served, and the Doctor, with the young gentlemen of his family—John Everett, Charles Lyman, John Langdon-Elwyn, etc.—had retired to their rooms. I had my tea and a message from Dr. Kirkland that he was busy with a Faculty meeting. The servant told me that there was a lamp and a fire in my room ; I went up to it and found myself *alone*. The fire was bright, the room cheerful, but it was a new phase of life to me ; and so I cried a little. But after a pretty fair cry I felt better, got up, looked round my quarters, found several books on a book-rack,—among them an edition of Goldsmith's "History of Rome,"—and soon became so interested that I forgot everything else till I heard a knock at my door, when Dr. Kirkland came in to see if I was all right. He stayed a few mo-

ments, said it was after ten, too late for him to take me to Miss Mitchell's room — his housekeeper's ; but he would introduce me in the morning. He bade me good-night very pleasantly ; and so I went to bed and to sleep. Here ends the First Part of my life.

II.

MY LIFE AFTER COMING TO MASSACHUSETTS, TILL I ENTERED UPON MY PROFESSION.

REV. PRESIDENT KIRKLAND'S house at Cambridge at the time I became an inmate of it early in October, 1817, was a semi-monastic institution. He was unmarried—had a housekeeper who was never seen, never appeared at table, but certainly kept everything in perfect order. He had commonly four or five of the undergraduates boarding with him; they had rooms in his house, sat at his table, and constituted his family. Dr. Kirkland poured out tea and coffee, and commonly carved when at home at dinner, though he sometimes deputed this to one of the young gentlemen. He followed the hours of the college-commons for breakfast and tea, but his dinner was one half an hour later than that at the commons; namely, at one o'clock,—the usual professional hour at Cambridge, as two o'clock was the general merchant hour at Boston at that time. A dinner-party was seldom later than three o'clock, and was very fashionable if so late as 4 or 5 P. M. He always had wine upon the table at dinner on Sundays, but not commonly on week-days; but there was always, according to the custom of the times, cider on draught, which was drunk, generally, mixed with water. He was much in society in Boston, and absent from dinner at

least a third of the time; and therefore the young men living with him had, as it were, a very pleasant private club-table. The persons boarding with him at the time of my arrival, were John Everett, Wm. Parsons Jr., Charles Lyman, and John Langdon-Elwyn,—the first two of the Class of 1818, the others of the Class of 1819. I became quite well acquainted with all these in the course of the next few months. Two of them were men of mark, extraordinary men, and all of them intelligent, good-tempered, and agreeable; though I cannot recall particular topics, I remember that the talk at table, always when Dr. Kirkland was absent, often when he was present, was very lively and entertaining, and sometimes a pretty earnest discussion. It initiated me into college life, made me acquainted with the ideas, customs, habits, principles that prevailed among the undergraduates at Cambridge, so that when I came to enter college myself, four years later, I was perfectly at home, and had as little of “the Freshman” about me as any man who ever entered Harvard.

The two men of mark mentioned above were John Everett and John Langdon-Elwyn. The former answered my boyish conception of “a man of genius” more than any person I had ever seen, and I soon conceived an unbounded admiration for him, too manifest to escape his observation; and which increased with the notice he took of me, and the kindness he showed me. He would invite me to his room after tea,—all did this, but he oftenest,—and would recite poetry, declaim speeches, tell stories, ask me questions about the Indians and life amid the primeval forests in New York, and this merely to gratify a boy, and an ignorant boy also. All this was owing a little perhaps to his liking for me, but largely to

his deep regard and sense of gratitude to my uncle, Dr. Kirkland, who was and had been very kind to him, and between whom and his family there subsisted a warm friendship. He was the son of Rev. Oliver Everett, who had been my uncle's predecessor in the pulpit of the New South, or Church Green, Society in Boston. While he had all the talents and scholarship of his subsequently very distinguished brothers, Alexander and Edward (and it is my impression that Dr. Kirkland thought he had greater capacities than either of them), he had a reckless, impassioned spirit, which, undisciplined and ungoverned, made his life short and a failure, — a brilliant one perhaps, but still a failure. Intellectually, he was unquestionably the most gifted and powerful man of his class, and could easily have placed himself head and shoulders above them all; and this was universally admitted. But he was so idle during his senior year that even Dr. Kirkland's kindness and influence, had they been strongly exerted, could not have secured to him the first part, *The English Oration*, at his Commencement. It was given to John Fessenden, a man of high moral worth, a severe student, but of no intellectual force. John Everett had *not* the *first* English Oration, but the second one. There was intense indignation at first, throughout the College, but it soon subsided into regret and mortification; for it was known and felt that by the rules that regulated the distribution of those college honors the first oration belonged of right to Fessenden, and not to Everett. But when Commencement day came, Everett had a grand triumph. His subject was "Byron;" and his oration, eloquently written, full of beauty and pathos, of nice analysis and description, and delivered with an earnest, unstudied, impassioned manner,—a manner beyond anything that his brother Edward ever attained,

—brought down the house with repeated, prolonged, and enthusiastic applause, and poor John Fessenden, who followed him, was nowhere; yet John Fessenden was worthy and excellent, and I shall have occasion to refer to him as I proceed with my reminiscences.

The other man of mark among the young collegians who constituted Dr. Kirkland's family in the autumn of 1817 was John Langdon-Elwyn,—a type of character totally different from John Everett's. Elwyn was from Portsmouth. His father was not living; his mother, a granddaughter of Governor Langdon, was married, I believe, on the condition that "Langdon" should be incorporated with "Elwyn," and the name be "Langdon-Elwyn." And Elwyn's name was down on the catalogue among the L.'s, and not among the E.'s, and stood thus: "Langdon-Elwyn, John L." But in ordinary conversation the "Langdon" was often omitted, and he and other members of his family were addressed or spoken of as simply Elwyns. John Elwyn was capricious and variable in his humors,—sometimes very taciturn, biting his nails, even at table, looking round perfectly *distract*, apparently unconscious of everything going on; at other times, bright, sprightly, talkative, overflowing with wisdom and learning, showing an immense amount of reading and study, and a keen and wide observation, that made him a dangerous opponent in discussion. He seldom, I might say never, came off second best at these times. He seemed to have nothing of Everett's aesthetic taste or culture; he never quoted poetry, though no one could make a quotation without Elwyn's correcting him if he had made the slightest mistake. He had no ambition to be popular or a leader in college society. He had some sense of fun, especially if the jokes were practical and of a pretty hard character.

He had really, however, a kind and noble heart; and though he was cold in his manners, eccentric in his habits, and led for fifty years after he left college, a queer, solitary, life at Portsmouth and the neighborhood, he yet answered to Dr. Kirkland's description of the Lees, "The worst thing in the Lees is that they are unwilling to let people know how good they are." He was an insatiable reader, and student,—a walking encyclopedia, to whom no one could apply in vain for information upon any point, in science, philosophy, history, or art.

But my vivid reminiscences of John Everett and John Elwyn have carried me away from my first night, or rather my first morning, at Dr. Kirkland's. The college bell woke me and I was soon washed and dressed, and from my window looked out upon the college life beginning for the day in the rush to the chapel for prayers. My room seemed to me rather confined, so I went downstairs and out into the garden, and then to the back-yard and stable, and had some talk with the man about the horse and cow,—and finally out into the square, Harvard Square, in the centre of which at that time was a market-house, where there was a brisk business going on; which I should probably have watched for a longer period, had not the head-fellow of the establishment—in a white frock, somewhat bloody, and a knife in hand, after serving one customer, turned to me with a rather abrupt earnestness, "What do *you* want, boy?" I was taken aback, said I did n't want anything, and so came off, and went home to Dr. Kirkland's, where the breakfast-table gave note of preparation. In a few moments Dr. Kirkland gave me a pleasant greeting, the young gentlemen came in, and we had breakfast.

After breakfast Dr. Kirkland said that he had made

arrangements to put me under the tuition, for the present, of his freshman, Emerson, who roomed under his study, but as it was Saturday, he would not introduce me to him till Monday ; and in the mean time I might occupy myself as I chose till one o'clock, when he proposed to drive over to Brighton to dinner at Mrs. Gorham Parsons's, and would take me with him. So I went up to my room, which I found in order, with a pleasant wood-fire burning. I had no resource but Goldsmith's "History of Rome," which I seized again and read for about an hour, when the room seemed very small and confined, and the house—all the young men having gone to Boston—as silent as the grave. So I took my hat and sallied forth. My room was in the attic of the old President's House ; and in the entry at the bottom of the first flight of stairs I met Dr. Kirkland, who said he was just coming to call me, as he forgot after breakfast to introduce me to Miss Mitchell, his housekeeper. So I was taken into her room,—at the southwest corner, second story, above the *best* room in the house,—and presented. She was very gracious, I very polite ; and the interview lasted about twenty minutes. Dr. Kirkland stayed ten minutes, and I about ten after he left. She was a character, but a very disagreeable one. God had not made her handsome, and she had made herself very ugly in spirit and temper. The twinkle of a vixen was in her eye, the tone of one in her voice ; and she ruled the house, so far as the servants were concerned, with a rod of iron. I was not disposed to pay much heed to her authority, and we never got on very well together. However, she was very gracious this morning, inquired after my mother whom she had never seen, and particularly after my Aunt Eliza, whom she had seen, and who she hoped would come

and make her brother, the President, a long visit before she returned to New York,—a hope which was not fulfilled, inasmuch as my aunt, though she stayed three weeks at Milton and Boston, before leaving for Oneida County, never came near Cambridge.

After leaving Miss Mitchell I went forth for a walk. I did not enter the market-house again, though I went so near in passing, that I saw my inquisitive friend, the head of the establishment, very busy with a little and somewhat infirm old gentleman, who seemed to be making large purchases. I found afterwards that this was Mr. Gannett,—the father of the late Rev. E. S. Gannett, D.D.,—who was then steward of the college, and made the purchases for the commons, at that time carried on by the college itself.

My walk was a solitary wandering over the common and through the college-yard. I don't think I felt very happy. I came home in ample season to put on my best toggery, a suit of blue broadcloth,—the coat with brass buttons in front and on the under side of the cuffs, and under the lappets of the pockets behind (which pockets you entered from the top, and not by a slit at the side as is now the case), a sort of half-military coat such as was still worn in Central New York, a survival, not of "the fittest," but of the War of 1812. Yet it was a splendid "fit," made by Messrs. Manchester and Tryon of Utica, who afterwards became very celebrated tailors in New York City. I was very proud of that coat, and with a white cassimere vest, also with brass buttons, I had an impression that it was very splendid, especially when I wore in connection with it (as I always did) a black stock and standing collar, also Wellington boots, with high brass-capped heels, and the pantaloons strapped neatly down over them. It was a

man's dress, and very funny for a boy of twelve or thirteen. At Utica it attracted no attention, because all boys dressed so ; but at Cambridge and Boston, where the boys of my age were wearing round-about jackets, with broad collars turned over the shoulders, my backwoods costume attracted some notice. However, Dr. Kirkland never said a word upon the subject, and I never made any alteration, save that after five or six weeks I had the brass buttons under the lappets behind taken off. My every-day suit was of light gray mixed, made like the blue, only there were no buttons under the lappets behind; and the pantaloons were what we called "chevaliers," with buttons on the outside nearly up to the knee ; in this I made no change. I had also a pair of close-fitting gray breeches, and when I wore these, I wore a pair of boots with tassels, that came up over them.

I was all ready, in my blue suit, when Dr. Kirkland sent for me, and we had a pleasant drive over to Brighton. Mr. and Mrs. Gorham Parsons were old parishioners of Dr. Kirkland and warm friends of my mother, who had been for many months their guest when she visited Boston in 1794-95. I was very cordially and kindly received and made at home at once ; and for eight or ten years subsequently their house was one of my homes, where I went whenever I liked. We returned to Cambridge about eight o'clock in the evening, and I went to my room and comforted myself till near ten o'clock, first, in beginning to write a letter home,—it having been agreed that as the postage was $18\frac{3}{4}$ cents, a letter once a fortnight was all that could be afforded ; but writing was somewhat disagreeable to me at that age, and so at the bottom of the first page I stopped and took up Goldsmith, but had little consciousness of anything till the book tumbled on the

floor, and the noise woke me up. The path of duty seemed plain ; I undressed and went to bed. This operation thoroughly aroused me to a sense of my forlorn condition, with no father or mother or brothers and sisters, or anybody to bid good-night ; and so I cried considerably that night (the only night that I remember having to turn the pillow over because one side of it was wet), and then went to sleep.

The next day, my first Sunday in Cambridge, comes back to me as vividly as yesterday. That old college chapel in University Hall, familiar to me from 1817 to 1829, was admirably adapted to its purposes and to the then wants of the college, and is the place that to this day comes first to my mind, when the college chapel is spoken of. University Hall was one of the earliest enterprises and accomplishments of Dr. Kirkland's administration of the college. It was designed to accommodate the students at meals, worship, and recitations. All college then lived in commons, so the basement was devoted to large kitchens and store-rooms. The first floor had four large dining-halls, one for each class, those of the seniors and sophomores being connected with the south hall of the building, the seniors on the right, the sophomores on the left, as you entered ; those of the juniors and freshmen with the north hall, the juniors on the left and the freshmen on the right, — so that the two upper classes were at the ends, and the other two in the centre of the building. Over the seniors' hall in the second story were two large rooms nicely carpeted and furnished, commonly called "Corporation Rooms," and here on Examination and Exhibition-days dinner was served to the visiting committees of the Board of Overseers ; in the third story, and also over the juniors' hall, were recitation-rooms. The chapel occupied

the centre of the building, over the sophomore and freshmen halls. It was entered on either side, from the northern or southern corridors. The main floor of the chapel was divided into four sets of seats, for the four classes, who were kept perfectly distinct from each other. At daily prayers and on Sundays, the sophomores and freshmen kept quietly in their seats till the seniors and juniors had gone out.

Dr. Kirkland gave me clear instructions as to where his pew was and how to reach it, advising me to go soon after the bell began to ring, and so get in before the mass of students were rushing to the chapel. Indeed, he offered to go a little earlier than usual himself, to show me the pew; but I declined such assistance, and told him I could not possibly fail to find it. It was the front pew in the north gallery. He intimated that there would be nobody in it, unless it might be Mr. Willard Phillips, who however was not there that day, though he came occasionally; but during the greater part of the next two years I was the solitary occupant of the pew, though the chapel at that time was pretty largely attended. It was thought to be the proper thing for all—not simply the undergraduates, but for everybody connected with the college—to attend church; the galleries were always well filled, and some pews almost crowded. But the President's pew seemed to be sacred ground, and I was commonly all alone in it. There was scarcely a person in the chapel when I went in. As I was opening the door to go into the pew that I felt sure was the right one I saw some one in the pew back of it. I felt a little awed, but asked very respectfully, "Is this the President's pew?" He sprang up as if he had been shot, looked at me with his large gray eyes, and then over into the pew, as much as to say,

"What does this mean?" and then giving a sort of grunt he said, "Yes, yes, that is it;" this person, I found afterwards, was the Rev. Dr. Popkin. Presently the galleries began to fill, and I saw in that opposite, several venerable-looking men with their wives and children, whom I afterwards came to know as Prof. Henry Ware, Sr., Prof. Levi Hedge, Prof. Sydney Willard, etc. But when the students came in, my attention was wholly directed to them. I thought they were the most splendid-looking fellows I had ever seen; and as an evidence of the strong impression some of them made upon me, I may mention the fact that that impression is to this day the *first* that comes up to me when their names are mentioned, no matter how intimately I have known them since. For instance, for more than forty years I have known Mr. Sidney Bartlett; yet if he comes into my mind, the image is not of Mr. Bartlett as I have known him for many years, but as he was as a young man, when I saw him on that second Sunday of October, 1817, walk into the chapel and take his seat in the senior class.

There were one or two other things that impressed me in this first college-chapel service that I attended: one, the large amount of organ-playing in the music, the long interludes between the verses,—to which, however, I soon got accustomed in the college chapel and in other churches, although it was all new to me then; the other was my fear that Dr. Kirkland would lose his place, and not be able to go on with his sermon. He had a pile of loose manuscripts in his sermon-case, and he would turn them over backwards and forwards, take out half-sheets and drop them on the pulpit-floor, but still keep talking, though he never seemed to know precisely where he was in the manuscript; I thought he was always look-

ing to find the place, and was relieved when, toward the end, the manuscript appeared to be all right. I had never before sat where I could look so directly into the pulpit and spy out its secrets. I remember nothing about the sermon save that it was on the "Prodigal Son," and gave, what was then an entirely new idea to me, some pretty hard hits at the selfishness of the elder son.

Immediately after the morning service Dr. Kirkland went into Boston in his chaise, taking me with him; carried me to Mr. Fessenden's, at the corner of Lincoln and Summer streets, and left me there to dine and go to church with the family, while he dined with some other of his friends. I was made much of at Mr. Fessenden's. They were very kind, hearty people. Their house had been Dr. Kirkland's home all through his ministry at Church Green, sixteen years, and it had become a sort of Ministers' Exchange. It became one of my homes, where I felt sure of a dinner or a bed whenever I chose to ask it. I went to church with the Fessendens in the afternoon at Church Green, where Dr. Kirkland preached, and returned to Cambridge with him in the evening.

On Monday morning Dr. Kirkland, as he was leaving the breakfast-table, said that he would like to see me in his study at a quarter before nine. When I presented myself he gave two little taps of his foot upon the floor, and immediately I heard a movement in the room below, footsteps on the stairs, and a knock at the door. The "Come in" was answered by a young person, to whom Dr. Kirkland said, "Emerson, this is my nephew, Master Lothrop, of whom I spoke to you." Emerson and myself shook hands, while my uncle continued, "I wish to put him under your instruction, for the present at least. Will you take him to your room, see where he is in his studies,

and begin accordingly? Be careful not to make his lessons too long and difficult, because he is more accustomed to out-of-door life than to study. In his recitations and oral instruction I wish you to give him about an hour a day, from Monday to Friday inclusive." Emerson bowed, and said, "I will do the best I can, sir;" then turning to me, asked, "Will you come down to my room?" As soon as we got into his room he said, with a slight diminution of the dignity and authority manifested in presence of the President, "Lothrop — your Christian name; what is it?" I told him my name, and then made the same inquiry in regard to his; to which he replied, "My name is Ralph, — Ralph Waldo." Physically at least, the child was the father of the man; for he was very much the same person then in looks and manners that I have known him to be for the last forty years. He was about two years older than myself, and nearly as tall as when he had reached maturity, — a Saxon blonde, pale face, light hair, blue eyes. He was calm and quiet in his manners; and no matter how much he felt, externally he was never moved or excited. I think there was the same mingling of shyness, awkwardness, and dignity about him as a freshman in college that is often observed in him to-day.

Our arrangements were soon made, and I began, *de novo*, Latin Grammar, Liber Primus, and Lacroix's Arithmetic; and for ten or twelve weeks — to the end of the first college term — I pursued my studies pretty faithfully, with only two notable interruptions. One occurred in about a fortnight, when I was deputed to escort my Aunt Eliza as far as Providence on her way back to Oneida County, she proposing to return by the city of New York. We were to meet at Mr. Rufus Amory's the evening before, at a little supper-party, sleep at the Exchange Coffee-

House, and proceed to Providence by stage the next morning. Dr. Kirkland and I left Cambridge about seven o'clock in the evening, and drove to Elm Hill in Roxbury,—Mr. Amory's country-place. But on arriving there we found that the family were at his house in town; so we drove into Boston, and found my Uncle and Aunt Francis Amory and several other persons assembled at the house on the corner of Beacon and Park streets,—Mr. Rufus Amory residing in the winter at that time in the Beacon Street part of this great establishment. I do not remember much about it, save that there was a pretty jolly sit-down supper, and that a carriage came about eleven o'clock and carried Aunt Eliza and myself to the Exchange where rooms had been engaged for us.

A journey to Providence at that time was quite an expedition. Stage locomotion had not begun to approximate to the rapidity it gained a few years later. We had an early breakfast and started; dined leisurely at Walpole, and reached Providence about five o'clock, where we passed the night. The next morning I saw my Aunt Eliza comfortably seated in the New London stage, which drove off from the hotel at nine o'clock. At New London she was to take the steamboat for New York,—the boats at this time only running as far as New London. I was very fond of my Aunt Eliza, and very sad at parting from her. She was a fascinating woman. She had given me many parting kisses and tender and wise admonitions in her room before we went down to the coach; and I distinctly remember her sweet smile, her "Good-by, dear," and a kiss thrown with her hand as the coach drove off. It was the last time I ever saw her.

Not long after the New London stage left, I started for Boston, which — after dining at Walpole as on the

previous day—I reached a little after four, and went, as had been arranged, to the Misses Hills in Purchase Street, where I passed the night, stayed till after dinner the next day, and then went home in the Cambridge stage. This house in Purchase Street—"the Hills," or "the old Hills," as they were sometimes called, to distinguish them from the daughters of Dr. Aaron Hill—was one of my homes for nearly fifty years. The family at this time consisted of the father, old Mr. Thomas Hill, his son Archibald,—a merchant, and wharfinger of Russia Wharf,—and two daughters, Ann and Elizabeth, or, as they were familiarly called, "Nancy and Betsey Hill." These ladies were about the same age as my mother, and great friends of hers, of whom, after they had all three got to be more than seventy years old, my mother always spoke as "the girls." There were two other sons, Thomas and Gardiner,—at this time and for several years after merchants in Cadiz.

The next interruption to my studies occurred at the Thanksgiving recess, which lasted from the Wednesday before to the Saturday after Thanksgiving-day. Christmas, as a social and religious festival, was not kept in New England at this time, and Thanksgiving was the great day of the people. We were to go down (Dr. Kirkland and myself) to Byfield (or Newbury-Byfield) on Wednesday, to pass Thanksgiving with Uncle Eben Parsons,—one of Dr. Kirkland's old parishioners and friends,—the father of Gorham Parsons, who, with Mrs. Parsons and other friends, always kept Thanksgiving at Byfield. I had been told to be ready by half-past nine, as it was a drive of thirty-five miles from Cambridge, and my uncle's horse was not fleet. At the appointed hour I was all prepared, and seeing the chaise in the yard, I went out and got in, tucked away my little valise nicely, back of my feet, and

hoped Dr. Kirkland would soon come, though I had already got accustomed to his being a little behind time. As I was sitting in the chaise, I saw a gentleman come round the church, through the yard, and up the stairs to the study. He was so muffled up that I could not tell certainly who it was, but thought it was Mr. Palfrey. I indulged the hope as he passed that he was not going to detain my uncle long. In this I was mistaken. He had not been in the study two minutes before Emerson came out of his room underneath, and looking at me smilingly, said, "I reckon, Sam, that you won't get off for Byfield for some hours yet, for I am just sent to call a government meeting forthwith." He had scarcely done speaking, when the President's manservant came and said, "I am to put the horse and chaise into the barn, and tell you that Dr. Kirkland cannot start at present." So I went back to my room and found comfort in "Edgeworth's Popular Tales." I had already finished Goldsmith's "History of Rome." After reading about an hour, I thought I might as well go out and learn, if I could, what was the matter. So I made a dive for Emerson's room, and heard from him that some students in a frolic had broken into Mr. Palfrey's room the night before, and had severely beaten him while in bed; that D——, who was prominent in the attack, was then in the study under examination, and that a message had been sent to Boston for two other students concerned in it. Coming to the conclusion, after a chat with Emerson, that if they were to wait for two students to come out from Boston, the government meeting would not break up for an hour or two, I returned to my room and devoted myself to the story of "Murad the Unlucky," which was still unfinished when word came that the President would be ready to start in a few moments. So I went down, found the chaise at the

study door, again seated myself, and after what seemed to me a very long time, Dr. Kirkland came down, and we were off about noon. We drove through what is now called Kirkland Street, direct to the end of Charlestown Neck, over Malden Bridge, and on by the Newburyport turnpike, to the Lynnfield Hotel, about eleven miles from Boston, and twelve or thirteen from Cambridge. Here we stopped, fed the horse, and had dinner. I have a vague recollection of mutton-chops, yellow, waxy potatoes, and a pumpkin-pie, of which we neither of us took a second piece. My impression is that the only conversation we had between Cambridge and Lynnfield was that Dr. Kirkland said that he was sorry we were so belated, and that we should have a dark ride the last part of the way; then after a while he murmured to himself, "Mean, base, cowardly attack—deserves the severest punishment!" to which I made no reply, having already learned that I made no progress when I attempted to interfere with his soliloquies. But I gained nothing this time by my silence; for though he doubtless referred to the attack upon Mr. Palfrey, he said no more.

When we left Lynnfield after our dinner, the dark and cloudy day began to show symptoms of approaching night; and shortly after passing the Topsfield Hotel, about ten miles from Lynnfield, my uncle said, "There is a road from Rowley comes in near here, on the right, and just beyond that, on the left, there is a narrow road, not much travelled, that leads to Byfield; keep a sharp look-out for that road." Obeying his instructions, I said in a few moments, "Here is the road to the left, sir;" we took it, and immediately began to descend a pretty steep hill over a stony road, crossed a creek, on a bridge that trembled a little, and bearing very slightly to the right went along on the bottom-

land. It was as dark as a pocket; but the horse picked his way, going along smoothly not over four miles an hour, and I felt quite content till Dr. Kirkland said, "I don't know but we turned too soon to the left, and are on our way to Topsfield Village instead of Byfield;" whereupon, being of a cheerful make, I said, "Well, I don't know, sir, of course, but I suppose we shall soon find out. I think we are all right, because the horse travels so cheerfully and steadily. I know something about horses, and on so dark a night and bad a road a horse would not travel so evenly as this one does, unless he had some idea where he was." He replied, "That is well thought of; the old horse has been down here to Thanksgiving before." So we jogged on, the horse having it pretty much his own way. Presently I said, "I think here is a church on the left, sir. I can't make it out very distinctly, but it is a large building, and has something like a cupola or short spire." "Oh, yes," he replied, "I know; we are all right now; it is about half a mile from here to Mr. Parsons's." I confess I was quite rejoiced to hear this, for the night was getting colder and drearier, and I was growing very tired and hungry.

Presently,—and I think it was quite as great a relief to Dr. Kirkland as myself, for he gave the horse a half-impatient jerk of the reins, tempered with a very cheerful "Go on, old fellow, we are just there,"—presently there loomed up on the left a large house, with fire or lamp light in every window, holding out a most cheerful invitation in the darkness. A turn to the left brought us into the avenue and up to the front door, which immediately opened, and a flood of light burst upon us; we were out of the chaise as soon as possible, and on the porch and into the vestibule, amid a hubbub of voices of reproach and

congratulation:—"Glad to see you;" "Had almost given you up;" "Afraid you were going to disappoint us;" "Any accident?" "What made you so late?" We found that they had waited supper for us; and after brief ablutions, combings, and brushings, we were soon seated at the table for what Dugald Dalghetty would have called "a slight refection"—simple, but immensely appetizing to persons who, like Dr. Kirkland and myself, had been starving with cold and hunger, in a long, dark ride.

We made a party of eight round the supper-table: first, the host, Eben Parsons himself,—a man in the neighborhood of eighty, but hale and hearty, his gray hair, long and silken, gathered back from his forehead into a cue that reached full half way down his back, a white stock and ruffles, black coat, waistcoat, and small clothes, and white stockings,—a pleasant, courteous, dignified old gentleman; second, his housekeeper, and I believe a distant relative,—Mrs. Plumer,—a fine-looking woman, almost handsome, entirely good-natured, and an excellent house-keeper. All these good qualities, of course, did not flash upon me that night at supper. My knowledge of them was the result of several subsequent visits to Byfield, some of them of four or five weeks duration. Third, her daughter, Caroline Plumer, a young lady of eighteen or twenty, very pretty and pleasing, whose kindness to me then and subsequently, I gratefully remember. These constituted the regular household or family. Mrs. Gorham Parsons was not well enough to come, and her husband had taken a solitary drive down in his carriage, arriving before dark. He, with the party that came from Cambridge in a chaise, made six; a Mr. Sargent and his sister from Gloucester, also relatives, made eight. We had a quiet time after supper, and went early to bed. My only very distinct

recollection is that when I saw Dr. Kirkland and Mr. Parsons taking a cigar, I had an intense desire to take one also ; for I am sorry to say that, even at that age, I smoked semi-occasionally, " unbeknownst " to my elders.

The next day dawned upon us clear, cold, and brilliant. At breakfast we were cheerful and chatty, and I trust devout and grateful. At ten o'clock the two carriages took us all to church, where was a good congregation of substantial-looking people. Two anthems were executed by the choir in the course of the service, and the Rev. Dr. Parish, the minister of Byfield, preached a good sermon, — at least it was so decided at the dinner-table afterwards, with the additional remark that Dr. Parish always preached very well when he preached a practical and not a doctrinal sermon. He was polished and gentlemanly in manners, wore gown and bands, and his hair, with pretty decided touches of gray, was very nicely clubbed. After church there was much shaking of hands, in the midst of which Miss Caroline Plumer asked if I would not like to walk home with her, instead of driving, — a proposition to which I gladly assented. We left the road and came through the fields by a pond in the rear of Mr. Parsons's house, where we had some good slides on the ice ; and she asked me if I could skate, and I said " Yes, but I did not bring my skates from Utica."

Presently came the dinner. I remember no particulars, only the profusion, and the fact that I wanted to stand up and unbutton my jacket long and long before we got through.

In the evening there was a gathering of the neighbors, — Dr. and Mrs. Parish, with two daughters, a son a year or two older than myself, Mr. Cleveland, the Principal of Dummer Academy, a nice old gentleman, with several of his

family, among them his son Professor Cleveland of Bowdoin College, and others,— in all fifteen, perhaps twenty persons ; we played blind-man's-buff and other games, and had a jolly time altogether. This was all exceedingly novel. I had played these games with young people ; but to find old people,— my reverend uncle, Dr. Parish, and other sedate seniors,— constrained to take part in them, was a new idea to me. I have always had the habit on these occasions, as my children know, of being able to *see through* a handkerchief over my eyes ; so of course I caught Miss Caroline Plumer. Then after a time the games ceased, and we had music and conversation.

About nine o'clock we went into the dining-room, and there was a fine supper spread out before us. Exercise and a good digestion had produced a condition of my bodily frame which enabled me to do justice to it, though I had got up from the dinner-table with an impression that I should not want to eat again for a month. I feel bound to say also that I was not the only one who did justice to the supper.

On Friday morning Dr. Kirkland was urged to stay till the next day, but he declined,— he must return to Cambridge ; but I was permitted to stay over, and go up on Saturday with Mr. Gorham Parsons and Miss Plumer, who was to make a visit to Mrs. Parsons at Brighton.

As soon as Dr. Kirkland had left, and Mr. Gorham was to be busy with his father, Mrs. Plumer proposed that we should drive to Newburyport ; which we did in Mr. Eben Parsons's carriage,— Mrs. Plumer, Miss Caroline, and myself. They made one or two calls. The only one I remember was upon Rev. Dr. Andrews and his family ; then we went to some shops, and Mrs. Plumer gave me a pair of skates, and Miss Caroline a little memorandum-

book, which I kept for years, till it was pretty thoroughly worn out. I tried my new skates on the pond after dinner. In the evening Miss Caroline walked over to Dr. Parish's, and there up in one of the chambers, with the door locked, I was initiated into the game of Whist. The orthodoxy of the Doctor and his wife taught the children to learn and play it by stealth.

The next day, Saturday, I had a very pleasant drive home, in a large roomy carriage, with a good strong pair of horses, and two large coach-dogs *en attendant*. Mr. Parsons smoked pretty much all the way. We reached Cambridge in good season; and I was not sorry to find myself in my own little room again, though I had been treated with the utmost kindness by my uncle's friends, and then, as always since, looked back gratefully upon my first New England Thanksgiving as a very pleasant occasion, and a large broadening of my ideas of life.

During this Thanksgiving visit to Byfield I heard the story of Mr. Webster's defence of the young men whom Colonel Goodrich accused of attacking, wounding, and robbing him.

The great point of the story was the wonderful skill with which Mr. Webster had conducted the cross-examination, so as to conceal from every one what was to be his defence, till it burst like a flash of lightning upon the court, the jury, the opposing counsel, and all present, when he rose and said, at the very opening of his argument, "May it please your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury,—when Colonel Goodrich *shot himself* to make it appear that he had been assaulted and robbed by others, he forgot that a wound in the hand or arm from a pistol discharged by an assailant, would necessarily be in an *upward* direction, and not downward from the wrist to the fingers,

like the wound which Colonel Goodrich easily and without much bodily harm inflicted upon himself, and which I maintain nobody else inflicted. This is my defence, which I shall endeavor to establish by a review of all the facts brought before us in the evidence." Here was the point where Goodrich changed color,—the consciousness of the truth of Mr. Webster's charge filling him with a confusion which he could not conceal, and utterly breaking him down; and the skill of Mr. Webster in concealing this till the moment came for its strong, bold, unqualified statement, were the themes of admiration and praise. This is the version of the story I heard, now more than sixty years ago.

Thanksgiving over, I returned to my studies with zest, and pursued them with Mr. Emerson to the end of the first college term of the year. Then followed the long winter vacation of seven weeks. The young men were all to be away, the house very quiet, nobody there but Dr. Kirkland and myself, and he the greater part of the time in Boston. I agreed with Dr. Kirkland that I should be happier with something to do regularly, rather than to be idle. So it was determined that after a visit of a week to my Aunt Amory's, at Milton, I should spend the college vacation at Cambridge, and be under the instruction of Mr. Charles Brooks,—a Divinity student who was to remain in town; and so I was discharged from attendance upon the then young Ralph Waldo Emerson.

I enjoyed highly the ten or twelve weeks that I was under Mr. Emerson's instruction. I don't think I made much progress in my studies; but I learned much in other ways, and he enlarged my mind and interested me, and influenced me for good. He was too near my own age, and in one sense too much of a boy himself, to be very severe

in his exactions of study. Often in the hour that I passed in what was nominally called reciting to him, very little progress was made in the Latin Grammar or *Liber Primus*; for I perhaps had prepared a short lesson, and that very imperfectly, and he was little inclined to scold or lecture me, and more disposed to talk with me about men and things, and to read to me pieces of his own poetry and prose composition. The various pieces of poetry were not sentimental; their prevailing qualities, according to my recollection, might rather be described as sarcasm and fun. One of them, I remember, related to his minister and his father's successor, Rev. N. L. Frothingham, whose marriage had occurred about this time; another to scenes and incidents at the Latin school, which he had recently left; and others to college and college life, upon which he had just entered. All these have very likely been forgotten or destroyed before this time; but my recollection is that they were very droll in humor, and quaint in expression.

The general impression I had of Mr. Emerson at this time was that he was a very peculiar person,—kind, easy, familiar with me, but still with a wall of reserve about him which he would not let anybody penetrate; not caring much about sympathy, though receiving it not ungraciously; and while having nothing of self-assertion, being to a remarkable degree self-sustained, sufficient unto himself, and happy in his own thoughts, in his own soul. He would read me his poetry or prose, and though pleased with the delight I expressed, there was always something in his manner which seemed to say, “I don’t much care whether you like them or not: they are mine; I wrote them, and can have satisfaction in them myself.” It was from this element of self-containment in his character that I unconsciously drank in influences that enabled me to be happier than I otherwise

should have been, under the peculiar and *unfamily* life that I lived at Dr. Kirkland's till the autumn of 1819.

After ceasing to be his pupil I saw little of Mr Emerson, till, having kept school for five years after graduating, he joined the Divinity School at Cambridge, in September, 1826, in the class after me. Here the same atmosphere of reserve and self-containment seemed to encircle him ; and though we met frequently, I made no effort to resume our old familiar intercourse. After finishing his course at the Divinity School, Mr. Emerson became the successor of the Rev. Henry Ware, Junior, as pastor of the Second Church in Boston, then in Hanover Street. Here he gave great satisfaction for about a year, when he preached a sermon against the observance of the Lord's Supper ; spoke of the use of the memorial symbols as a hindrance, not a help, to the spiritual contemplation of Christ ; and advocated, if he did not directly propose, a discontinuance of the observance. This greatly shocked his own people and a very large part of the community ; and the result was that he resigned his pastorate and left the ministry, as he did not wish to make his own church or its associated churches, or his professional brethren, responsible for his individual opinions.

In this respect Mr. Emerson behaved, in my opinion, more honorably than Theodore Parker ten years later. Mr. Parker insisted that his Deistical opinions, his pure Theism, his "Absolute Religion," were the natural and logical result of Unitarian theology, and persisted in the claim that he still belonged to the Unitarian body. Mr. Emerson's course was much more manly and honorable. He relieved the Unitarian community, the Unitarian churches and clergy, of all responsibility for him by severing all connection with them. This was well, and I respect him for it ; but his opinions in regard to the Lord's Supper, and his open and bold

announcement of them, were a great shock to the religious reverence and convictions of the community, and their influence has been fatally injurious to the growth and progress of that liberal Christian Congregationalism which unfortunately had, a few years before, embodied and organized itself under the name "Unitarian." For the fifty years preceding 1830, liberal Congregationalism, which rejected the Trinity and Calvinism, but, planting itself upon the Scriptures, accepted Christ as the promised Messiah, and the New Testament as an authoritative account of the promulgation of Christianity to the world, had been making steady progress, and had gathered into its fold many of the strongest and best minds, not simply in Boston and New England, but throughout the country. Mr. Emerson's course as the pastor of the Second Church in Boston gave the first check to this progress; and Theodore Parker, ten years later, dealt it a blow from which it has never recovered. Unitarianism as an organized denomination has made no substantial progress since 1830.

Mr. Emerson, from the time that I was for a few months his pupil in 1817 up to the present time, has been more or less a mystery to me, and I have never been able to determine where or how he was to be ranked intellectually. I have never been among his admirers, and therefore have always been afraid of doing injustice to his claims; and for the last forty years I have been content to rest in the position of that eminent lawyer who when some one spoke of seeing him at Mr. Emerson's lectures, answered, "Yes; I don't understand him, but my girls do." I do not profess to understand Mr. Emerson, and therefore may not properly appreciate him; but he does not seem to me to be an original, profound, or clear thinker,—not a man who takes a strong, manly, comprehensive grasp of truth, and presents

it with a clearness, precision, and force that make it take practical hold of the intellect, the conscience, or the heart. In his writings you find beautiful thoughts, beautiful passages, but no well-rounded, comprehensive philosophy of religion or life; no substantial basis of faith; no clear delineations of what the present is, or the future may be. His works are fragmentary and obscure,—sometimes, I think, unintelligible; and his life has been marked by no noble, generous, self-forgetting sacrifices and efforts that take hold of the popular heart. Whether his name will live to be a household word a century hence, and his works at that time hold a high place in American literature, is to my mind a little doubtful.

We parted kindly and pleasantly at my last recitation, and my personal relations with him have always been pleasant.

I went to Milton, where, with my skates, and coasting, and lots of play with my cousins Frank and Cornelia Amory, I had a grand time for a week, and then returned to Cambridge, and began work under Mr. Charles Brooks. That was an awful time,—that long, winter vacation. Dr. Kirkland often spent a night or two at a time in Boston with some of his friends; and if he did not pass the night in town, was almost always there at dinner and tea, so that I saw very little of him except at breakfast. I kept much aloof from Miss Mitchell, the housekeeper. My lonely meals were regularly served in the great parlor; I knew no families in Cambridge, and the few boys whom I knew seldom came to see me. Fortunately, Mr. Brooks made me study hard, and as I had nothing else to do I did study. I began Valpy's Greek Grammar with him; and though I often got discouraged and threw the book across the room in my disgust, I did make some progress. Every

Saturday I went into Boston, and dined either at Mr. William Parsons's, or the Hills', or at Mr. Fessenden's; still it was not a happy life for a boy just past thirteen years of age, and I was not sorry when the vacation closed.

I only remember one incident, during which my opinions and feelings in regard to Dr. Kirkland underwent a sudden revulsion. According to orders, I had come into town for him in the sleigh,—a chaise-sleigh, with a woollen cloth top. As we were driving down Cambridge Street, one or two boys got on the runners behind. Dr. Kirkland put his hand out suddenly between the straps that buckled the curtain down behind, and pulled off the cap of one of the boys and held it in his hand. My sympathy with the boy made me feel for the moment that my uncle was very unkind; but before the feeling could take root, he told me to stop (I was driving), and the boy who had lost his cap came shyly alongside, afraid perhaps of a cut from the whip; and the Doctor said to him, "My young lad, is this your cap?"—"Yes, sir."—"Well, here it is. It is not safe to ride on the runners of a sleigh, and I would not do it. Some persons would have driven on and left you without your cap." I thought that on the whole the boy had got a good lesson, kindly administered.

At the opening of the second term of the college year, 1817-18, another change was made in my tutor. Mr. Brooks wished to give himself wholly to his professional and Emerson to his academic studies, and neither of them was disposed to have the care of me. I was transferred, therefore, to the tender mercies and wise instructions of John Fessenden of the senior class,—the same Mr. Fessenden to whom I have already referred as the successful rival of John Everett, for the first honors of his

class at the Commencement of 1818. Mr. Fessenden's room was 32 Stoughton, and his chum was Samuel Barrett, — afterwards, Rev. Samuel Barrett, of the Chambers Street Church, Boston, who twenty years after, when, as the pastor of Brattle Street, I became intimately associated with him, used to remind me of the *tears* I shed under Mr. Fessenden's rebukes, and add: "I had hopes,— I had hopes, even then; I felt that there was something at the bottom of those tears that would bring you out all right, and I have not been disappointed."

Mr. Fessenden was a very exact and methodical man, and had no idea of shirking himself, or permitting anybody else to shirk. With Mr. Emerson and Mr. Brooks, I set my own lessons; Mr. Fessenden would have none of this. He "set my lessons" every day himself, and expected that I should be thoroughly prepared in them the next day. I went to him every day, from Monday to Friday inclusive; and though I was not always thoroughly prepared, and occasionally, as Brother Barrett averred, shed some tears, yet I made good progress under Mr. Fessenden. Poor man! his career corresponded not to his expectations, or to the promise of his high collegiate rank. On leaving college he studied for the ministry, as did his chum, Barrett. Barrett, soon after he began to preach, was settled over the Chambers Street Church, and had a successful ministry of some forty years. Fessenden preached in many places, but was unsuccessful. When I entered college, three years after I was his pupil, he was still preaching as a candidate, and also held the office of college registrar, which he continued to hold, preaching when he could get opportunity, all through the four years that I was in college and the three years that I was in the Divinity School. I left the school in July, 1828, and in December of that

year accepted an invitation to settle over a new Unitarian Society in Dover, New Hampshire. My ordination was fixed for the 18th of February, 1829, and in January I wished to get some one to supply the Dover pulpit for six weeks. The winter vacation had just begun, many were absent, and I found no preacher to whom I could apply to render me this service but John Fessenden, the registrar. It was painful to me to make this application. But there was no other person to whom I could apply, and so I called on Mr. Fessenden. He behaved admirably; said he had no engagement for the vacation, that he should be very glad to go to Dover, and endeavor to make my place good in the pulpit there till the time of my ordination, and that it was very kind in me to apply to him; and then added something like this: "I cannot but notice and feel, Mr. Lothrop, the contrast in our positions. Eleven years ago you were my pupil, beginning to prepare to enter college, while I was graduating. You finished your preparation, have passed through college and through the Divinity School, and, beginning to preach four or five months ago, are now about to be settled in a most eligible position in your profession; and I am sure that I wish you most cordially a useful, happy, and prosperous ministry. But here am I, so many years your senior, just where I was eight years ago, still preaching as a candidate, with as little or less prospect of a settlement than I had at first." A year or two after this Mr. Fessenden was settled at Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, and remained there six or seven years, when he resigned,—the lady whom he had married having some little property,—and removed to Dedham, where he died in 1871. His talents and scholarship accomplished little in literature or the clerical profession. John Everett and John Fessenden,

— the genius and the plodder. The lives of both were a failure, — the one because he wasted and abused his marvellous powers ; the other, because by the intense application of his moderate powers he broke their mainspring — their vivacity and energy — in early life.

I remained under Mr. Fessenden's instruction about four months, till the last of June, 1818, when Mr. Charles Robinson, of his class, opened a small classical school at Cambridge, and Dr. Kirkland very wisely sent me there. This was to me a most agreeable and beneficial change. Companionship in study made me more industrious and ambitious ; and the society of other boys made my life less solitary, and infinitely more agreeable. In a street running south from the east end of Harvard Square was an old house, abandoned and partly gutted, having an entry, stairway, and one room on the right hand at the head of the stairs, in good, or at least, habitable condition ; in this room Mr. Robinson opened his school. It was a forlorn place, for though the outside wall and windows were in good preservation, the inner partition for eight or ten feet in each direction from the interior angle had been removed, and we looked directly down into the cellar, filled with *débris* of various kinds. A wooden railing about three feet high was built round the sides thus exposed, so that we were protected from falling ; but our vision was unobstructed, and we had no protection from the disagreeable odors that came up from the dilapidated quarters below. The room would only accommodate a dozen boys, and I doubt if we had so many. All that I can remember are, Henry Hedge, who left that summer (1818) to go to Germany with Mr. Bancroft ; his brother, Edward Hedge, Frank and Joseph Dana, Frank Hilliard, William Eustis, son of General Eustis, U. S. A., Murdock from the West

Indies (I forget his Christian name), an older brother of Captain Murdock of this city, and a fellow by the name of Jim Downs. Here I made good progress in "Viri Romæ," and finished my Greek Grammar. But the great thing was our "Declamations." How we did "go it" on Scott and Campbell, and what a question it was whether Henry Hedge, or Frank Hilliard, or myself was the best speaker! We formed a "Declamation Club," to meet at one another's houses once a fortnight, "to improve in declamation." We had a president and secretary, and after every declamation there were criticisms and remarks by the other members; and having the Phi Beta Kappa before our eyes, we wore our badges when in session,—a green ribbon tied in the button-hole. We had trouble, however; and in a few weeks the club was broken up because we did not and would not let Jim Downs come in as a member.

That was a pleasant summer to me. When the term closed in September, we were told that the school would probably be removed to the upper part of Cambridgeport, and open there about the 1st of October. I passed the greater part of the vacation at Uncle Eben Parsons's at Byfield, riding on horseback with Miss Caroline Plumer, or driving in the carriage with her mother and Uncle Eben, making frequent calls on pleasant families in Newburyport, and perfecting myself in whist, locked up in some room in Rev. Dr. Parish's house, and instructed by his son and daughter and Miss Plumer. It was a pleasant country life, with all the luxurious surroundings of wealth.

On returning to Cambridge I found that the school had been removed to the Port, and opened by Mr. Edwards Dickinson, a classmate of Mr. Robinson, in a pleasant room on the right side of the Main Street,—near where the Cambridge City Hall now stands, three-quarters of

a mile distant from the President's house; that Henry Hedge had sailed for Europe; that Frank and Joe Dana and Frank Hilliard had gone, and that I had two new companions to trudge to the Port with me,—William Stearns, afterwards for many years steward of the college; and Oliver W. Holmes, whose present fame as a poet covers the Anglo-Saxon portion of the earth.

I was sorry to lose Mr. Robinson. He was an excellent teacher, and our little school under him was a good and pleasant one. Two experiences with him afterwards I may as well relate here. He studied Divinity and was settled at Groton, where he had a successful ministry of fifteen or eighteen years, resigning about 1840. At this time I had been four years at Brattle Street. Our church was invited to the council to install his successor, and I went up with Mr. William Lawrence, a native of Groton, as my delegate. Robinson made the installing prayer, and he made it forty-five minutes long,—spreading before the Lord the whole history of the town and the church, as well as offering at the close some earnest petitions in behalf of the new minister. During the prayer I was in the front pew, standing next to Andrew P. Peabody, then of Portsmouth. He was to preach the sermon (it was shorter than the prayer), and as he was passing me to go up to the pulpit, he said, "If Brother Robinson had begun where he left off, and remembered that it may be taken for granted that God knows some things, he would have done better."

After leaving Groton Mr. Robinson was settled at Medfield, and in the summer of 1845 we had some correspondence about an exchange. He proposed one Sunday, which I declined, proposing another, if I had a favorable answer from him. I heard nothing; but on that Sunday, the moment I entered my own church I saw a head in

the pulpit, and on reaching the top of the pulpit stairs found it was Mr. Robinson, who said rather sharply, "How is this, sir? Why are you not at Medfield?" "Because I did not hear from you," I answered. "There was nothing said in your note about hearing from me," was his reply. "I think there was," I said; "at any rate, there is no use in disputing about it now; the mistake, whosever it is, can't be remedied. I can't get to Medfield or you get back in season to conduct services there. You are here, and we shall all be very glad to hear you preach." Mr. William Lawrence invited us all home to dinner. Mrs. Lawrence, a kind-hearted, excellent, hospitable woman, presently said to Mr. Robinson, whom she had known at Groton, "I hope Mrs. Robinson is well, sir. I should have been very glad to have seen her with you." The answer came short, crisp, sharp, "My wife is dead, madam." There was an awful silence, the tone of the answer being such that no one knew what to say. Mrs. Lawrence was the first to recover herself. She said, "I am very sorry, sir; I had not heard of Mrs. Robinson's death. The children I hope are well; I wish you had brought one of them with you." Again the answer came in a worse tone than before, "We never had a child, madam!"

The school was greatly enlarged by being removed to Cambridgeport. Girls were received as well as boys, and we numbered in all about thirty.

The extraordinary person among the girls was Margaret Fuller, afterwards famous in the literary world. She was at this time an ungainly person, with very red hair, and a face and features that were not indicative of great intellectual powers. She was the only girl who went in the same direction as Stearns, Holmes, and myself, and we

often had very bright, funny talks with her on our way home. She was an admirable scholar, and so sharp at repartee that Stearns and myself (I don't remember how it was with Holmes) were careful not to get into conflict with her.

A good story—not true probably, but too good to be lost—used to be told of her forty years ago. She and Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson went to see the famous *danseuse*, Fanny Ellsler. At one of her magnificent pirouettes, Mr. Emerson said, "Margaret, that is poetry!" "It is more than that, Ralph; it is religion," was her reply. I cannot vouch for the above, but the following is strictly true, and so good that I think it worthy of record and preservation. My children were all too young to remember when this Ellsler story was in circulation. I was telling it one day when they were dining with me; and at its conclusion, when I said, "It is religion," my daughter, Mrs. Peabody, cried out in the midst of the laugh, "She might have added, both natural and revealed."

Cambridgeport at that time was a place of great country trade, especially in winter. The farmers came down in sleighs with their hogs and produce of all kinds, and to save the tolls on West Boston bridge, and the greater expense of boarding and horse-keeping, stopped at Cambridgeport, and sold out to the merchants there, who supplied them with the goods and money they wanted in return. So that a large business was done there, and also at Charlestown.

In the autumn occurred an event that was regarded at the time as a great public calamity,—the burning of the Exchange Coffee House. This was a hotel seven stories high, occupying the whole space between Devonshire and Congress streets, having an entrance on both

streets, and another from State Street through a passage-way. The dining-rooms, parlors, and bedrooms were built round a large rotunda, whose columns ran all the way up to the seventh story,—the passage-way on each story being protected by a strong iron railing, and the whole rotunda lighted by a large glass dome. This rotunda was intended as an exchange for the merchants, but they seldom used it, even in bad weather, preferring to congregate on State Street. The fire caught in the seventh story,—too high for the engines to reach, and it made so bright a light that the college engine and all Cambridge went into Boston. I went with the rest. It was a magnificent sight. I was standing in State Street, where the Merchants' Bank now stands, when the dome and roof fell in, and the excitement and uproar among the crowd were tremendous. When the fire began to wane, I started for Cambridge, the street being thronged the whole way. I meant to return with the college engine company, but missed it. As I approached Dr. Kirkland's house, I wondered if I should find anybody up, or a door open. As I turned into the yard by the old church I saw a gentleman just passing up to the door, and was relieved when I found he opened it; and making all haste, I entered almost at the same time with him,—comforted to find that it was one of our family. The ruins of the Exchange were objects of curiosity for many days after this, and there was dangerous engineering in taking down some of the high brick walls that were left standing.

This winter of 1818-19, through Dickinson's school and my pleasant companionship with Stearns and Holmes, passed quite agreeably, though part of it was very lonely. Dr. Kirkland was gone the whole seven weeks' vacation, on a visit to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and

Washington ; and Miss Mitchell, the house-keeper, was not agreeable to me. I saw her but once during the vacation.

I had had some conversation with Dr. Kirkland before he left for Washington, and told him that I should prefer to go to West Point and enter the army, rather than to college and study a profession ; and asked him if he could not apply to President Monroe and procure one of the warrants for examination for admission to West Point which the President of the United States had at his disposal. On his return he told me that he had spoken to Mr. Monroe, and that if I continued of the same mind, which he hoped I would not, the President would probably give me a warrant, on his application. Upon this information I paid more attention for some time to La-croix and English studies than I did to Greek and Latin, though not wholly neglecting the latter. But a change soon came over the spirit of my dream.

The winter wore away, the spring came, and all through April and May till the first week in June I enjoyed the daily tramps to the Port and the work at school. Early in June my brother Charles, with my Grandmother Kirkland, came down to Boston for the benefit of my brother's health, and to give him the opportunity of consulting Dr. James Jackson and Dr. John Collins Warren.

My grandmother went immediately to Milton to make a visit to my Aunt Amory, while Charles stayed at Cambridge, and I was taken from school to be his companion and nurse. It was a very sad summer to us. My grandmother, after a visit of three or four weeks at Milton, came to Boston to the Hills', in Purchase Street, and after a week or two there went to the Fessendens' for a short visit, intending then to return home with

Charles. But at the Fessendens' she was taken ill, and for a week or two hovered between life and death. While she was there, news came that my Aunt Eliza, who in the August previous (1818) had married Edward Robinson, professor in Hamilton College, had suddenly died, and her new-born baby with her; and this news had to be concealed from Mrs. Kirkland lest the shock should be fatal to her.

Meanwhile Charles and myself moved about from place to place. We kept a horse and chaise, with which we made our little journeys, and wherever we were, drove every day when the weather was pleasant and he was well enough. We went first to Nahant, which was then a comparatively wild place, with only three or four houses, and none beyond the hotel in the valley or hollow, where it still stands and where we lived. For eight or ten days he seemed to grow better. A blister on his left side, which I applied and dressed till it healed, gave him for a time great relief. But rough weather came on, an unfavorable change took place in him, and we came back to Cambridge, and thence after a few days went to Milton. Here the weather was pleasant, and Charles quite comfortable. He could bear driving for a considerable distance, and we often came into Boston to see how our grandmother was.

Towards the middle of August Grandmother got well enough to travel, and it was determined that she and Charles should return to Utica, and that I should go with them to take care of Charles and help in managing the journey.

We started for Worcester in a large roomy carriage with four horses, and Morse, the famous Cambridge stage-driver, on the box. The next day we left in an extra stage, dining at Brookfield and passing the night at Palmer,—

the village at that time having a tavern, a store, three or four scattered houses, and a small church. The next morning we drove to Springfield, rested and dined there, and in the afternoon went on to Blandfield, having to make a détour to that town, because some bridge was broken down on the regular stage-route. The next day—always in an extra stage—we went to West Stockbridge; thence, the day following, to Albany, then through Schenectady to Amsterdam, and thence home. Charles bore the journey better than we expected, buoyed up probably by the desire to get home. For eight or ten days he was as well as usual. I still had charge of him as *quasi* nurse. I slept in the same room with him, gave him his medicine, and never called up my mother a single night.

On the 7th of September—a very beautiful day—the Utica Rifle Corps, of which he was an officer, had a parade, and he wished to drive out and see them. I drove him to the Common, and he saw their evolutions; there was then a rest, and all the officers and some of the privates came and spoke to him; and then we drove home. The whole thing was a great pleasure and quite an excitement to him.

That night he was very uncomfortable, slept but little, and I was up often and long, trying to relieve him. Toward morning he slept, but was not disposed to get up so early as usual. Hitherto he had always got up, washed, and dressed (he was always very neatly dressed, and was particular about that), and then lay upon the sofa. But this morning he did not do this till about noon; but he got up then, dressed with great particularity, and seemed to me about as well as the day before, though there was a little more difficulty than usual in breathing. At one o'clock I left him on the sofa to go down to dinner; and I remember thinking to myself how beautiful he looked, in

his London brown frock-coat and trousers, white stockings, and low-quartered shoes, white waistcoat and necktie, and a Topaz pin in his shirt-ruffle, his large blue eyes, and long, silky, almost flaxen hair. He beckoned me back when I was at the door, and said, not sadly but cheerfully: "Sam, I want you to order the chaise, and as soon as you have done dinner go to Clinton and bring Cornelia home. I want to see her, and she has made a long enough visit there." So I ordered the chaise, and started immediately after dinner. As I was leaving, my mother opened the window and said, "Charles wishes me to tell you to get back as quickly as you possibly can." This did not alarm me. The only impression it produced was that as I had been with Charles constantly for three months, never absent from him but once for a single hour, he felt badly at my leaving him, and would miss me. I drove to Clinton as rapidly as possible, got Cornelia, and hastened back to Utica, having driven the twenty-two miles in two hours and a half. It was bright when I left home, but dark and rainy as we approached our house; and Cornelia said, "How very gloomy it looks in our street." We entered the house to find that Charles had been dead about an hour,—the sudden breaking of a large tubercle on the lungs causing almost instant suffocation. This was a great shock to me, and to this day I feel a pang of disappointment and regret that having been with him so constantly, and nursed him so faithfully and devotedly for months, I should not have been present to receive his last farewell when he closed his eyes in death.

My brother Charles was a handsome fellow, with regular features, large blue eyes full of expression, light hair, soft and silky; he was tall, well-formed, athletic, and of great muscular strength. He was more than five years older than

myself, and in the days of my boyhood at home was to me the *beau idéal* of all that was splendid. My intercourse with him and care of him for the three months before his death had revived all my affection and old admiration for him, and his loss was my first bitter sorrow.

I remained at home two or three weeks after this, receiving from my father and my mother, and especially from my father, much tenderness and many admonitions and instructions, as being now, his eldest son, in whom his hopes largely centred,—admonitions which, I am sorry to say, I sometimes forgot.

I came back to Cambridge early in October, taking the long journey by stage for the first time alone. I was then fifteen years old.

When my brother Charles came to Cambridge in June, we talked together about my position and prospects, and I told him my desire to go to West Point and enter the army. To this plan I found he was decidedly and earnestly opposed. "Sam," he said, "I advise you not to think of such a thing. If there is any position worse than another in this country, or in any country, it is to be dependent directly upon the Government and subject to its immediate orders. It destroys all your individual independence. Suppose you go to West Point and then into the army, you are at the beck and call of the Government,—are sent this year to the Gulf of Mexico to be roasted, and the next year to some fort in the wilderness far away in the northwest to be frozen to death; and this without any regard to your health or wishes. The servant of the Government is a slave. Don't voluntarily make yourself one. If you can go through college and study a profession, and so pursue your own independent and individual calling, with no connection with the Government, and thus

be your own man and not another's, you will have a far happier, more useful, and probably a much longer life than if you enter the army."

I pondered what he had said, and when I returned to Cambridge after his death, in a conversation with Dr. Kirkland I told him of this talk, and that I had abandoned the idea of going to West Point. He told me that Charles had also spoken to him upon the subject; that he was very glad I had relinquished that plan, and hoped I would now resume with earnestness my preparations to enter college. I said I would be ready to enter college in two years; and for this purpose it was thought best that I should leave Cambridge, and go to some school or academy in the country or neighborhood. In a few days Dr. Kirkland told me that he thought I had better go to Lancaster, where was an excellent classical school, kept by Mr. Miles, who had just graduated; that I could board in the family of his own friend and classmate, Rev. Dr. Thayer, the minister of the town; and that Mr. Higginson, the college steward, would take me up to Bolton with him the next Saturday, and send me on to Lancaster.

Mr. Stephen Higginson was a well-known man in those days, with many noble traits of character. He had been a wealthy and prosperous merchant in Boston, distinguished for his benevolence and public spirit. It was said of him, in his prosperity, that other people rode in his carriage oftener and more than himself or his family; it was always at the service of all invalids and convalescents. He had been Dr. Kirkland's parishioner while the latter was pastor of the New South Church, and was one of his warmest friends. After Mr. Higginson's failure, his friend Sampson Wilder, then residing in Paris as a merchant, offered him his house and farm at Bolton, about four miles this side of

Lancaster, and Mr. Higginson moved there with his family. On the death of Mr. Gannett, Mr. Higginson was appointed steward of Harvard College. At this time he was building a house in Cambridge, but his family still resided at Bolton, while he drove down every Monday and returned every Saturday.

I could see from the President's house the steward's office, and on that Saturday morning, being in a somewhat excited state of mind, I watched his horse and chaise standing for some time at the office door,—the horse a small, white beast, grave through years and eminently respectable, but evidently without much "go" in him. At length he drove into the President's yard. Dr. Kirkland went down with me to the chaise. I put in my little traps (my trunk had gone up by the stage the day before), and with a benediction from my uncle we started across the Common and up the West Cambridge road, Mr. Higginson remarking that he preferred going by the way of Lexington and Concord rather than through Waltham and Lincoln, the stage route. It was a funny ride. Mr. Higginson slept and talked alternately, though after the first half-hour the sleeping had the advantage. When we first left Cambridge he told me all about the school at Lancaster, which had been established four years before, for the benefit of his own children and others; Mr. Sparks had kept it for two years, then Mr. George B. Emerson for two years, and now Mr. Miles of the last class had taken it.

The little gray jogged on demurely. At Concord he was fed, and we had a lunch; namely, a card of baker's gingerbread, with a suitable amount of cheese to match. I relished it amazingly, and held Mr. Higginson in high esteem for his equitable division. He cut the card in two in the middle, and gave me one half and ate the other him-

self; the same with the cheese. We were not long detained here. Our occupation with the bread and cheese was soon over, and the horse gave evidence that if fast in nothing else, he was fast in putting away oats; so we were soon jogging on; passed through Stowe and Bolton village, and just as the sun had sunk below the horizon on a clear, bright, beautiful October afternoon, stopped at the Sampson Wilder place, where, on the western piazza of the house, there bursts upon you one of the grandest and most beautiful inland views to be found in New England. Lancaster, with its church and different villages, and here and there glimpses of the Nashua River lie directly beneath you in the foreground; while away off in the amphitheatre of hills that bound the horizon, Wachusett and the grand Monadnock stand out conspicuously, challenging admiration and reverence.

Our arrival was hailed with delight by the family and children. The sons, Frank and Stephen, about my own age, and whose school-fellow I was to be, took me in charge; and till the twilight waned I was out of doors. Then we went into the house and had a *high* tea, that compensated for the omission of dinner; and I saw why Mr. Higginson preferred to come home to that tea to dining at Concord. The broiled chicken, poached eggs, nice bread and butter, and delicious tea, at Bolton, in the midst of his family, were far more agreeable than the hotel viands would have been. We had a very cheerful time; and about an hour after tea Frank Higginson drove me down to Dr. Thayer's at Lancaster. Dr. Thayer was absent on an exchange; but I was expected, and Mrs. Thayer and Miss Sarah and Miss Mary Ann, and the youngest daughter Abby, and Christopher and Nat., all gave me a cordial welcome, and I began to feel at home even before Frank Higginson left to return to Bolton.

I remained at Lancaster, an inmate of Dr. Thayer's family, nearly two years (up to September, 1821, when I left to be examined for admission to college), and they were pleasant and improving years to me. It was the first time I had been domesticated in a *real* family for any length of time since I left home in 1817. It gave me a specimen of New England country-life, which I greatly enjoyed. It was a clergyman's home, also, where I had the opportunity to witness the daily life, duties, and position of a New England minister in a large country parish ; and I think the memory of it had some influence in determining my subsequent choice of a profession. We made a large family. When I arrived there Saturday evening I found Frank and Jo Dana of Cambridge, of whom I had lost sight on the breaking up of Mr. Robinson's school ; also a younger boy, George Atherton, a son of Hon. Charles Atherton, of Amherst, N. H., whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Thayer ; and these, with Christopher and Nat. Thayer, made six boys. We all slept in a great room that extended over the kitchen, wash-room, and wood-shed,—in three large double beds, two in a bed. This was the custom of that day. George Atherton was my bedfellow. In the spring Mr. Higginson moved to Cambridge, and his sons Frank and Stephen came to live at Dr. Thayer's ; so that till Christopher went to college, in 1820, we had eight boys in this big room. Eben Torrey, of the class of '22, a ward of Dr. Thayer, used to pass the greater part of his vacations with us ; and early in the spring of 1821 Russell Sturgis, now of London, but then a sophomore suspended from college, also came there to live. Of course, so many boys living together and attending the same school had very jolly times.

Dr. Thayer was a most excellent man, a good preacher,

and very earnest and faithful as a pastor. We all liked and respected him highly. He was very dignified and courteous in his manners, and not too solemn or stern. He had enough sympathy with the young, and enough remembrance of his own boyhood, to bear with our foibles and follies and exuberance of spirits. If we made a great noise after we went up to bed, and got into a regular fight with our pillows after the light was out, he would not interrupt us instantly; but in due season, when he thought it was time to stop, he would come to the bottom of the stairs, and I would hear his voice,—a voice that carried a mighty weight both in the pulpit and out of it,—“Samuel, Samuel Lothrop, you are the oldest, you know, and I look to you to make it quiet and orderly upstairs.” He never had to speak twice, and we were so well-behaved that we never presumed to have a pillow fight while he was absent.

It was a lively household, and there was always something going on. There were one or two festive occasions that we specially welcomed. First, Ward Nicholas Boylston, from Princeton, came down once every summer with his coach and four, and dined at Dr. Thayer’s; and his white-top boots and small-clothes, blue coat and brass buttons, powdered hair and cue, and numerous seals at his watch-chain, all made an impression. Mr. Boylston was “the old-school gentleman” of his day. Second, came once or twice a year the meeting of the Worcester North Association; and we had the satisfaction of seeing them all at tea,—a remarkable body of men, of whom the Rev. Joseph Allen of Northboro’ has given a graphic account. Third,—and this was the jolliest,—the annual wood-drawing and wood-chopping. Dr. Thayer owned a wood-lot about three miles from his house. On a given day — the

sledding all right—the farmers and others, his parishioners, went with their teams; and the trees—wood sufficient for the year—were felled, trimmed, cut into long logs, and the whole hauled and placed in a great pile in Dr. Thayer's yard. This was a gratuitous service on the part of his parishioners, and the reward was a supper at Dr. Thayer's when the work was done. Then in ten days or a fortnight there was another general turnout of the farmers and young men, who attacked this great woodpile in the morning, and by sundown the whole had been sawed the right length for the kitchen and parlor fires, nicely split and piled, and the yard put in order; then followed another high tea with various appetizing viands, and especially an indefinite quantity of cider cake, as it was called.

What shall I say about my school? I was happy there because I liked the school, was industrious and always up to the mark,—that is, after the first fortnight or three weeks. I had been at the school about that length of time, doing only ordinarily well, studying somewhat, idling and playing more than I ought, when one day, in the afternoon, Mr. Miles said at the close, “Lothrop, I wish to see you a few moments after the school is dismissed.” So of course I stayed, a little bit conscience-stricken,—not for any particular misdemeanor committed that afternoon, but for things in general; and when, after the boys had all gone, Mr. Miles called me to the desk, the feeling in my heart was similar to that expressed subsequently by one of my own children when he cried out, “Oh, what a pity, what a pity, that I can't be a good boy!” For I was conscious that I was stopped for reproof; and it came, very gently, but very wisely. After looking at me with the utmost tenderness and kindness in his face, till mine fell before

his and I looked down feeling the silence appalling and interminable, he said in a voice that I seem to hear to this day, "Samuel, I am not entirely satisfied with you, and I think you can hardly be entirely satisfied with yourself. You sometimes recite well, sometimes poorly, but never perfectly well. I want you to try to do that; you can do it if you choose. I want you to choose to do it for your own sake, for my sake, and for another reason that I feel deeply, and that you ought to feel deeply too. I have the profoundest respect and admiration for your uncle, President Kirkland. I feel very grateful to him, for he was a kind and efficient friend to me all through my college course. He has placed you under my care because he has confidence in me. In his letter to me he says [reading from the letter]: 'I place him with you because I have the utmost confidence in your capacity, wisdom, and judgment as an instructor of youth, and I am sure that in every way you will do all that you can to influence him for good in his studies and character.' You see what your uncle expects of me. I should be extremely mortified to disappoint him, and have your attendance at this school a failure. Whether it shall be a failure or not depends entirely upon yourself. I can help, I wish most earnestly to help; but I cannot control in the matter. For your uncle's sake, your own sake, and for my sake, that we may neither of us disappoint him, I want you to try to do better, to do the best you can." He stopped. As soon as I could command myself, I said, "I *will* try, sir; you shall never have occasion to speak to me in this way again." He answered, "I believe you will try, Samuel,"—and holding out his hand said, "Good-night," and we parted. I walked home a better boy, and with a light heart because of my inward resolves. Mr. Miles never had occasion to

speak to me again but in commendation. He kept an old-fashioned school, but none the worse for that. Every Saturday we had certificates for good conduct and attention to lessons, and every other Saturday—once a fortnight—a "*double certificate*." If a boy was "spoken to," got a mark for a school misdemeanor, or failed in his lessons, he did not get one of these certificates. From the time that Mr. Miles spoke to me, I never failed to receive them.

Four or five weeks after I went to Lancaster came the Thanksgiving vacation; but as I had so recently left Cambridge it was thought best for me not to go down. So I spent the vacation at Lancaster, and did not see Cambridge till the spring recess, when Mr. Miles took me down in a chaise with him, which the boys thought "a feather in my cap." I spent most of this vacation at Milton, as Dr. Kirkland was about making an important change in his domestic establishment. Miss Mitchell was to depart, and Professor and Mrs. Farrar (Lucy Maria Buckminster) were to take the house, and Dr. Kirkland live with them. The change, however, did not actually take place till after my return to Lancaster. The day before my return, Dr. Kirkland sent me with a note to Mr. Farrar; as I passed through the gate and up to the door I became conscious of a young lady's face at the window, and that she was looking at me, half-turning round to speak to some one in the room. I looked up and saw a smile on her face, and a sort of half-recognition of me. She seemed to me much older than myself; but I felt then, as I felt always afterwards, that there was more of heaven in her face than I ever looked upon elsewhere. When I returned from the errand, I asked Dr. Kirkland who it was. "Oh," said he, "it must have been Mary Buckminster, Mrs. Farrar's sister."

I was hard at work at Lancaster till July, when one afternoon, just as we got home from school, two young men in a chaise drove into Dr. Thayer's yard. They were Levi Fletcher, a Lancaster boy in college, and his classmate and chum, Alfred Elwyn (the brother of John), who had driven him up to Lancaster. Elwyn handed me a letter, from which I learned that I was to return with him to Cambridge the next day, to stay till the following Monday, that I might see my mother and sister Cornelia, who had come down from Utica.

We started at five the next morning (fortunately so early, for it proved an excessively hot day), and after a long rest at Lincoln, drove into Dr. Kirkland's yard about a quarter past two o'clock. A servant showed me to my room, and said that whenever I was ready Mrs. Farrar would be happy to see me in the dining-room, where the family were at dinner, and that Dr. Kirkland with my mother and sister had gone to Milton to pass the day. This was rather a damper, as I only knew Mr. Farrar. However, there was no help for it; and making myself as handsome as a hasty toilet would permit, I descended to the dining-room. There were four persons round the table, but I saw but one face, and that the face of the young lady I had seen in the spring at Professor Farrar's window. She now sat directly opposite the door at which I entered, trying to tie a knot in a cherry-stalk with her tongue. My first glance of recognition, exchanged with anybody, was with her. Mr. Farrar rose immediately, greeted me very cordially and courteously, introduced me to Mrs. Farrar, to Miss Eliza Buckminster, and then to Miss Mary. A chair was placed for me by the side of Miss Mary; I sat down between her and Mr. Farrar, and some moments passed before I knew whether I was on my head

or my heels. They had dined, and were at the dessert of fresh cherries, etc. I protested that I wanted no dinner, as we had lunched at Lincoln; but my protest was overruled, and some viands were brought in, of which I partook, but got through as quickly as possible that I might receive instructions from Miss Mary in the art of tying cherry-stalks with the tongue. It was very pleasant; but presently we all rose, and Mrs. Farrar said tea would be served at seven o'clock, and that she hoped my uncle would be at home by that time. At tea I was disturbed at finding that my relatives had not returned, but more so to learn that I probably should not see Miss Mary again, or have any more lessons in cherry-stalk tying, as she and Miss Eliza Buckminster were living at Brookline, and had only been over to pass the day. The room seemed very dark, Mr. and Mrs. Farrar rather stupid, and the tea and everything connected with it quite flat.

But before the twilight disappeared, my uncle, mother, and sister arrived, and everything else was forgotten in my pleasure at seeing them. My mother was then a splendid looking woman of forty-five, and my sister Cornelia was about nineteen,—a very delicate, refined, and lovely young lady. They were still dressed in mourning for my brother Charles, but this added to the impression they made upon every one. The next morning mother, Cornelia, and I went into Boston, and, horrible to narrate, my strong conviction is that I drove them into town in the president's chaise, sitting between them. But we were not very stout any of us; besides, Divine Providence had so constituted the human mind at that time that we were in the habit of doing what was necessary or convenient, without too much regard to appearances.

Mother went down to the Hills' in Purchase Street,

where we were all to dine, and I went sight-seeing with Cornelia,—particularly, I remember, to the State House, and for the first and only time up to the lantern on the top of the dome, where the prospect was grand and beautiful,—more beautiful than now, for there were more of the works of Nature, and less of those of man. The next day at dinner Mrs. Farrar asked me if I could drive, and before I could answer, my mother said, “Oh, Sam is a capital driver, I taught him myself.” Mrs. Farrar then said she had a favor to ask,—that I would drive over to Brookline and bring her sister Mary back; that they had invited a few friends for the evening, and she wanted Mary to play and sing. My heart came into my mouth; but I looked as unmoved and uninterested as possible, while I expressed my readiness to do what she asked. The Misses Buckminster had been for some time living at Brookline,—Eliza and Olivia keeping a school for young ladies, and Mary attending as a scholar.

Having found the house, I fastened my horse, and armed with a note from Mrs. Farrar, went in. Miss Buckminster (Eliza), recognizing our acquaintance of the day before, received me cordially; Olivia came in with Mary, who introduced me to her sister, and Eliza began to read the note. When she had finished she handed it to Olivia; she read it and handed it to Mary, who said at once, “Well, I will go and get ready.” But there seemed to be some little demurring on the part of her sisters; as Mary went out they followed her into the hall, and there was a parley between them, in which Mary carried the day, for in a short time Olivia came back and said, “My sister will be ready in a few moments.” I carried her bag to the chaise, helped her in, and we drove off. As we started, the first word Mary said was, “How nicely you helped me into

the chaise! Most gentlemen, when they attempt to help me into a chaise, seize my staff to take it away from me; but you let my staff alone, and helped me on the other side. Thank you for doing it so nicely." It is impossible to conceive of the bright, cheery tone in which this was said, showing at once that it was not because she wanted sympathy in her lameness, but that the awkwardness of men in helping her was amusing to her. I said, "Well, I am very glad you think I did it nicely, but I was afraid at one time that I should not have an opportunity to do it at all. I suppose your sisters thought it not proper that you should ride over to Cambridge with such a stranger as I am." "Oh, no," she said, "not that at all; they know you are the President's nephew, and not to be treated as a stranger. But I am still to a certain extent in school, and they think it has a bad effect upon the other girls for me to go off in this way; yet they felt that if sister Lucy wanted me I must go."

The ride to Cambridge was fearfully short, I thought, but very pleasant; and at the end of it Mary seemed much more within my own sphere than she did the day before. But this vanished at the little gathering in the evening. There were not more than twenty or twenty-five people, but Mr. Edward Everett was there, who had just returned from Europe, and Caleb Cushing, and graduates, professors, and tutors, all entirely devoted to her, so that I could only worship her as a distant star.

The next Sunday Mr. Everett preached at Brattle Square, the first time since his return, after five years in Europe. It made a great excitement, and the church was crowded. I got in with the crowd in the afternoon, worked my way to the north gallery, and climbed up on the windowsill of the window nearest the door, so that I could look

over the heads of the people into the pulpit, and had a fair view of Mr. Everett during the whole service. I was just beginning to have an idea of what eloquence was, and was deeply impressed with his power, but thought he did not speak so well as his brother John at Commencement in 1818. I had little thought that Sunday that I should ever lift up my own voice in that grand old church and solemn-looking pulpit.

The next Monday I returned to school, and a few days after my mother left for Utica, while my sister Cornelia remained. My September vacation, I passed at Milton, seeing little of Cornelia and nothing of Miss Mary; and I was down again at our Thanksgiving recess, when I saw the elder Kean (Edmund), in Richard III. The winter of 1820-21 was spent in faithful and thorough work; not that I did not play pretty well too, and take my share of whatever amusement was going on. There was a nice set of young girls at this time at Lancaster, four of whom I distinctly remember,—Mary Manning, Ann Goodhue, Pamela Whitman, and Mary Peabody (the latter subsequently Mrs. Horace Mann); they occasionally had little gatherings to which we were invited, where we danced to the music of the piano, and talked and played games. At Dr. Thayer's, they used to run me a little about Ann Goodhue, because I commonly escorted her home to her uncle's, Deacon Wales's; and one evening, when we stood at the gate, talking rather longer than the Deacon approved, he opened the door, and in a not very melodious voice cried, "Ann, come into the house, and tell that *boy* to go home." Ann and I continued very good friends, but I never escorted her home again.

I made an omission in speaking of my Thanksgiving recess. It included the first Sunday in December, and

I went into Boston with my cousin, Frank Amory, to hear Mr. Everett preach the quarterly Charity Lecture at the Old South. The church was thronged; the lecture was very eloquent, and some passages of it so impressed themselves upon my memory that twenty-five or thirty years after, when he delivered in behalf of the Boston Provident Association an address, into which he introduced a long but very eloquent passage from this lecture, I at once recognized it, and said to the gentleman next me, "This is from his Charity Lecture. I heard it years ago, and the climax will be, 'Nathan said unto David, thou art the man!'" In a few moments my words were confirmed, and tremendous applause followed the utterance of this climax. Several other persons in the audience recognized and remembered the passage; and Mr. Everett himself made no secret of the fact that, the lecture never having been published, he had used portions of it in this address.

Let me also correct another omission before I proceed. The Massachusetts Convention of 1820, for re-modelling the Constitution, was in session when I was down at Thanksgiving, and I went in there one day and saw old John Adams, the nominal, at the right of Chief Justice Parker the acting, president, and heard a part of Daniel Webster's reply to Levi Lincoln's speech, in which he rang the refrain on "chains and fetters," — a phrase which Mr. Lincoln had used. The debate was on the abolition of the property basis of the Senate.

The winter of 1820-21 was severe, with several heavy falls of snow, one of which ended in a freezing rain, forming a crust so strong that loaded ox-teams could travel on it without breaking through. This lasted for ten days or a fortnight, giving us skating over the fields, wherever we

chose to go, and we made faithful improvement of it in exploring the country.

I must also relate another incident of the winter. When I left home in 1817 my father had given me a five-dollar gold-piece, to keep as "a pocket piece," and had scratched my initials, S. K. L., on it. I don't think I valued it as I ought. I was by turns careless and careful of it. I had lost it several times and found it again. Once, when I had missed it for more than six weeks and could not remember how and when I had lost it, Miss Betsey Hill handed it to me, and said the girl had found it behind the window-shutter in my room. I then remembered putting it there for *safe keeping* during a former visit. In one of the snow-storms in December, 1820, we had a great deal of rough and tumble play as we were going home from school in the afternoon, and when it was over I found I had lost my five-dollar gold-piece. It was folly to look for it then. The storm waxed fiercer and continued all night, and was followed by others. I felt sure that my pocket piece was now gone forever, but said that if I ever found it again I would spend it,—put it into a gold pencil-case, or something useful. In March a great thaw came. A misty, muggy, rainy day carried off the snow very fast, and made plenty of *slosh*. Towards night it cleared, became very cold, and froze hard. The morning burst upon us beautiful and brilliant, with a dazzling sun. Our school path was across-lots to the bridge over the south branch of the Nashua River, and then up the road to the schoolhouse on the Common. As we were going up a hill to the Common, I noticed a little point that reflected the sun's rays very brilliantly, so brilliantly that I determined to keep my eye upon the spot and see what it was. In a few rods we reached it, and looking down I saw a gold-piece embedded

in the ice of a sleigh rut of the day before. Up to that moment nothing was further from my thoughts than my lost gold-piece. A mere idle curiosity had led me to keep my eye on the bright spot, but the moment I saw the gold-piece I felt sure that it was mine. I stooped down and cut it out of the ice, and there on the under side, distinct and unmarred, were my initials, S. K. L. I ought to have been more impressed than I was. I ought to have kept it. I have always been sorry that I did not; but I felt bound by my resolution to put it into something useful, so I bought at Deacon Carter's stationary store a gold pencil-case, and long before I got through college that was gone.

As the spring and early summer of 1821 wore on, Mr. Miles felt fully confident that the four boys he was to present for admission to Harvard, namely, — John Brown, Frank Higginson, Frederick Wilder, and myself, — would enter handsomely; still he did not relax his inspiring influences, nor we our exertions. Frank Higginson and I had our holiday however. An excursion to Wachusett Mountain was planned. Dr. Kirkland and my sister Cornelia were in it; also Mr. George Ticknor and Miss Susan Tyng (afterwards Mrs. Edward Newton of Pittsfield), and all the Higginsons. I got a horse and chaise in Lancaster; my sister Cornelia rode with me, and Mrs. Higginson with Dr. Kirkland. We drove to a half-tavern, half-farmhouse some way up the mountain, walked up and back, and had dinner when we returned to the house. We are curiously constituted; we sometimes remember the misfortunes of our friends when we forget other things. My schoolfellow Stephen Higginson wore on this excursion a pair of white drill trousers. Having nothing but yellow nankin myself, I rather envied him his gorgeous appearance.

At dinner we had indefinite quantities of whortleberry pie. Stephen was something of an awkward boy. Napkins were not known at that tavern; he had worked his plate too near the edge of the table, and midway in his onslaught on his second piece of pie he turned the plate over into his lap. The pleasant and variegated aspect of those white drill trousers during the rest of the day was amusing to some, but quite irritating to others of the party, particularly, I think, to Mrs. Higginson. Stephen himself bore it with more equanimity.

At this time the third term in college lasted to Commencement, the fourth Wednesday in August, and the terms in the schools corresponded with this. The examination for admission was on the Friday after Commencement. I went down to Cambridge on Tuesday, and called to see Mary Manning, whose father, Dr. Manning, had moved to Cambridge. There I found Mary Peabody; and as she wanted to go to Salem next day, I arranged to drive her down, knowing that my uncle's horse and chaise would be at my disposal. When I told him what I was to do, he asked if I had not better be reviewing my studies for examination rather than driving Miss Peabody to Salem. I told him I thought I was all prepared, and so went to Salem with Miss Peabody, dined at her Uncle Pickman's, where she was to make a visit, and drove back to Cambridge in the afternoon.

The examination began at 6 a. m. Friday, was over by five in the afternoon, and between that and seven o'clock all the candidates got their answers. I passed a very good examination, but was conditioned in Latin Grammar, — a book which at that time I could recite from beginning to end without a mistake. Dr. Kirkland, who examined me pretty strictly in the Georgics of Virgil, and made me

parse several clauses, said, "I am a little surprised at your being conditioned in Latin Grammar. How came it?" I said, "I don't know, sir; I had only one question put to me, which I did not exactly understand, and almost instantly, while I was trying to make out what the question meant, Mr. —— said, 'That will do; sit down.'" My uncle made no remark; and Mr. ——, when I went to him to be re-examined in Latin Grammar, merely said, "Have you been studying it during the vacation?" I replied, "No, sir, I can't say that I have. I thought I could repeat the whole of it the day you conditioned me. Mr. Miles considered me perfectly prepared in Latin Grammar." "Well, well!" he said, "I don't care about hearing you repeat the whole of it now. I'll take Mr. Miles's opinion; you can go." And so I left, feeling that I should like to ask him if he thought it right to treat a young man in this way. This Mr. —— was the only college officer with whom I ever had any difficulty. Near the end of my sophomore year, he very unnecessarily and unkindly got myself and my cousin Frank Amory "publicly admonished;" that is, an admonition by the President. Five or six years afterward, when I was in the Divinity School, I watched with him in his last illness; and one night shortly before his death he alluded to both these matters (the conditioning and the public admonition), admitted that he had been hard upon me, begged my pardon and asked me to forgive him. I told him I had long since forgiven and forgotten all about it, when he added, "I thank you; you know I am very irritable. Besides, I felt I must be very careful not to show any favor to the President's nephew." He seemed much relieved after this.

My sister Cornelia remained at Cambridge and Boston till after Commencement and my examination. The next

week she was to return to Utica by the way of New York with Mrs. Clarke. I was staying at Aunt Amory's at Milton ; Dr. Kirkland and Cornelia came over and dined. Mrs. Clarke came from Quincy, and after tea we drove — Dr. Kirkland and Cornelia in his, Mrs. Clarke and I in Uncle Amory's chaise — to Walpole, to the half-way house between Boston and Providence, where we passed the night, — to avoid starting at five in the morning, the hour at which the stage left Boston to connect with the steam-boat leaving Providence at twelve. If the boat reached New York by nine or ten the next morning, it was considered a good run. It was bright moonlight, and we had a pleasant drive. Dr. Kirkland took the lead, having a famous roadster which he had bought the year previous ; but with pretty diligent use of the whip I managed to keep up, though at one time, when he turned short to the left into a narrow, woody by-road, and dashed ahead through the darkness made by the overshadowing trees, I became a little alarmed lest I should lose all sight and sound of him ; but we got through all right.

The next morning we breakfasted with the stage company when they came along, a little before eight. There were two stages. We saw Mrs. Clarke and Cornelia settled in the second one, and when they drove off, ordered our horses. They had just been brought to the door, ten minutes perhaps after the stages left, when the chamber-maid came with a bunch of keys, which one of the ladies had left on the table in their room. In a moment I was in Dr. Kirkland's chaise, and after the stage with a marvellous rapidity of motion. The horse did splendidly ; in about two miles I drove alongside ; the stage stopped, I delivered the keys, and letting the horse take it comfortably, returned to the hotel. My uncle was not a little

relieved that the horse and myself had got back safely. "You went off in such Jehu style," he said, "I was afraid the horse would run away with you." We soon left, and when we came to the cross-road that we had driven through the night before, my uncle said, "That is your shortest road to Milton, Sam, I advise you to take it; it is much the pleasantest." And so we separated, he going to Boston and Cambridge, and I to Milton.

After a little time at Milton I made a parting visit to Lancaster, brought down all my traps and began to arrange for my life at Cambridge. It had been decided that I should live in college and board in commons,—first, I suppose, from motives of economy, as Mr. and Mrs. Farrar were carrying on the President's house, and for me to room and board with them would have been much more expensive than to room in college and board in commons; and secondly, because, as Dr. Kirkland said, "it was better that I should not seem too intimately connected with him," but take what he called "the rough and tumble of college life, and learn to meet its temptations and improve its opportunities." So Stoughton 18 was assigned me. Frederic Wilder, my schoolfellow at Lancaster, was to be my chum; and on Friday, when the term began, Wilder came down, and our room was all in order.

In a college room in my freshman year everything was very plain and simple; and the *everything* did not amount to much. We had in ours,—which was on the lower floor, north entry, facing the Common (very cold in winter and warm in summer),—*first*, a looking-glass, ten inches by eighteen, in a cherry frame, hanging between the windows; *second*, beneath this a toilet-table, stained and varnished so as to convert its pine into black-walnut, with two small drawers for the brush and comb of each of

us, and beneath a long drawer, deeper, in which we kept our clothes-brushes and other traps of this sort; *third*, two cot bedsteads, a calico spread covering each, and coming down to the floor, which was uncarpeted; *fourth*, six chairs, two of which were rocking-chairs with cane seats, and four simple sterling chairs, or sterling oven-wood as they used to be called, without arms and with board seats,—all stained dark and varnished, with rings of yellow paint here and there to imitate gilding; *fifth*, two study-tables three feet by two, stained like the rest of the furniture, each with two drawers, both with locks and keys. These stood on each side of the fireplace, and the rocking-chairs, which we principally used, between them in front of the fire. The foregoing constituted the furniture of the room proper, save two Japanned, double-wicked lamps, with shades to take on or off. Our room, like all others at that time, had two closets, dignified with the name of "studies," though seldom used for that purpose. One was on the right of the door as you entered, and was lighted by a portion of one of the windows of the room. This was Wilder's study; mine was on the right of the fireplace, and was lighted by a small window of its own. In our studies we each had a washstand, basin, pitcher, and pail, a bureau for shirts, bed-linen, etc., and on a shelf an oil-can and wick-yarn. On the left of the fireplace was the wood closet holding six or eight feet of wood, sawed to suit the fireplace. I had "a darkey" to make the fire, brush boots and shoes, and bring water. The foregoing is an unvarnished account of the contents of Stoughton 18 as I began my college life in it in 1821; and we were entirely comfortable. The change, which has reached its climax in the elegance and luxury of the present time, began in my day; and in my senior year I had a carpet, a centre table with a

green cloth, and on it a small Argand lamp, while various engravings, framed and unframed, helped to give the room a cosey and comfortable air.

I do not propose to go very minutely into my college life. As a whole it was not a success, though I graduated with a fair position and reputation. The first year and a half was largely a waste. Two things helped to make it so. First, for two years my sole aim had been to enter college. I was a boy, and did not look much beyond this; and there was nobody who said anything to make me do so. I knew that I had my own way to make in the world; but this did not oppress me much. I had vague, dim visions of the future, but did not stop to make them take any distinct forms. I did not look beyond college, but thought only of enjoying myself there. Secondly, I was cut off from all those domestic relations which are such a protection and incentive to a young man. At Lancaster Dr. Thayer and his family and all the social influences were a constant help to me; but at Cambridge, living in college, boarding in commons, and only seeing Dr. Kirkland in his study on Saturday evenings,—if he happened to be in,—I never during my freshman year entered any other house in Cambridge, except in the most formal way; and rarely that. During the winter of 1821-22 Mrs. Farrar was a great invalid,—so much so that through the vacation of seven weeks I could not even have my meals at Dr. Kirkland's, but had to seek board (there being no commons in vacation) in one of the few boarding-houses kept open. I commonly went into Boston on Saturdays, and often *dove* for a dinner at the Hills', or Mr. William Parsons's, or the Fessendens', but oftener went with some college acquaintance to dine at the Marlboro' Hotel,—the nobby place for college boys in that day. I was a sort of

waif or stray, under the guardianship of a bachelor uncle, who had no fireside, and who seldom saw me save in the chapel at prayers.

When the scale was made out at the beginning of the winter vacation, Sibley was first scholar, though he graduated far below that, and I was down among the forties in a class of sixty ; but later I fell much lower.

That winter vacation was a sorry time. Except Dr. Popkin, living in the east entry of Holworthy, all the officers in the college buildings were away, and there were but four students within the college walls. We often passed the evenings together, yet I was oftener alone. I sometimes think now how primitive life at Cambridge was then, and what slight precautions we took. I was absent a little at Milton, and passed one or two nights in Boston ; but I slept in Stoughton, I have no doubt, five weeks out of the seven of the vacation, with the door of my room unlocked, one half of the east front doors open, and nobody nearer than Dr. Popkin in Holworthy, or Pickering Dodge in the other entry of Stoughton. There were no tramps about then, hardly any Irish, only the colored servants and New England people, no police in Boston or Cambridge ; and trust and confidence were the law and characteristic of the times. If I was disturbed at night, it was not from fear of burglars or robbers, but from images awakened by some of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels which I was reading.

I was glad when the vacation was over, the rooms round me repeopled, the college thronged with students, and college life begun again. Nothing marked the second term of my freshman year, save that I did not study so well as in the first, and felt at liberty to smoke now and then, when I could afford to have cigars. About the time I entered college, one Saturday evening I was at the Presi-

dent's study. He was smoking, and looking over his sermons to find one to preach the next morning. He said, "Do you smoke, Sam?" "Yes, sir, sometimes." "I can't say anything against it, because I smoke myself; but if I were you, I would n't smoke while in college. I'll tell you what I will do; if you will agree not to smoke while in college, I will give up smoking." "I don't wish you to do that, sir. It is an old habit with you. I like to smoke, but I can hardly be said to have formed the habit. My pocket money will not allow me to buy cigars when I want to [my allowance for pocket money at this time was five dollars a month]. It will be no great effort in me to give it up. I won't smoke while I am in college, if you prefer I should not." "I thank you," he said; "I would rather you should not smoke." Some two or three months passed. I was again in Dr. Kirkland's study, and he was smoking and reading. We had a pleasant talk, and the social and genial element in his nature prevailed. He said, "Sam, do you smoke?" "No, sir. Don't you remember I promised not to smoke while I was in college?" "Ah, yes. Well, it is a good rule; the habit is bad. It is all well enough to be able to take a cigar now and then with a friend, and [pushing the cigars toward me] as it is Thanksgiving time, if you like, you can take one this evening." I needed no urging; I took the cigar, and from this time felt at liberty to smoke,—though, fortunately, the necessity of economy prevented any excessive indulgence on my part.¹

¹ A characteristic anecdote of Dr. Kirkland, frequently told by my father, is inserted here that it may not be wholly lost. One evening when the President and Professor Popkin were together, and speaking of smoking as a bad habit, they both agreed to give it up. Not long afterwards in the President's study, at the end of a Faculty meeting, cigars were passed round, and Dr. Kirkland took one. But when they reached Dr. Popkin he said, with a pointed emphasis, "No, thank you, *I keep my resolutions.*" "An

I record another matter, not so much on account of my own personal action in it, as of its relation to the college generally. For various reasons (among others that they might be known when in Boston, at the theatre, or at any place where they ought not to be) it had been determined that the undergraduates should wear a uniform,—the color, dark Oxford mixed; the coat, a single-breasted body or dress-coat, with trousers and single-breasted waist-coat to match; the seniors with three, the juniors with two, sophomores with one frog of black cord on the cuffs, the freshmen with none. Sometime in the spring of 1822 Dr. Kirkland sent me to have a specimen suit made. When it was done I had to put it on, come into town with my uncle, and show it off before a committee of the Board of Overseers in the Council Chamber at the State House. It was a rather embarrassing position. I was told to walk this way and that, to button up the coat and unbutton it, to sit down and to stand up. I dare say I got as red as a turkey-cock, perhaps began to look a little cross: my temper was not under such control at seventeen as at seventy-one. Presently Rev. Dr. Francis Parkman left his seat, and coming forward put his hand on my arm, stroked the cloth as if to determine its quality, and then said, in his peculiar tones, “Master Lothrop, have many of the students *gotten* these garments?” “I believe not, sir; this is a specimen suit.” His *gotten* sounded so funnily to me that I with difficulty refrained from laughing, but I was grateful when he turned to the committee, and said, “Gentlemen, I think we can let young Lothrop retire.”

The uniform was adopted. We were allowed to wear excellent plan, Dr. Popkin,” said Dr. Kirkland, lighting his cigar, “only I have sometimes observed that *one loses by self-conceit all that one gains by self-denial.*”—EDITOR.

our old clothes till Commencement ; but if we got any new ones they must be according to the uniform, and after Commencement all must appear in it. White drill trousers and Marseilles waistcoats were permitted in hot weather, but no change in the coat. Neither was there any uniform for outside garments,—a plaid cloak or any kind of top-coat would do ; though during the last two years of my college life the nobby thing was an Oxford mixed surtout, single-breasted, with a small cape just covering the shoulders. This uniform continued in use till after Mr. Quincy became President.

In the third term of my freshman year I did, so far as the college rules were concerned, the most foolish thing in my whole college career. One beautiful Saturday evening, as the Harvard Washington Corps was drilling under Captain Manning, and we were all out on the Common looking at them, John E. Thayer came along in an English tilbury with a fine horse. Of course those of us who knew him gathered round. He said he was on his way to Lancaster, should go as far as Lincoln or Stowe that night, pass Sunday in Lancaster, and drive down in the evening ; so that if any of us would go, we should be back at prayers Monday morning. I don't remember debating the matter long. I am afraid I yielded to the temptation at once. He drove to the gate opposite Stoughton ; I made a little bundle, and we were off, without my getting my name out or saying a word to anybody. We drove to Lincoln that night, and were at breakfast at Dr. Thayer's the next morning ; left there after tea Sunday evening, and at eleven o'clock that night I got out at the gate at Stoughton. I did not feel very comfortable. I had missed Sunday morning prayers,—that did not amount to much ; but I had missed the Sunday chapel service morning and

afternoon without excuse; and I had been out of town without "getting my name out," as the phrase was. Dr. Thayer had rebuked me when he found, just as we were coming away, that I had come up without leave from my uncle; and his son John got a severer rebuke for tempting me to come. We went into Latin the next morning. I had looked over the lesson as well as I could. Mr. Folsom happened to take me up in a pretty easy passage in Livy, and I made a fair recitation. Mr. Folsom was our class tutor. Immediately after breakfast I told him the whole story. He said, "You have done very right to come and tell me the whole matter. Your absence from church yesterday will be reported at the government meeting to-night, and you can come to me to-morrow morning to learn the result. I will manage it in the best way I can for you." How he managed I do not know. I went to his room the next morning, and received from him "*a private* admonition,"—that is, an admonition administered by a tutor,—"for absence from chapel on Sunday without excuse," and also a pretty distinct intimation that the reason of my absence was known only to himself. Dr. Kirkland never spoke to me about it.

I ought to say a word here about Mr. Folsom and another incident infinitely to the credit of his treatment of young men in college. He was a chivalrous, high-toned man, had been a teacher of midshipmen on board a man-of-war, was an accomplished scholar, especially in Latin, and when we entered college had just been appointed Latin tutor. The class was put alphabetically into two divisions, one going into Greek for a week, the other into Latin, and alternating. The division to which I belonged went first into Greek. During this week we heard that the division in Latin had been examined in "parsing." This

was an innovation, and there was a general feeling that we would not submit to it. The next week, at the first recitation Mr. Folsom called upon two or three students to read and translate; then he asked one student—a beneficiary—to parse, which he did amid some very slight hissing. Mr. Folsom then called up Dan Huger, from Carolina, and after hearing him read, repeated a clause from the passage and said, "What is the construction of that clause?" Huger answered, "I'm not going to parse, sir; we learned that at school." Instantly there was a cry throughout the division,—"Good! Huger, good! Don't parse." Mr. Folsom waited a moment till there was silence, and then said, "Huger, when I accepted a few weeks ago the office of tutor in Latin, one of my prescribed duties was to examine the students in the construction of the Latin language, or parsing, as you call it. I must do my duty. Will you give me the construction of the clause?" Huger answered, "We didn't come to college, sir, to learn how to parse, but to read the Latin classics and become acquainted with Latin literature. This parsing is an innovation we don't mean to submit to."

This brought out a tremendous clapping and stamping, and cries of "Good, Huger! Good! don't parse!" Mr. Folsom sat still till we were perfectly quiet, and then said, "Young gentlemen, I am grieved and surprised at this ebullition of feeling. Refusal on your part to acquiesce in the rule which the authorities of the college have established will only get you into serious difficulty. I should be very sorry that at the threshold of your college career this difficulty should arise from my simple discharge of my own duty. I should be particularly sorry, Mr. Huger, to get *you* into difficulty. Your brother was my classmate; he is now and has been for many years my most cherished

friend. It would make me very unhappy to wound his heart by getting his brother into difficulty ; but I have no alternative. The thing rests with you ; I ask once more, Will you give me the construction of the clause ?" In an instant the words " With all my heart, sir ! " burst from Huger's lips. We all cried, " Good, Huger ! parse ! We will all parse whenever you wish." So Huger parsed, and when the recitation was finished and we got out into the corridor, we gave Mr. Folsom three cheers.

In the vacation after Commencement in 1822 I went home to Utica ; flourished about considerably in my Oxford-mixed uniform, with one frog on each cuff to indicate that I was a sophomore ; made an excursion to Trenton Falls ; and attended a dinner of fifty or sixty guests, which " Squire Brodhead " gave to some naval officer at Bagg's Hotel. But the great event of my vacation was a trip to Skeneateles, with Cornelia and our own horse and chaise. Taking a fair start in the morning, we dined at Vernon, drove on by Oneida Castle, by the Frenchman's — I forget his name — who married a woman of the Onondaga tribe who had nursed him through a severe illness. He sent his daughters to be educated at Paris ; and as we passed the house that afternoon, these daughters were on the piazza handsomely dressed in French style, while the mother was in full Indian costume. We stopped for the night at Onondaga Hollow, and reached Skeneateles the next afternoon. The purpose of our journey was a visit to my sister Mary Ann and cousin Eliza Kirkland, who were there at Mrs. Motte's school. We spent two days there, on one of which we went to Auburn to see the prison, then recently built.

On our return journey we were to make two visits, — one to my father's friend, Dr. Kirkpatrick, at that time and for years previously the superintendent of the salt-works at

Salina ; and one to our cousin Ned Kirkland, who had just settled on a large farm in Canastota township. We got the right directions to Salina, turned to the left from the Seneca Turnpike at the proper place, crossed the Erie Canal (which was then building) at what is now Syracuse, then only a well-cultivated farm, and about a mile farther reached Dr. Kirkpatrick's. Here we had a pleasant dinner and visit,—too pleasant, as it turned out, for we stayed too late. We got our directions from Dr. Kirkpatrick. We were to return to the Seneca Turnpike, follow that to Manlius, then take a road to the left, which would carry us down to the Canastota bridge over the canal,—Mr. Kirkland's house, the first we should see, being about a mile and a half beyond the bridge. Unfortunately for us there were two Manliuses (or Manlii), Manlius Centre and Manlius Four Corners ; and two Canastota Bridges, the upper and lower. Arriving at Manlius Centre, we asked if the road to the left led to Canastota Bridge. We were told that it did, and so took it and drove on as rapidly as the bad road would permit. Arrived at the bridge, a very rude structure, evidently temporary, we found men at work on the canal, and asking how far it was to Mr. Edward Kirkland's, received for answer, "About five miles and a half ; but you don't cross this bridge to get to it." After further conversation, I found that I should have kept on the Seneca turnpike four miles further to Manlius Four Corners, where the road to the left would have carried me four miles to the canal and the lower Canastota bridge, a mile and a half from Mr. Kirkland's. I was therefore just twelve miles out of my way (if I had to go back and round through Manlius), and the sun was getting near the horizon. "But," said I to the men, "you said that it was five and a half miles to Mr. Kirkland's ; how do you make that

out? I should think it was thirteen and a half." "Oh," said one, "there is a road alongside the canal here, that our teams travel, by which it is only four miles down to the bridge that you cross to get to Kirkland's farm; but it would be pretty risky to attempt to get through it with that gimcrack of yours." As it was but four miles to the bridge one way and twelve the other, and was getting towards sundown, we thought it better to attempt the road by the side of the canal.

As a younger boy at home, I had been accustomed to bad roads, but this was awful beyond my experience. We got along, however, by degrees; soon the sun went down, and we put the top of the chaise down that I might see better, and that we might both spring out if we went over in one of the holes. At last we came to a fork in the roads. I felt sure that the one to the left, as the canal was on our left, must be the one to take; but so far as the darkness would permit us to see, the one to the right seemed much the better. We stopped, and while debating what to do, a candle was lighted just to our right, and we could discern a log house. I drove up to it, and there being no gate jumped over a rail fence, to find myself in a cabbage-bed with a dog barking at me. Making my way to the door, I knocked; was told to walk in, and found a middle-aged man and woman, and a tall girl, their daughter. I told my story; but the man would hardly believe me. "No shay or gig could possibly get through that road." He did n't see how I could get to Kirkland's clearing. However, he bestirred himself, lighted a lantern and insisted upon carrying it before me, pointing out where the road was best, all the way to the bridge, a distance of over half a mile. When he got me safe upon the bridge, he said, "It is a straight road now to Kirkland's, the first

house you come to ; some of the way the road is pretty good, but along by the fires out there where he is clearing a piece [we could see the light of the fires over the tree-tops] there are some bad holes, but you will be able to see them." Our situation now seemed drearier than ever, without his lantern and cheering company. We moved on, however. I often got out and examined the road for a rod or two ahead, before attempting to drive over it. But when we came to the clearing fires,— eight or ten large piles of wood burning in an area of twenty acres, each side of the road,— old Dick became frightened, and showed unmistakable signs of a disposition to turn round. I had to get out and lead him, leaving the reins in Cornelia's hands. It was nearly a quarter of a mile through these fires, and none of them were nearer the road than five or six rods ; yet Dick did not get reconciled to them at all, and the number of mud-holes into which I had to step to keep my hold of the bit and my control of him, it is beyond the power of my memory to recall. I only know that my legs up to the knees were in a fearful plight after it was all over.

At last, after various perils, Ned Kirkland's house loomed up before us, on a little knoll on the left of the road, without fence or any obstructions to our driving directly up to the door. The light from the clearing fires through which we had passed made everything distinct. The house was of good size, two stories,— the lower story of logs, the upper one, a frame house built on the logs. There was no light burning, nobody stirring. Though we had written to him of our intention, he had evidently given up expecting us (it was now nearly nine o'clock), and farmer-like had gone to bed. I jumped out and knocked. Instantly Ned's head was out of the window. "Hullo, Sam ! is that you ? I had given you up.

I'll be down in a minute." I went back to the chaise and found that Cornelia had fainted. I lifted her up and in a few moments, with Ned's help, had her in the house, where with simple restoratives she was soon all right. The previous two hours had been a great strain upon her, and the moment she heard Ned's voice and felt that we were safe, she swooned. In a marvellously short time the horse had been housed and taken good care of, and we were seated before a blazing fire (it was a pretty sharp September night) in the great kitchen, round a table covered with a supper that perfectly refreshed the inner man, and gave our spirits a glow that kept us up talking till twelve o'clock. Ned's housekeeper, who had come out with him from Utica, took excellent care of his establishment. She entertained us with her accounts of life on the farm, and said she was very happy there, only she regretted "her loss of sanctuary privileges."

We passed the next day with Ned; who drove us to Oneida Lake, where we got some fish. The day after, he piloted us out to Canastota Village on the Seneca turnpike, and we got safely home that night.

Wilder and I had parted amicably at the close of the freshman year. And in '24 Massachusetts my classmate George Bradford roomed with me during our first term as sophomores. We encouraged each other in idleness and college frolics, cut prayers and recitations, and were also connected with a private billiard-table of domestic manufacture. It was a planed board, six feet by three, with cushions and pockets, which could be taken from the study, its usual resting-place by day, and, placed on a table, afforded us the opportunity of whiling away the hours of the evening, and if we chose, of the night.

One evening in this term we had some friends in our room, directly opposite which lived Mr. George Bancroft, tutor in Latin, who had charge of the entry. We had been regaling ourselves upon roast chickens and baked potatoes, both cooked in the room,—the potatoes baked in the ashes, and the chickens roasted before the wood fire, on strings attached to the mantel-piece. We had finished our repast, though the remains were still on the table, and were enjoying our porter and cigars, when in the midst of our hilarity we heard Mr. Bancroft open his door, step across the entry and knock. The oldest student present said in a whisper, "Hullo, fellows! here's Bancroft! there is nothing to do but to let him in," and then called out, "Come in!" Mr. Bancroft proved himself a considerate gentleman as well as a scholar; opening the door just a crack, he said, "Lothrop and Bradford, you are not perhaps aware how much noise you are making and how late it is. Tell your friends to go to their rooms." We looked at each other for a moment in silent surprise and satisfaction, and then, expressing in whispers our opinion that Bancroft was a good fellow, we separated.

For the greater part of the first term of the sophomore year I boarded in commons; but late in the autumn Professor and Mrs. Farrar, and Eliza Buckminster with them, determined to go to Fayal for Mrs. Farrar's health. The Buckminster house at Brookline was broken up; Olivia went to live with her guardian, and Mary with hers. My sister Cornelia came to take charge of Dr. Kirkland's house, and I was to take my meals at my uncle's table. During the winter and subsequently Mary Buckminster made long and frequent visits to my sister. All this opened a new life to me, and it soon began to tell. I wished that Mary Buckminster should have a good

opinion of me, for though neither my sister nor she ever spoke to me about it, I felt that they both knew my position in college, and I determined to change it. Dr. Kirkland had never spoken to me about my college standing; but towards the end of the winter vacation of my sophomore year I had a note from him, short and crisp:—

“ DEAR SAM,—I find you are down among the lowest in the last quarter of your class. Is it worth while to go on through college in this way ? ”

This with his signature was all; but it touched the right chord, and in conjunction with the other circumstances of which I have spoken, wrought a tremendous change in my life and character.

At the opening of my second term sophomore I discarded my indolence, and studying in good earnest, by the close of the year I had raised my rank thirty-six. But after this I came alongside of able young men, studying as hard or harder than myself, and it was difficult to advance my rank much. The professors and tutors, however, showed that they no longer considered me an idler, and though I did not much care for rank, I was well pleased when a part was assigned me at the first exhibition in my senior year, and another at Commencement. I was not chosen into the Phi Beta Kappa till after I left college. But I was a member of the Knights of the Round Table, and their librarian in my senior year,— having their library of three or four hundred volumes in my room.

A week or two after our second term sophomore opened, Bradford sailed for Amsterdam in a ship commanded by his uncle, intending to return and join his class later. This left me our room to myself for the remainder of the

year, and was a great advantage in carrying out my purposes of study and improvement.

Though not connected with it save by college sympathies, I ought, perhaps, to put on record in these reminiscences what I remember about the great rebellion of the class of 1823, in the spring of their senior year. This was a famous class, acknowledged, while I was there, to be the finest in college. Towards the close of their freshman year they were ordered not to have the usual class supper, which up to that time had been permitted. Determined not to submit to this interference they had their supper. For this the Government punished the ringleaders, rusticating some, — that is, sending them away for a year, — and suspending others. The attendance at the supper had been very general ; but there were a dozen or so who did not go, and they constituted what was immediately called the Black List, being so known throughout college ; and a class feud was kept up through their whole college life. John Paul Robinson, a beneficiary scholar, was not on this list, and was the only one of the beneficiary students who went to the supper ; but he had not been interfered with at that time. He was almost a genius in his way, a splendid scholar and a man of power, very popular, hand and glove with all the rich men in the class, and of course very much disliked by the men on the Black List. He was rather a lawless person, whose character and conduct were not always in perfect harmony with his position as a beneficiary student ; but everybody liked "Dr. Bob," — the sobriquet which not only his class but all college gave him. At the spring exhibition in his senior year a high part had been assigned him, but the evening before, or the morning of the exhibition, he was informed that he would not be permitted to speak, and that the part would be

omitted ; and it was omitted, amid some slight scraping and hissing, which was but a feeble intimation of the deep indignation of his class.

On the following Friday, shortly before the public declamation at two o'clock, it was ascertained that Woodbury, a classmate, and in scholarship a rival, of Dr. Bob, had given to some of the college authorities an account of Robinson, which was the cause of the Faculty's action as to his part. At the Friday's declamation only seniors and juniors were required to attend, though the sophomores and freshmen might go if they wished, and a number of them were commonly present. On this particular Friday there was a full attendance. Everything was quiet till, among the last in his class, Woodbury came in and took his seat, fortunately for him near the door. Instantly there were howls, groans, scraping, and hissing among the seniors, and cries of "Kick him out! Throw him out! Down with the miserable tell-tale!" Professor Channing demanded silence ; but it was of no use, and he dismissed the class. The moment he said, "You are dismissed," Woodbury took to his heels, with his whole class after him, and all college after them. Fear lent him speed ; he outstripped his pursuers, who did not follow him beyond the college yard, and got safe to his room at Mrs. Frisbie's, the other side of the Delta, in Professors' Row (now Kirkland Street). The seniors then assembled and began to dance round the Rebellion-tree, a considerable portion of college looking on. Dr. Popkin passing by said in his peculiar way, " Better go to your rooms, or you will injure yourselves." A voice from the seniors answered, "*Only in a degree, Doctor;*" and this was re-echoed by numbers, — "Only in a degree, Doctor, only in a degree."

The President's freshman was sent to tell us to go to our rooms, and not to leave them save for recitations and prayers. At six o'clock every one went to prayers in a state of excitement and anxiety; the chapel was unusually full,—the college officers, professors, tutors, and proctors all there. The President came in, walked up the aisle and into the pulpit, and began to turn over the leaves of the Bible. The chapel meanwhile was so still that a pin-drop would have been heard. At the moment he was beginning to read, Woodbury, to whose seat every eye was turned, came in. Instantly there was hissing and scraping, and cries of "Throw him out! Knock him down!" from the seniors, and some commotion in the other classes; in the midst of which Dr. Kirkland's voice was heard. "Silence!" he said, and said it in a way that commanded instant obedience. His speech was short; I suppose no one of those present remembers it precisely. I only recall the close: "The authority of the Government will be sustained, if every student has to be dismissed, and these walls left to be tenanted only by the bats and owls. You are not in a condition to engage in a devotional service, and are dismissed."

Instantly, as at declamation, Woodbury started on another race, and his class after him. This time they pursued him beyond the college yard, across the Delta, to Mrs. Frisbie's house; and it was the rumor at the time that his classmate nearest him in the race had the satisfaction of bestowing on him a tremendous kick as he was entering the door. That evening college was quiet. The next morning at prayers the seniors were present, sitting in serene dignity and composure till we all rose, as the President began his prayer; and then seeing that Woodbury was evidently not coming, more than forty of them quietly walked out of the

chapel, leaving only twelve or fourteen, most of whom were members of the old Black List, in their seats. The other classes kept quiet, the prayers were concluded, and we went to our recitations. But by eleven o'clock we knew that all the seniors who had walked out of prayers that morning had been summarily dismissed. The next day, in chapel, my classmate who sat next me put stealthily into my hand a piece of paper, whispering "Don't let it be seen." Presently, in a way to be unobserved, I read on it these words:—

"Pass it on. The sophomore class will hold a meeting to-night, at half-past eight, on the hillside by the river at Mount Auburn."

That evening college was well-nigh deserted. The juniors and freshmen held class meetings as well as ourselves. Of their meetings I know nothing. The meeting of my class was very fully attended. After a pretty earnest debate, there was a general agreement as to what *our duty* to the senior class required, which was this: That as Woodbury's conduct had caused the dismission of nearly his whole class, we ought not to permit him to remain there himself, and that if he appeared at any time we would insist on turning him out. A resolution to this effect was passed, and the meeting broke up.

Had Woodbury appeared at prayers the next morning, our class would unquestionably have made a disturbance, and would probably have been joined by the other classes. But fortunately the Government were wise as well as firm; Woodbury was not present the next morning at prayers; did not remain at college, or show himself again in Cambridge for many years. He received his degree, and my impression is, had a part assigned him at Commencement in 1823, but he did not appear to deliver it.

Thus ended the great rebellion, which on Friday afternoon and Saturday morning seemed very formidable, but by Monday was all crushed out, and college going on as quietly as if nothing had happened.

After the rebellion college was very quiet through the summer term. At the annual examination at its close I made so good an appearance that Dr. Kirkland was pleased, and spoke of the satisfaction it gave him.

The vacation after Commencement I passed at Cambridge, save that I escorted Eliza Buckminster and her friend Miss Mary Ann Hickling, of Fayal (half-sister of Mrs. Judge Prescott), to Portsmouth, where I had a very pleasant visit of several days, staying partly with my classmate George Sheafe, and partly with another classmate, Edward Rundlett.

Another event of this vacation was a party at Mr. Lyman's in Waltham. I drove up in a chaise with Tom Allston from Carolina, of the class below me. The occasion was a most brilliant one. It was attended not only by guests from this vicinity, but from the whole Atlantic sea-board; for Newport had not then risen to fame, and Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Virginia, and the Carolinas were largely represented by the strangers in Boston at the close of summer, and many of them were there. I danced but once that evening, as I preferred to sit and talk with Mary Buckminster, who, of course, did not dance. But I did dance once, with Miss Lucy Paine (afterward Mrs. Russell Sturgis), a granddaughter of Mr. Lyman; it was toward the close of the evening, and my neighbors in this dance were Mr. Clay of Georgia, Mr. Arthur Middleton of Carolina, and Mr. Lee of Virginia.

I had arranged, before the vacation, to chum with Ben

Brigham—a Boston-boy, whose talents and character, pleasing manners and address, and above all his magnificent tenor voice made him a great favorite in college, at Cambridge, and in Boston society. I wish I knew how to describe his voice and singing. I can only say that they thrilled and satisfied me in a way no other man's singing ever did. He was not a highly cultivated musician according to the present standard; he probably knew little or nothing of operas or operatic music; he sang only Scotch, Irish, and English ballads, and the popular songs of Campbell, Moore, and Byron. But such another voice I have never heard, and never expect to hear again on earth. If ever I get into the Kingdom, as I hope I shall, I shall try to be near Brigham and hear him sing.

The first term of my junior year passed rapidly and pleasantly away. Mr. and Mrs. Farrar returned to Cambridge and to the President's house, but she kept her room all winter and was too ill to see any one. I remember going up once or twice with Mary to see her for a few moments; and on Sundays, when Brigham came to sing with Mary, the doors were left ajar.

The first Tuesday of my winter vacation I started at two o'clock in the morning from Earl's Coffee House in Hanover Street on my way to Utica to attend my sister Cornelia's wedding. Here I had the gayest time I have ever enjoyed, in the visiting and parties to which the wedding gave rise, and at which I appeared in a dark Oxford-mixed dress coat, with two frogs on each sleeve to indicate that I was a junior in college, and white cassimere trousers and waistcoat. But I got rather tired of the gayety, and was not unwilling to turn my face towards Cambridge when the time came.

The wedding was quite a splendid affair, *à la Boston* in

its methods, then something novel in Utica. There were four groomsmen and bridesmaids, with a small circle of relatives and intimate friends at the ceremony, and a large reception afterwards. No supper-table was laid, but waiters continually carried round refreshments. One gentleman broke a wine-glass, and immediately put a quarter of a dollar on the salver to pay for it. Funny! but he thought it the right thing to do.

On my journey back I came to Albany with my new brother-in-law, Charles P. Kirkland, who had to attend court there. At Albany I found the river impassable from the breaking up of the ice, and that I should have to remain two or three days; so the next morning I went to the Supreme Court. There was not much going on save the reading of papers, and seeing Dr. Kirkpatrick in one of the back seats, I sat down by him. Presently there came in, by the door at the side of the bench, a small man, with a great deal of dignity about him, nicely dressed in a white top-coat, white cravat, a red under-vest showing round the cravat, hair powdered, etc., and with a keen eye, that looked round and seemed to take in everything at once. I felt as if it were on me, as I said: "Dr. Kirk., look at that remarkable person; who is he?" "Oh, don't you know? that is Colonel Burr, and if he comes this way, as I think he will, I will introduce you to him." My interest rather subsided, and I said, "I don't care to be introduced to the man who shot Hamilton." "Nonsense, Sam! that is a miserable Federal prejudice inherited from your father. You ought to be superior to that." Dr. Kirkpatrick was a Democrat, the best one I ever knew. "Prejudice or not," I replied, "I don't want to be introduced to Colonel Burr." "Young man, don't be a fool! Twenty years hence if you

live, to remember that you had an opportunity of being introduced to Aaron Burr and refused it, will fill you with regret. He is coming this way, and I shall introduce you." As he came along, Dr. Kirkpatrick rose and said, "Good morning, Colonel Burr!" "Ah! Kirk., how d'y' do?" "Colonel, here is a young friend of mine, a member of the junior class in Harvard College, a nephew of President Kirkland, whom I wish to present to you—" which he did; and Colonel Burr held out his hand with such grace and dignity, with such a winning smile and salutation, that I was at once disarmed and shook hands with him. Dr. Kirkpatrick immediately seemed interested in something else, and Colonel Burr turning to me said, "Did I understand my friend Kirk. aright, that you are a nephew of Dr. Kirkland, President of Harvard College?" I said, "Yes sir! my mother, Mrs. J. H. Lothrop, of Utica, is his sister, and I have lived with him several years." "Ah, yes, I see. I have a great regard for Dr. Kirkland; he rendered me great service, showed me very great kindness once in Boston, when I needed friends more than I do now. Are you returning to Cambridge?" When I answered yes, he said: "I am very glad to have met you; will you be at the trouble, will you do me the great favor, to carry a message to your uncle, and tell him particularly from me that I remember his great kindness to me, and that I hold him and shall always hold him in reverence, honor, and gratitude? May I charge you with this message?" "Certainly, sir," I said. "Now, do not forget it; it is a very great satisfaction to me to send it by his nephew. And you are in the junior class, I understand;" and so he asked about the studies of that class and other matters, some five or ten minutes, I in the mean time becoming more and more

fascinated by him. As he moved on, and I sat down, Dr. Kirkpatrick said in a sort of triumphant tone, "What do you say now, young man, to Colonel Burr?" I replied, "I am very glad that I have spoken with him. I shall always remember it with pleasure." And unquestionably I do remember with satisfaction that I had an opportunity for this brief interview with the remarkable man who filled such a place in our country's history. It had the effect of making me feel that he was not such a fiend as my "Federal prejudices" or education had led me to suppose.

With great difficulty and at some peril, I succeeded, in company with one other passenger, in crossing the river that evening, and after sleeping for an hour or two at a miserable inn at Greenwich, left for Boston *via* Northampton, and reached Cambridge in due season for the beginning of the second term of my junior year.

It was pleasant to get back to college and to work. The class went to Professor Farrar this term, in "Conic Sections." I had no taste for mathematics, and was deficient through my own negligence in our previous mathematical studies; but as Professor Farrar was Mary Buckminster's brother-in-law, and I was meeting him every day at Dr. Kirkland's table, I was exceedingly anxious to appear as well as I could at his recitations; so I studied "Conic Sections" very hard, and learned more mathematics than I ever knew before. Mr. Farrar commended my industry, and I was thankful for that.

From April in my junior year to the close of the term, I was very much occupied with college affairs. It was a very grand time in college, in my day, when one passed into the senior class, and had his share of the highest social trusts and honors of college life. I

was librarian of the Knights of the Round Table, and moved into Hollis 25, where their library was kept. I was also first commandant of the Harvard Washington Corps, and took a great interest in maintaining its reputation. This corps was at this time confined to the senior and junior classes,—the officers, from corporals to commander, being seniors, the rank and file juniors, with such seniors — and they were not many — as chose to join them. The officers in my class were Frank Cunningham, lieutenant-colonel; Jonathan Chapman and Hilary Cenas, first and second majors; John Howard, ensign; myself first, Nathaniel Lord second, Joseph Otis third, and Charles Francis Adams fourth commandants. We were chosen, as was the custom, in July, about a week before the seniors left for their ante-Commencement recess. The meeting for this purpose was held at Porter's Hall,—the old tavern on Brighton Street, just out of Harvard Square,—the old officers going down with their swords and sashes, with which after the election they invested their successors, and then marched with them, arm in arm, to the college yard. The night after the election the new officers gave a supper to their predecessors. I received my sword and sash from Nathaniel Silsbee, who was my predecessor as first commandant, and transferred them a year afterward to J. Thomas Stevenson, who was my successor. We kept up the reputation of the corps in our class very well; introduced the rifle in addition to the infantry drill, and at our exhibitions, when we had a dress parade and a full band, received our share of admiration.

In my day, the seniors were allowed more time for their own reading than was permitted later. They were considered more as men and less as boys. During the last third of the college year, the instruction given them was

principally by lectures ; we had few recitations, and during the whole year no lessons Friday night and no recitations Saturday morning. In our class we had what we called "The Lyceum Club," that had come down to us from the year before. The house next west of the old Episcopal Church, kept as a boarding-house for students by Mrs. Saunders, was called the Lyceum. Here lived Allyne Otis, John Richardson, George Sheafe, and C. F. Adams of our class ; and Jonathan Chapman, William Dwight, Frank Cunningham and myself, who lived in college, used to meet there every Friday evening, spend an hour or so at whist, back-gammon, or chess, or in talking, and at nine o'clock Mrs. Saunders had a little supper for us, commonly a beef-steak and baked potatoes ; sometimes it was a little more ambitious. We furnished our own wines ; and on the evening in February, when we celebrated the election of John Quincy Adams as President of the United States, his son Charles gave us, in honor of the occasion, champagne, a wine then very rarely seen here. This was the first time that several of us had ever tasted it.

Early in the autumn of 1824, Mrs. Farrar died at Waltham, where she had been passing the summer ; and after the funeral Professor Farrar, with Eliza and Mary Buckminster, returned to the President's house in Cambridge. We had a very quiet winter. Mary went into no company ; but she was very intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett, who were then living, as its first occupants, in a new house which Mr. Farrar had built on Professors' Row (now Kirkland Street). This was within easy walking distance for Mary ; she was there very often ; and often in the daytime, and always in the evening, I was her escort ; and this brought me into very intimate relations with Mr. and Mrs. Everett. Mr. Everett was just

rising into distinction as an orator and public man, and it was understood that he had abandoned the pulpit forever.

In August, 1824, he delivered his famous Phi-Beta-Kappa oration, in the presence of Lafayette, who was just beginning his triumphal progress through the country. I have heard all the prominent public men of the last fifty years, but I have never seen an audience so carried away by the power of eloquence as at this oration,—especially at some of the closing passages, and particularly that one where, after describing young Lafayette's application to the American Commissioners to furnish him with a ship for transport, and receiving for answer that they could not, “‘*Then*’”—as Mr. Everett puts it—“‘*Then*,’ said the youthful hero, *‘I will purchase one myself!’*” It seemed to me at that time, and it seems to me now, that eight or ten minutes passed after Mr. Everett uttered these words before he was permitted to go on. The audience rose *en masse*; one wild shout went up, with waving of handkerchiefs, clapping of hands, thumping of canes, cries of “Bravo! bravo! hurrah! hurrah!” And when the noise subsided, and you thought it was about to stop, it would burst out again and again and again, wilder and more furious than at first. The old dows on the platform, Dr. Ware, Dr. Pierce, Dr. Kirkland, Dr. Hedge, our United States senators, old Dr. Lloyd and Nat. Silsbee, Mr. Harry Gray Otis, and many others of that age and stamp, seemed perfectly beside themselves with excitement,—laughing, crying, clapping, and waving their handkerchiefs. I saw two gentlemen on the platform turn toward each other and shake hands vigorously, evidently without the least consciousness of what they were doing. At last General Lafayette joined in the clapping. This brought down the audience again with fresh screams and

cries, till at length he rose and bowed to Mr. Everett, and then turning, bowed to the audience. This produced the last grand outburst of applause, which gradually subsided into quiet; the people resumed their seats, and Mr. Everett went on with his address.

This oration added greatly to his reputation and to the ideas entertained of his power, and in the autumn he was elected to Congress. In the following winter he made another very strong impression upon the public in speaking before the Board of Overseers of the College, on the claim of the resident professors that they should constitute the Corporation. At the hearing before the overseers Mr. Norton read a very able paper, but Mr. Everett spoke from brief notes, and was often interrupted and called to order; but whenever checked in one line of remark, he would immediately go on in a new direction,—thus making the impression that he would be able to sustain himself in debate in the House of Representatives. I went to Plymouth to hear him on the 22d of December; to Concord on the 19th of April. I was a very frequent visitor at his house; and when Mrs. Everett gave her farewell party to the Cambridge people in June, 1825, I was requested to take the management of it,—the only manifestation of myself in that capacity I ever made. Shortly afterward Mr. Everett moved to Winter Hill.

This involved other changes. Mr. Farrar moved to his own house, Mrs. Coffin retired from the President's, and Dr. Kirkland sent for my sister Mary Ann to come down and be the head of his establishment. Eliza Buckminster made her home with Mrs. Emerson; and Mary was sometimes there, sometimes at Mr. Richard Sullivan's at Brookline, and making long visits to my sister at the President's.

Only two other incidents of my college life remain to be noticed,—one a horseback journey which I took in the spring vacation with my classmate, Jonathan Chapman, and Sam. Rowe, of North Carolina, of the class next us. This journey had rather a funny beginning. We left Cambridge the first morning of the vacation, and as we were trotting along quietly toward Brookline and Jamaica Plain, began to discuss our methods of proceeding, and determined to club our money, and each share alike in the expenses; and to this end the funds were to be put into my hands as the cashier of the party. This led to a statement of how much we each had, when Chapman suddenly reined up his horse, with the declaration that he had left his purse in his room. The counting of Rowe's funds and mine indicated that we could not possibly proceed without Chapman's quota, so it was determined that he should return for his money, while we went slowly on and waited for him at Tafts, on the Dedham turnpike. If he did not overtake us there, we were to stop at Dedham—no matter how long—till he came up. We took it slowly to Tafts, and after waiting there till we were tired, went to Dedham, where, after a time, Chapman still failing to come up, we had our horses fed, and ordered dinner. About a quarter to two Rowe and I determined to walk down the turnpike to the top of the first hill, in hopes of seeing Chapman. We were just beginning the ascent of the hill when we saw him coming over the top on a pretty smart trot. We instantly cheered and waved our hats. Chapman did the same, but at that very moment his horse wheeled round and proceeded in the opposite direction with such rapidity that he was soon out of sight, the other side of the hill. Immediately it all flashed upon me. I knew this horse,—an excellent animal when she had a master, but obstinate

and balky when she had not ; and Chapman was not much of a rider and did not know how to manage her. As he described it : " She went back to Cambridge like a bird. The first difficulty was on reaching Cambridge, when the mare insisted on going to the stable, and we brought up there. I left her, ran over to my room, got my purse, and was mounted again in less than no time. But I soon found that leaving Cambridge was a very different thing from returning there. I could not get her into a trot, and before I reached the Brighton bridge she whirled round ; and she has since done this a hundred times."

After our dinner we started for Medfield, where we passed the night, Chapman's horse going perfectly nicely the moment she was with the other horses. Our journey was one of the most pleasant and healthful I ever took. We went from Medfield, through Pomfret, Ashford, Thompson, and Coventry, to Hartford, where we passed a day in a visit to Tudor, of the class of 1823, whom we all knew very well. From Hartford we went up the river to Springfield, making a détour on the way, to visit the old State-prison of Connecticut, at Simsbury Mines. This was before the days of prison reform, and the institution at Simsbury was one of the most horrible and ghastly things I ever dreamed of. The prisoners worked, ate, and slept in common, with an armed guard over them all the time. They had just knocked off work on our arrival, and were marching in to dinner, at a long table in a hall,—the knife and fork and spoon at each plate chained to the table, and men with muskets keeping guard. We were permitted to go below to the common dormitory,—one of the old mine chambers fitted up with bunks one above the other round the walls, and reached by a perpendicular ladder stairway, admitting the descent

or ascent of but one person at a time. It was the most forlorn and wretched place for a parcel of criminals to be cooped up in to pass the night; and the worst men had full opportunity to corrupt the best. It had unquestionably one advantage; there was no possibility of escape, as it was underground, with but one mode of egress, the narrow, perpendicular, stairway ladder. From this dormitory a door opened, and we descended some two hundred feet or more, by an inclined pathway, dark, rough, stony, at the bottom of which we found a large pool of water, and near this on our right was a door, and within, a closet where unruly prisoners were confined for punishment. Our guide had told us this before we left the dormitory, and we had gone down to see a prisoner confined there who, we were told, was a very bad fellow, and had then been there nearly twenty-four hours, the utmost limit any one endured it. A prisoner shut up there was visited three times a day, and, as a rule, was released the moment he professed repentance for his offence and promised to behave better. Our guide, an officer of the prison, opened the door; and there in a little hole in the rocks, where he could not stand upright, but where he could recline on a ledge, we saw a great burly negro, whose eye was rather savage when he looked upon the officer, but seemed gentle and inoffensive when he turned toward us. The place was very damp, and the water dripping on him from the rocks. The sight made me sick and faint. I have never in my life seen a human being in a situation so full of unmitigated misery. We spoke to him (as we were told we might) and shook hands with him; but all we could say was, "My poor fellow, I hope you will be brought out of this soon." "He can come," replied the officer, "when ever he says he is sorry and will behave better." I think

the negro would have said it then and there if the officer — whose voice, I must admit, was gentle and kindly — had encouraged him ; but he did not say it. He looked at the officer and then at us, and asked us if we had any tobacco. We answered “Yes ;” and were disposed to empty our pockets of cigars and Cavendish (of which latter Rowe had a good supply) ; but the officer said, “No, it is against the rules, but you may give him a little.” The prisoner smiled. He declined the cigars, but took as much of the Cavendish as Rowe could smuggle into his hands. We stepped back, the door was locked, and we worked our way up to the open air, mounted our horses, and rode on to Springfield ; but the image of that negro, and of the dark, damp hole in the rocks haunted me for many a day.

At Springfield we had a very pleasant visit of a day and a half at Mr. Jonathan Dwight’s, — the father of William Dwight, Chapman’s chum and my friend. I called with William Dwight on Rev. Mr. Peabody, Oliver’s father, whom I had often met, and we all took tea at Mr. George Bliss’s, who had just married Dwight’s sister. From Springfield we went to Northampton, — William Dwight, his brother Tom, and his cousin Frank accompanying us ; so that we entered Northampton a horseback party of six. Several Cambridge fellows of the class of 1823 were at the law school at Northampton. We made excursions to Amherst, to Mount Holyoke, the lead mines, etc., — often a party of ten or twelve on horseback. One morning I breakfasted, by the special invitation of my friend Mr. Cogswell, at the Round-hill School, which he and Mr. George Bancroft had established about a year and a half before. I received this invitation because I was Dr. Kirkland’s nephew, and because I had lived for two or three years at Cambridge at the same table with Mr. Cogswell, and

because he liked me ; but it was considered by my travelling companions as a very marked attention, and I had to give a minute account of all that I saw.

At Northampton our party broke up. The Dwights returned to Springfield ; Chapman, Rowe, and myself went further up the river to Deerfield, Greenfield, and Brattleborough, returning to Ware and Brookfield. At Brookfield I reported that the money was short, and that we should have to make Cambridge, some sixty miles distant, by the next evening. So the next day we started about half-past four, rode nineteen miles to Worcester, where we had a most substantial breakfast, and a high feed for our horses, and started for Cambridge, a ride of forty miles, with only sixty or seventy cents remaining of all our money. This sum enabled us to give the horses a good noon-day feed, and procure for ourselves some crackers and cheese, and a glass of beer, upon which we made Cambridge about half-past seven. We rode abreast into Harvard Square, and there separated,—Chapman going to the left, to return his horse to Stimpson's, Rowe to the right, to leave his at "Jimmy" Reed's for the night, while I rode directly across the Square to Dr. Kirkland's, where I soon sat down to a nice supper, which my sister Mary Ann had ordered, and recounted my adventures to her and Mary Buckminster, who was making her a visit. On my return from this journey but six weeks of college life remained before Class Day ; not then much of a gala day, though some interest attached to the literary exercises,—the oration and poem.

In front of University there was then a covered portico between the south and north doors, and here on Class-Day morning, as we came out of commons after breakfast, we had singing,—the seniors starting the songs,

and all college joining. At half-past nine the seniors met in their commons hall, were called to order by the first marshal (Hilary B. Cenas, of New Orleans, and myself were the marshals of our class); Jason Whitman, the class chaplain, made a prayer; we marched to the President's house, where the Faculty were assembled, escorted them to University, opened to the right and left for them to pass through, and followed them into the chapel, where was assembled a large and brilliant company, attracted by the reputation of Ben. Brigham, my chum, who was the orator, and of Frederic Henry Hedge, who was to deliver the poem. Hedge's poem was far above anything that had been heard at Cambridge for some years, and Brigham's oration was eloquent and manly; and both the one and the other moved us at times to tears and laughter.

After the exercises in the chapel, the class formed again, escorted the Faculty to the President's house, filing in after them, and going, according to traditional usage, into the right-hand parlor, while the Faculty passed into that on the left, and the President stood in the hall bowing to each of us as we passed. Presently waiters appeared bearing large trays filled with glasses of wine. We each took one, and stood till the President came to the door and said, "Gentlemen, I drink your health; may you have success in life, and be useful and prosperous." We drank our wine, and then, for ten minutes perhaps, the Faculty and the class were mixed, passing and repassing from one room to the other, after which we took our leave, marched back to the college yard, and I think we did then dance round the tree and sing "Auld Lang Syne," shake hands, and separate,—but with nobody there to see. There were no spreads. The brilliant company in the chapel at the

oration and poem had departed, the other classes were scattering, and our separation in front of Hollis was a quiet affair. Some forty of my class, in the course of half an hour, came up into our room, where, in honor of Brigham's having the oration, we had some cake and wine. But at half-past one o'clock I came into Boston in a chaise with Miller of Philadelphia, and dined at the public table of the Marlborough Hotel, where we happened to meet accidentally some eight or ten of our classmates. At half-past six I was back at Cambridge taking tea with Dr. Kirkland, my sister, and Mary, and glorifying the oration and poem.

I passed the recess at Cambridge and got my Commencement part ready in good season. It was not a particularly high one. I think they called it the "First Colloquy." I was to make out that the "Man of Ross" was a more useful and nobler specimen of humanity than some Cæsar or Cromwell.

My father and mother came down to Commencement; and my mother, in a cap superbly stiff,—sugar having been mixed with the starch,—went to the church; all the flies in the neighborhood wanted a taste of the sugar, and during the whole performance she was besieged by swarms of them.

A few days after Commencement I went with my father and mother to Hartford, Litchfield, New Haven, and New York, from which they went to Philadelphia, and I to Utica, where I stayed till the term began, when I returned and entered the Divinity School.

One event in the summer of 1825 I should not omit to notice,—the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument. Mr. Webster delivered the oration. I had often met him in private, but this was the first time I ever

heard him in a public address. There was a majesty in his appearance and manner, a grandeur, dignity, and force in his utterances that brought to my youthful imagination a deep conviction that neither Demosthenes nor Cicero, nor yet Edmund Burke, had ever surpassed him, or stood the master-spirit of a scene and an assemblage like that there gathered. I called to mind Mr. Everett's Phi-Beta oration of the August previous; and I had just heard him again two months before at Concord. The ease, grace, and beauty of Mr. Everett's oratory fascinated me, as it did everybody. You listened with perfect delight, charmed by his voice, by the euphony of the language, and the unquestionable correctness of the thought; but you seldom if ever listened with wonder and awe, as you were sometimes compelled to listen to Webster. The oratory of the one was like the movement of thoroughly-drilled infantry, precise and perfect at every step; the other was like that of mighty artillery,—irregular it may be in its line, and halting here and there in its advance, but at last sweeping over the field with a force that nothing could resist. Mr. Webster, both in private conversation and in his public speeches, gave you the idea that there was a mighty reserved power in the man, back of what he was saying; Mr. Everett, whatever the theme, made one feel that all that he had to say upon it, all that he thought and felt about it, was uttered in the most thorough, graceful, and perfect way in which he could express it.

To return to Bunker Hill, on the 17th of June, 1825. It was a grand gathering, and an occasion of deep patriotic interest. The military display was imposing. The line of carriages containing the Revolutionary heroes—the survivors of the battle of the 17th of June, 1775—made your blood thrill as they filed by; the presence of Lafayette,

the friend of Washington and the guest of the nation which he had so largely helped to establish, lent a solemn glory to the day ; the grand and dignified oration, all that the past and all that the future threw round the scene,—all these contributed to make it most impressive.

I ought also to have dwelt a little longer on my journey with my father and mother from Cambridge to New York. It was the only journey I ever took with them. My father was well pleased with the result of my college life, and particularly with my purpose of studying for the ministry. Our relations with each other were therefore very delightful. Our journey carried us to scenes of his early life, of which I had often heard him speak. Hartford, from my earliest recollections, had been a place of interest to me, for here my father studied law, and entered upon his profession. To visit it with him thirty-five years afterward, to walk about its streets, and have him describe it as it was when he was a young man, was a great pleasure. From Hartford to Litchfield, every rod of the road was familiar to him ; at Litchfield we visited his old friends the Misses Pierce,—to whom he had sent two of his daughters, Cornelia and Fanny, to be educated,—and his cousin, Rev. Isaac Jones, rector of the Episcopal Church at Litchfield, of whom I had often heard him speak. Innumerable pleasant scenes and associations were also brought up to him at New Haven ; and his great purpose in going to Philadelphia, instead of directly up the river to Utica, was to see his classmate Charles Chauncy, the distinguished lawyer, whom he had not met since 1795. My father enjoyed this whole journey very much. One thing about it often comes up to my remembrance, and has not been without its influence upon me in my own journeyings. At Hartford, at the old City Hotel, my father indulged in

something that my mother thought a little extravagant, and modestly cautioned him; to which he replied, "My dear, we are away on a journey, travelling, which we have n't done before for many years, and I mean to have a good time. If I cannot travel like a gentleman, I would rather stay at home." I have never forgotten this remark; and several of my family have an idea that I am a practical illustration of it when travelling myself.

On my return to Cambridge I went to live in the President's house, and in a few days was very busy studying Hebrew with Professor Willard, Le Clerc's "Ars Critica" with Mr. Norton, and reading Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History" under the direction of Dr. Ware.

One evening toward the middle of the winter Dr. Kirkland came to my room, and after a little talk about my theological studies said: "Sam, there is something on your mind that troubles you. Tell me frankly what it is. No one is more deeply interested than I am in everything that concerns your happiness." Unable to resist this appeal, I blurted out, "I love Mary Buckminster and she loves me; but she thinks you won't like it, and that I ought not to marry her because she is lame." A smile passed over his face as he said, "If that is all it is easily settled." Then with a beautifully grave and serious manner he added, "I have known all the Buckminsters; they are a remarkable family; but I think Mary has a combination of qualities that make her superior to all the others. Her lameness is nothing; it only adds to her power and charms. No man could find a nobler wife. It would give me the greatest satisfaction to know that you were engaged to her. I think you had better go into town and see her this evening."

I need not attempt here a delineation of your mother.

I will only add a word about her lameness. When a little more than two years old she fell while pushing a chair, and injured her right knee. The injury was improperly treated, and in consequence the limb contracted. When well enough to walk she began with two crutches, and continued to use them both for some time, till one day, when she was only four years old, annoyed by the inconvenience of having to use both hands this way, she threw down the left-hand staff, saying "I will never use that thing again ; I will learn to walk with one staff, or I won't walk at all." She carried out this resolution, and always afterward walked with one staff, and with an ease and quickness which no one familiar with her can ever forget. The doctrine of compensations had in her a full illustration. What seemed a terrible deprivation became a blessing. With a face wonderfully lovely, an expression that seemed a gleam of Heaven, with a musical voice, a charm that attracted all who came near her, the pity and sympathy which her lameness first awakened soon changed to admiration of her sunny disposition, her buoyant cheerfulness, her strong faith. She seemed so absolutely unconscious of her own lameness that every one else ceased to think of it as a misfortune.

My engagement became known in February, 1826 ; and during the remainder of the winter Mary made frequent visits to my sister at Dr. Kirkland's. In the early summer she and her sister Eliza removed to Cambridge, and went to housekeeping in what was then known as the "old Mellen house,"—a little distance from the Common on the West Cambridge road, now called North Avenue.

My engagement was a stimulus and not a clog to my progress in my professional studies. The Divinity School at Cambridge has never had such days of glory or been in

so good a condition as it was then. It has never, I believe, had so many pupils. In my own class there were thirteen, and eight or ten of these were my classmates in college. Professor Norton was the head and front—the soul—of the school at that time ; and his large and accurate scholarship and strong and decided faith were an inspiration to all of us. Professor Henry Ware, Sr., was very thorough in his department, and gave us excellent instructions and directions for study and investigation ; still he did not awaken much enthusiasm. Professor Willard was a very good Hebrew scholar ; but none of us became distinguished Hebraists. The great thing was Professor Norton and his department,—the critical study and interpretation of the New Testament. His “exercises” we never missed. If he did not appear at the appointed time and place, we waited and waited, and would finally send some one of the class to see if he was coming ; and if he answered, “ I am not well enough to go out this evening, but if the gentlemen are willing to come to my study I should be pleased to hold an exercise with them,” to his house and study we would all go, get to work seated round his table, and he would go on and on, getting down book after book, going to his drawer, taking out manuscript after manuscript, and reading to us,—all to determine the best interpretation of ten or fifteen verses of Matthew’s or Luke’s or John’s Gospel,—we his pupils entranced, delighted, and richly instructed all through the hours. At length some one attempts to look at his watch quietly, not meaning that Mr. Norton should see him ; but he does, and inquires, “ What o’clock is it ? ” The student, mortified at being caught, answers, “ Oh, nothing, sir ; nothing. I didn’t mean to look at my watch.” “ But what o’clock is it ? ”—in a tone that implies an answer

must be made. "Half-past eleven, sir." "Oh, gentlemen!" — with a most winning smile, — "I beg your pardon; I think we will stop here." So we would rise, thank him for having received us, and make our way to our rooms. Many a time I have known Mr. Norton's "exercises" last four or five hours, without any one being conscious of the lapse of time. Mr. Norton was absolute master of everything that entered into the interpretation of the New Testament. He had the whole volume most thoroughly *dovetailed* together (if I may use the expression) in his own mind, so that there was no inconsistency of principle in his interpretation of one passage and his interpretation of another. "The harmony of the Gospels" in his mind was wonderful.

But one of the ways in which he was of great service to all of us was in criticising our sermons, etc., at the public worship which was held every Saturday and Sunday evening, in the chapel at Divinity Hall. After the benediction all strangers retired, the school remaining; and the professors in succession, beginning with Norton, criticised anything they chose, — the matter and manner of sermon or prayer or reading; and every one had the benefit of this criticism.

Mr. Norton's criticisms sometimes seemed severe, but were always *just*. He never spared any one because he liked him, or because he excelled in any particular department of study. He always told him the exact truth. My classmate B—— was a great favorite with Mr. Norton. B—— was the best Greek scholar in our class in the Divinity school; and in our exegetical exercises in the New Testament Mr. Norton always listened to him, and asked for his interpretation of a verse or passage with a sort of affectionate respect, as if he expected that the answer

would be satisfactory and the interpretation of the verse or passage correct. Whenever B—— read an essay or dissertation before the class, we felt morally certain that Mr. Norton would approve. One or two of B——'s essays, written toward the close of our first year in the school, he regarded as so good that he had them published in the "Christian Examiner." Yet when it came to a criticism on his sermon and services in the pulpit, Mr. Norton did not spare him; but after a very full, and on the whole commendatory comment on the sermon, ended by saying, "As to your manner, Mr. B——, I hardly know what to say. Your great defect seems to be an *entire want* of all those qualities that go to make a good speaker." This was an awfully severe criticism upon a young man's first attempt in the pulpit, yet it was the exact truth, though no one but Mr. Norton would have had the honesty and independence to tell him so. When he preached a second time, Mr. Norton spoke almost enthusiastically of his sermon, commended its logical arrangement, its style, the force, justness, and truth of the thoughts; but ended, "As to your manner, I do not perceive any great improvement; nor can I tell you how it is to be improved." The result justified these criticisms. B—— was a thorough theological scholar, his sermons were full of wise thought, clearly and forcibly expressed; but he was deficient "in all those qualities that go to make a good speaker." He had no success in the pulpit, and a few months after we left the Divinity School, gave up preaching, abandoned the clerical profession, and devoted himself to teaching,—for which his large culture, amiable disposition, and pure and noble character admirably fitted him.

There was a young man in the school much given to grandiloquence. At the close of one of our services at which he

officiated, Mr. Norton waited rather longer than usual after everybody but those connected with the school had retired, till there was the most perfect silence, the silence of expectation ; and then, amid the hush, without the slightest prefatory commendation of any kind, the following short and emphatic criticism broke upon our ears : “ Your great defect seems to be that you pay more attention to the words than the thought. The basis of all good writing is sound thought. It is very easy to write in finely rounded periods, that convey no definite thought or idea to the mind. I need not add that a sermon so written will never do any good.” Here he stopped short ; absolute stillness prevailed for some time. Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Sr., whose turn it was to criticise next, feeling that Mr. Norton could not mean to begin and close in this way, did not open his lips, but kept fidgeting in his seat, and with the very slightest turn of his head looked askance at Mr. Norton,— who, after Dr. Ware had gone through this motion two or three times, suddenly turned to him with the emphatic announcement, “ *I have done, Dr. Ware!* ” Some moments elapsed before kind-hearted Dr. Ware could recover himself sufficiently to endeavor to say something to lessen the smart of Mr. Norton’s blow ; and then he did not succeed very well. Every one felt that Mr. Norton’s criticism was the simple, honest truth, so announced that none of us could forget it ; and it might do us all good. What a blessed comfortable thing it is, though, to “ be clothed,” not with “ humility ” as the apostle urges, but with self-complacency ! The preacher who had been thus severely rebuked was an old friend of mine, and I went to his room to say something to make him feel a little more comfortable ; but soon found that my sympathy was unnecessary,— not a feather of his self-complacency had been ruffled. “ What a fool old Norton is about

some things, notwithstanding his scholarship! he has no idea of what the people want in a sermon," was the first expression I heard on entering his room.

Mr. Norton very rarely made any criticism on the devotional exercises,—the prayers that were offered. If anything was to be said about these, it was left for Dr. Ware or Prof. Willard. The latter almost always had some remark to make about "the prayer of principal length." One evening, however, a member of my class in the Divinity School used some exaggerated expressions in the penitential part of his prayer. After the service Mr. Norton made some very brief comments on his sermon, and then said, "I did not like the penitential part of your prayer. I could not concur or join in it. A man should not tell lies to his Maker. We are here, a company of the professors of a theological school, and of students preparing for the Christian ministry. If we are such wicked sinners, so enslaved to the world and our own lowest and vilest passions, so continually doing wrong, so destitute of the love of God and faith in Christ, as you in your prayer told God that we were, we are totally unfit for the offices we hold, and the work for which we profess to be preparing; we had better separate and relinquish this work, till we have subdued the wickedness which you told God was in our hearts. We cannot be sincere in our profession and our work if such wickedness as you spoke of is in our hearts, and allowed week after week to be there. A thoroughly worldly, wicked, profligate soul, aroused to its miserable condition and the solemnity of its relations to God, might very properly use such expressions of penitence, but could use them *sincerely* but once. They are not sincere if constantly repeated; they are lies before God." The solemnity with which this was delivered made a very deep impression upon us.

On Friday evenings we had an exercise in the Divinity Chapel, in which we were obliged to speak without notes. It was called "*extempore* preaching." One Friday evening, the Rev. A—— had to preach. He began with two or three splendid sentences, then stumbled a little, picked himself up, and went on with two or three sentences more, when he fell down flat. After floundering about a few moments, he turned round, took from the seat a book which he had brought into the pulpit, and said that "a distinguished author had written on his subject something much better than anything he could say, and as his train of thought had escaped him, he would read some passages from this author."

After the service Mr. Norton said simply, but with a tone of voice that carried with it a most withering rebuke, "Mr. A——, neither in the pulpit nor elsewhere should a gentleman attempt to speak *extempore* without knowing beforehand *what* he is going to say." This was all. He immediately rose, took his hat, and walked out of the chapel. It was a pithy criticism, that made its mark upon every man, and did more good than a long lecture upon the neglect of preparation.

Mr. B—— had preached twice, and upon both sermons Mr. Norton's criticism had been, in general, that they were unnecessary and useless sermons, that the state of mind he had described in them would probably not be found in any congregation; his sermon, therefore, was simply putting up a man of straw, and knocking him down again. He had knocked him down very thoroughly; still it was only a man of straw, — a creature of his own imagination, and not a live man.

These criticisms were often referred to in the school, so that when the time approached for B—— to preach again,

he was met by the question, "Well, B——, are you going to put up another man of straw?" To which he would reply, "I think not. Whatever objection Norton may make to my next sermon, he won't call it a man of straw." When his turn came, he announced his text, "Search the Scriptures," and preached an excellent, practical sermon on the value and importance of the Scriptures, the duty of habitual reading and study of them, the rules and principles to be observed in so doing, closing with an earnest exhortation appropriate to the whole subject. At the close of the service came Mr. Norton's criticism, in these words: "An excellent sermon, Mr. B——; the whole subject logically arranged, every point forcibly stated and urged, and the rules you laid down in regard to the reading and study of the Scriptures are just, wise, and sound. It is a pity that they are not faithfully observed, but they are not; and most persons read the Scriptures so unintelligently, and interpret them so falsely, that I sometimes feel that it would be as well not to urge them to read them at all." Here he stopped. As we gathered round B—— after the service, he said, "Well, I may as well give it up now. If a minister cannot urge his people to 'search the Scriptures' without being told it was on the whole bad advice, and that they had better not do it, I don't exactly see what is left for him."

There was cherished for Mr. Norton on the part of his pupils, both while in the school and subsequently, a profound reverence, gratitude, and affection. To myself he looms up, through the vista of more than fifty years, as one of the most thorough and accurate scholars, the ablest and most instructive of teachers, the best and kindest of men, always tender and just towards others, devout and reverent before God. The benefit I derived from his instructions, from

his influence upon my character, my religious faith, my habits of thought, and modes of study, I place among the most important things of my life. If I have been of any use in my profession, it is to be largely attributed to the inspiration and direction I received from Mr. Norton. In my memory his name is associated with those of three others,—my uncle Dr. Kirkland, Mr. Miles who fitted me for college, and Dr. Thayer, of Lancaster,—as the persons who most largely influenced me, intellectually and morally, and helped to prepare an undisciplined and careless boy for a useful and industrious manhood.

In the spring of 1828, Mr. Norton's health made it necessary for him to take a respite from his labors, and he sailed for Europe. At a meeting of the Divinity students before his departure, it was voted to send him a letter expressing our regret, our affectionate sympathy, and respect, and asking him to meet us at his convenience and say a few farewell words. Mr. Norton's answer was very sweet and tender. On the evening appointed, he came to the Divinity School, and standing near his usual seat said, "I am happy to meet you this evening, my friends. I am sorry that I do not feel strong enough to make any remarks to you,—you must excuse me from this; but I should like to pray with you." And amid the hushed stillness of the little assembly he prayed with us. His prayer was short, but it was one of the most simple, devout, sublime, uplifting utterances I ever heard. It was that beautiful hymn of his,—

"My God, I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe,"—

turned into prose.

After the prayer he said, looking round with a sweet smile, "My friends, I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

A few of us who were nearest followed him into the entry, and shook hands. This was the last of my official connection with Mr. Norton.

In the autumn of 1826 I was appointed proctor, removed to No. 7 Hollis, and boarded in commons. I was very glad to get this position, as it enabled me to support myself independently of my uncle. The office of proctor in my day was a rather difficult one. His duty was to keep order in the entry; and as the proctors were commonly young men, not more than a year or two out of college, it was often hard for them to command respect, and to be on the right terms with the young men with whom they had just before been fellow-students. A few weeks after the beginning of the term there was the usual attempt to see of what metal the proctor was made. A cannon-ball, beginning its career in the fourth story, came bouncing down the stairs, persons on each floor ready to direct and accelerate its motion, and instantly disappear. I kept quiet till the ball had rolled down the third time. I then went out, found it, and took it to a room on the third floor occupied by a young fellow whom I had known very well in college, and where I felt morally certain the whole thing originated. I was not at all surprised to find him quietly reading. Laying the cannon-ball on the table I said, "I am afraid your reading has been disturbed by this cannon-ball." "I did hear it," he replied. "I thought so," I continued; "and I have brought it here because, as I know you rather better than any one else in the entry, I wish to leave it with you, and have you become responsible for it,—with this understanding: I don't object to rolling cannon-balls downstairs before study hours. But I don't think it fair to do this when it will disturb any one wishing to read or study, as you were doing when I came in. There should be a general consent

among the occupants, so that all may join in it if they like. I wish you would say, therefore, to the young gentlemen in the entry that whenever they will all agree upon the time, and will let me know, I will give them leave, and they may roll the cannon-ball downstairs to their heart's content." The next evening he came to my room and said, "I have spoken to the fellows about the cannon-ball, and they all agree it is fair; but they don't think they shall ever all agree as to the time." So I had a perfectly quiet entry, and pleasant relations with its occupants. In October, 1828, I resigned the office of proctor and took a room at Divinity Hall.

In the winter of 1826-27 Eliza Buckminster became engaged to Mr. Thomas Lee, and in the spring they were married. By this marriage the delightful little home of the Buckminsters in Cambridge was broken up, and I was deprived of that opportunity of seeing Mary every day which I had enjoyed for a year and a half.

In July of this year (1827) Dr. Kirkland became engaged to Miss Elizabeth Cabot, the daughter of his old friend George Cabot. My sister Mary Ann returned to Utica, and I went with her. Shortly after our arrival, we heard the news of Dr. Kirkland's paralytic shock. He recovered, however, sufficiently to be married in the early autumn, but resigned the presidency of the college the following spring. His answers to the various addresses then made him, and especially his remarks to the students on taking leave of them, were marked by his peculiar vigor of thought and style, and showed that when braced to a great effort, his intellectual power was unabated.

It was a great comfort to me at the time of my uncle's marriage to feel that my office of proctor made me perfectly independent; and I never afterwards received a

penny from him. In addition to my proctorship I read the service morning and evening at King's Chapel, and in the afternoon, from October to January, a sermon, — Dr. Greenwood's health only permitting him to preach in the morning. This arrangement was satisfactory to Dr. Greenwood and his people, because Mrs. Lee (Eliza Buckminster) permitted me to read from the manuscript the sermons of the second volume of her brother's (the Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster) published discourses, just then passing through the press, but not yet seen by the public.

In July, 1828, I completed my course in the Divinity School. For some months previous I was constantly employed in preaching on Sundays, and had an engagement of seven weeks in supplying Dr. Dewey's pulpit in New Bedford. The week before my first Sunday there William Rotch, Sr., had died, and his funeral was at noon on this Sunday. It was a *silent* funeral. Not a word was spoken, and nothing could have been more impressive than the solemn stillness. The silent prayer lasted a full half-hour, and was broken, not by speech, but by motion. Mr. Rotch, the chief mourner, turned and shook hands with his neighbor, and the service was finished.

On the Monday after the close of the Divinity School, having previously applied to the Boston Association of ministers for the purpose, I read before that august body, at the Rev. Dr. Richmond's at Dorchester, a sermon on "The Christian Doctrine of Future Retribution," and received from them a license to preach. The Rev. Dr. Charles Follen, subsequently lost in the "Lexington," was licensed at the same time. The next day I started for Washington, where I was to preach six Sundays. The Unitarian Society at Washington was in 1828 a more

important body in relation to the whole community there than it is now. It embraced a large number of distinguished and influential men. Among the worshippers were John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, Chief-Justice Cranch of the court of the District of Columbia, Joseph Gales and Mr. Seaton, the two accomplished and vigorous editors of the "National Intelligencer," and also other persons of note. It was a congregation charming also in social life, and I became very much attached to many of its members during my five weeks' stay.

Mr. Adams was at church, morning and evening, every Sunday that I was there. I had met him at Quincy, and through my classmate Charles Francis Adams, his son, felt acquainted with him; still, as I wished to be in right relations to him, I carried letters from my uncle Dr. Kirkland, from Mr. Everett, and Mr. Webster. On the Monday after my first Sunday I called at the Executive Mansion and sent up these letters with my card. In a few moments I was ushered into the President's cabinet, where I found him alone, in nankeen trousers, white round-about, no cravat, and his stockings loose about his ankles. It was an awfully hot day. His first expression was, "It was unnecessary to bring me letters of introduction; however, to have them from such gentlemen must be a satisfaction to you, as it is to me." The interview, which lasted about half an hour, was very pleasant and instructive. Among other things, he spoke of my services the day before, commended my sermons, and then, alluding to my voice and my capacities as a public speaker, gave some general criticisms on my manner, and pointed out some faults which it might be well for me to correct.

During my stay at Washington I was a frequent guest at the White House, both at large dinners and also in a

friendly way when only the family were present; and I have always remembered Mr. Adams's kindness to me at this time.

My first dinner at the White House was a state dinner, in honor of Mr. Barbour, of Virginia, just appointed minister to England. There were about forty guests,—foreign ministers, heads of departments, etc. I was so interested in observing the whole scene, both in the drawing-room and as we went into dinner, that I never thought of my clerical capacity, and was taken entirely aback when I heard Mr. Adams, from whom I was distant two thirds down the table, call upon me to ask a blessing.

I preached in Washington six weeks, and my services were so well approved by the congregation that if I had led the way I should probably have received a call to become their pastor. But it was my first experience in a slave-holding community, and in this aspect a residence there was in the highest degree repulsive to me. During the first week I took a drive into Maryland; and when some miles from the city, we met coming towards us on horseback at a smart trot a white man, with six negroes fastened to a rope, one end of which was fixed to his saddle, and the negroes, the sweat pouring off their swarthy faces, had to keep up with his trot. It was to me an awful sight; it made me sick and faint,—and whatever desire I may have entertained of the honor of being settled at the capital of the nation, that scene destroyed forever.

Early in October I resigned my proctorship, moved my books and furniture to Divinity Hall, and went to Beverly to preach six weeks as a candidate. The schism between the Orthodox, and liberal or Unitarian Congregationalists, which had rent asunder nearly all the New England churches, had not yet divided the Beverly parish; the gen-

eral desire was to find some one who might keep it united, and it was hoped that I, having the reputation of a conservative and Orthodox Unitarian, might do this. I should have been successful, I think, but for one or two untoward influences ; and as it was, I had good reason to be satisfied with the result. At the parish meeting, on the Monday after my engagement ended, I received, as I was told, a small majority on an informal vote ; but as my friends knew that I would not come to a divided parish, the matter, in accordance with my wishes, was dropped. The same afternoon I returned to Cambridge, and received on Tuesday an earnest invitation to preach at Beverly the next Thursday (Thanksgiving day). This invitation I accepted, began to write my first Thanksgiving sermon, and Wednesday afternoon drove with Mary Buckminster to Salem, where we passed the night at Judge White's. The next morning I preached at Beverly, and we drove back to Boston in season to dine at Mrs. Emerson's at three o'clock, then very late for a Thanksgiving dinner,—an hour's postponement having been made to enable us to join the family party, then small at the best, and consisting only of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, the children (George and Lucy), Mr. and Mrs. Lee, and Mary and myself. This ended my direct connection with Beverly, but between myself and many of my friends there a strong feeling of personal interest and regard subsisted for years.

Beverly was not then the important commercial place that it had been. Boston had already begun to absorb talent, energy, and business ; the removal of the Cabots, Lees, and Thorndikes had made Beverly comparatively quiet, while the industries which now render it thriving and prosperous had not yet sprung up. Still it was a fine old town, with an English Puritan population ; and the First Congregational

Church gathered within its walls every Sunday a goodly company of persons, some of whom were men of mark. The famous merchant Israel Thorndike retained his interest in Beverly and made it his summer home. Then there was Nathan Dane, well known as the author of the ordinance by which the Northwest Territory became forever free. He was so deaf that he could not hear a word of the service in church, but noble in nature, and reverent in spirit, he was always in his pew, both morning and afternoon.

There was also Dr. Joshua Fisher, then about eighty years old, a distinguished physician who had been in practice in Beverly over fifty years, a man with all his mental powers unimpaired, full of the fire, and, politically, of the passions and prejudices of youth. I had many pleasant and instructive hours in Dr. Fisher's parlor; he was lively, animated, a great talker himself, and what is rather unusual with such persons always ready to let others talk, and to listen to them. He was a stanch Federalist, ever loyal to the "Essex Junto," of which he considered himself a component part. Finding that I had been reared in that political school, he took quite a fancy to me, talking to me about all things and all persons, from "Tom Jefferson," as he always called him, down to John Quincy Adams and General Jackson. His feelings toward Mr. Adams were very bitter because of his desertion of the Federal party, and he used to have great satisfaction in telling me the following story:—

"When Quincy Adams [this was the way he designated him] was on here two summers ago, my old friend Israel Thorndike wished to show him some attention. Mr. Adams consented to accept his hospitalities, and Mr. Thorndike made preparations for a grand dinner. I received an invitation, which I immediately declined, express-

ing simply my regret that I could not be present. In a few moments down came another note from Mr. Thorndike, saying: 'My dear friend, you do not perhaps understand that this is a large dinner in honor of the President of the United States. I expect the most distinguished men in the State; as one of my old friends and neighbors, you must be present.' I had no hesitation; I declined as before, saying that I understood the character of the dinner, but regretted that I could not be present. In a short time down came Mr. Thorndike himself in his carriage, in a somewhat excited state, saying: 'My old friend, I don't understand this! I invite you to dine with the President of the United States, and you decline, without giving any reason! What are your reasons? Why won't you come?' I parried this question in every way and as long as I could, for Mr. Thorndike and I had been warm friends, and I have a great regard for him. But he persevered, and at length I said: 'Mr. Thorndike, you force me to give the reason, and I will. It may be all very well for you to give John Quincy Adams a dinner as President of the United States, and to invite in his honor all the distinguished men of the State; I don't object, I have no right to. But for myself, permit me to say, I would not sit at the same table with the renegade.' And with this answer Mr. Thorndike had to be satisfied. I did not go to the dinner."

My six weeks at Beverly were of great service to me, particularly as a school in which to learn pastoral duty. I had to officiate at one or two funerals, and was daily visiting the sick and afflicted. The first Sunday that I preached in Beverly there were several "notes" up, and in every such case I was expected to make a pastoral call early in the week. Only one of these visits has left any vivid impression upon my memory. A widow had a note asking that

"the sudden death of her only son at sea might be sanctified to her." The boy (about eighteen years old) had fallen overboard from a lighter at Cronstadt, and been drowned. It was a sad case, and I went with a deep sympathy. The first part of my conversation was interesting; but I was soon met by an idea and an earnest theological inquiry that at first I hardly knew how to deal with. After a little talk she said: "I am so glad you have called, Mr. Lothrop,— I have so wanted to see a minister; and if you can answer my question favorably, I shall be so comforted. My boy was an excellent son,— so kind, gentle, and obedient. He never swore, never played cards, never wasted his money, but always brought me home his wages, and was as just, good, and kind a young man as could be; but he had never experienced religion, or had a change of heart; and what I want to ask you is, if you think there was time for God to change his heart after he fell overboard and before he was entirely drowned?" For a moment I was tempted to discuss her theology with her; but her face and voice both assured me that it was the simple heart of a loving and tender mother questioning; so I replied, "There can be no doubt. Your boy was a good, kind, obedient son; pure and gentle and truthful; he was taken out of the world suddenly by God's own hand as it were; there can be no doubt that if any change was needed in him God wrought it by his spirit, and prepared him for eternity." The smile of satisfaction with which she said, "I thank you so for those words; I feel so comforted. I can bear it now," has always been a pleasant remembrance and benediction to me.

On the Saturday after Thanksgiving I went to Dover, New Hampshire, to preach as a candidate; and on the Monday after my last Sunday there received from the soci-

ety a unanimous and earnest invitation to become their pastor. I returned at once to Boston, found Mary at Mrs. Emerson's, had a long conference with her and Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, and before we separated for the night it was agreed that the call to Dover was to be accepted.¹ The next morning I returned to Cambridge, where I packed all my books, goods, and chattels, to send them to Dover by the packet plying between there and Boston. The packing, with one exception, was successful. I had a statuette of Alexander Hamilton, modelled in pipe clay by my classmate Horatio Greenough,—the first thing of the kind he ever attempted, and which he made at an age when he knew so little of the history of our public men and their political relations to one another as to suppose that a bust of Hamilton would be particularly agreeable to the old President John Adams, who on seeing his wood carvings had said to him, "You ought to begin modelling in clay." Upon this hint, Greenough went to work privately; and it was not until the bust was finished and shown to his father, that he understood that it would not be the most suitable thing to present to John Adams.

Greenough brought the bust with him to college. We roomed next each other in Stoughton, and one day when I was in his room examining the bust, praising Hamilton, and speaking of the reverence and admiration for him in which my father had educated me, he exclaimed, "There, I am glad to find now what to do with that bust." He then told me its history, and gave it to me. It had gone safely all the way through my college and divinity course. I had

¹ My father on his way to Boston stopped at Portsmouth to consult the Rev. Dr. Parker as to accepting the call to Dover. Dr. Parker advised him to go there, but ended by saying: "*The clergyman who goes to Dover will need the wisdom of the serpent and the meekness of the dove,—and rather more serpent than dove.*"

prepared a place for it in the centre of a box which I was packing, where I felt sure it would go uninjured. Instead of getting it myself, I said to the person helping me, "Hand me that little bust on the mantel-piece." The next moment I heard a crash, and looking round, saw a mass of small fragments on the hearth!

My boxes being despatched and all the arrangements for my ordination completed, I had ten days intervening; and being seized with a strong desire to see my father and get his benediction as I entered upon my great life-work, I came into Boston, and the next day left at two in the morning for Worcester. From Worcester to Chatham I was the solitary passenger. We crossed the river at Albany on the ice, and by half-past three in the afternoon of the day after starting I was at my father's house in Utica. On arriving I found nobody at home, and the servant who came to the door was a stranger to me. However, she accepted my statements when I told her who I was and that I wanted some dinner. The cloth was laid, and in a few moments she appeared with a mutton-chop. I told her I should like a bottle of my father's nice cider. The girl stared and said, "I have never seen any cider since I have been here,—a little over a year." Fatigued with my night's ride, I thought a glass of sherry would be of service to me; so I opened the sideboard, and found the decanters there, but nothing in them, and saw at once that a change had come over the habits and customs of the house. When my mother returned I gave her an account of my experience in regard to the cider and the wine; "Oh!" said she, "have n't we written you that your father has become a great teetotaler, and is president of the Total Abstinence Society?" I replied: "I am sorry to hear it; he is too old a man to make such an entire change in his

habits. It will not be good for him." I told my father frankly the same thing, and that he would suffer from the change; but he said no, that he was remarkably well. I did not say to him that he did not look so; that his countenance had lost the ruddy glow of health I had always seen in it; that he was pale, and did not seem so genial, hearty, and in such good spirits as he used to be. I stayed at Utica two or three days, and though anxious about my father's health enjoyed my visit very much. Not a word was said, but my father seemed to me to have some foreboding that we might not meet again. Receiving his blessing and the hearty good wishes of all my family, I returned to Cambridge with two days to spare; after which I left what had been my home for eleven years, with a clear conscience and a cheerful, resolute heart.

III.

SETTLEMENT AND MINISTRY AT DOVER, N. H.

ON Wednesday morning, Feb. 17, 1829, I left Boston in a coach of the Eastern Stage Company, bound for Dover. We were a pleasant party,—Mary Buckminster, with her sister Mrs. Lee, and her friend Eliza Sullivan, Rev. Dr. Greenwood, Stephen Higginson, James W. Paige, and myself. The day was fine,—not too cold,—and the roads smooth; we dined as usual at Newburyport, and reached Dover about six in the evening. During the last three or four miles, the waning twilight making everything very dreary, I told stories to help beguile the way. Mr. Higginson, who loved to be oracular as well as admonitory, woke up in his corner after one of them, and said, in a tone evidently intended to be emphatic and rebuking, “A gossiping, story-telling minister does not long retain respect.” “Certainly not,” I replied; “but there is no harm in a young man, who expects to gain and retain respect as a minister, trying to say something to amuse his friends at the close of a long day’s ride which they have taken entirely on his account.” To which Mr. Higginson answered not, but relapsed into silence, and I went on with my stories.

As the stage on entering the town passed my boarding-house, I got out there, took possession of my rooms,

put some of my things in order, had tea, and then went to the hotel where my friends were, and we all sallied forth, joining a general outpouring of the citizens of all denominations, to attend the dedication of the new church,—a brick edifice, with porch and spire and bell, in good proportions and good taste in its interior finish, with a fine organ, and capable of seating about one thousand persons. At that time it was altogether superior to any other church in the town; its building had been watched with interest by the whole community, and notwithstanding the prejudices of the people against the particular form of Christian faith for whose worship it had been built, the church was thoroughly full. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Nichols, of Portland, and the dedicatory prayer offered, I think, by the Rev. Dr. Thayer, of Lancaster. After the services there was a meeting, and Dr. Parker, of Portsmouth, organized a church,—making a little address, offering prayer, and asking assent to a covenant similar to the one used in his own church at Portsmouth. Five men and three women assenting to this covenant formed the nucleus of what subsequently became in my day a very respectable body of communicants.

The next morning the ecclesiastical council convened for my ordination, and though not large in numbers, comprised some of the most prominent and distinguished of the clergy and laity of that time. To begin with the most easterly, first came the Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D.D., of Portland, with the Hon. Chief-Justice Mellen, of Maine, for his delegate; then Rev. George W. Wells, of Kennebunk, with Dr. Emerson, the father of George B. Emerson, as his delegate; then the Rev. Nathan Parker, D.D., of Portsmouth; then Rev. Charles Wentworth Upham, of

the First Church of Salem, with Judge Daniel A. White as his delegate; the Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, of King's Chapel, Boston, with Mr. James W. Paige as his delegate; and last, but not least, my friend and my uncle's friend, the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Thayer, of Lancaster, with Deacon Wilder as his delegate. Mr. Stephen Higginson came as a delegate to represent the University Church at Cambridge, of which I was a member. The ordination services were as follows: Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Wells; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Parker; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Thayer; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Greenwood; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Upham. At the close of the services we returned to the New Hampshire Hotel, where the members of the council and many members of the parish sat down to an excellent dinner.

Temperance had not then made such progress as to banish decanters from the table; and shortly after we were seated, the venerable clergyman on my right said to me, "Samuel, is that wine or brandy in the decanter by you?" I answered, "It is brandy, sir. There is probably wine on the other side." In a few moments he put the same question again, and on my making the same answer, said, "I will take it, if you please. Have you forgotten my habit of taking a little brandy and sugar after speaking?" *Tempora mutantur.* This clergyman was as devout, earnest, faithful, and useful a minister of religion as New England ever had; a strictly temperate man all his days, yet he always took a little brandy and sugar after speaking in public.

At the close of the morning service on my first Sunday I convened the little body of communicants, and read to them a letter missive from the Second Congregational

Church in Concord, N. H., asking our presence by pastor and delegate at the ordination of their pastor elect, Moses G. Thomas, on the ensuing Thursday. Mr. Thomas was one of my school-fellows at Lancaster, and a class-mate in the Divinity School at Cambridge. It had already been arranged between us that as my ordination was to be the first, I should give him the right hand of fellowship. The invitation of the letter missive was accepted, and Judge Durell was appointed delegate. Wednesday morning he called for me in his sleigh to drive to Concord. The day was fine, the roads well broken out, and we had a capital drive there,—some forty miles. At Concord, after waiting some time for the arrival of the stages from the south,—the roads in that direction being blocked by heavy snow,—we found that many of the clergy expected would not be present; indeed there were so few actually there that I had to offer the introductory prayer, read the Scriptures and a hymn, make the concluding prayer, and act as scribe of the council, besides giving the right hand of fellowship.

On Friday morning a furious storm of sleet and snow was pelting in our faces as we started for Dover in the wake of the stage, whose four horses opened a path for us. After several hours' hard work we all stopped at Chichester, and there passed the night, it being foolhardy to attempt farther progress. Saturday morning was clear, bright, and cold; we started again in the wake of the stage,—the people were everywhere busy opening the roads,—and at two o'clock we were back in Dover.

During the next six weeks I stayed quietly at home, visiting the people and preaching every Sunday. The sermons came more easily than I had supposed they would, and one subject suggested another. Of this time I only recollect

one incident that was out of my ordinary experience. One very cold morning, about a fortnight after my ordination, I saw a sleigh stop at the house just as the sun was rising, heard a rap at the door, and a loud voice saying, "Is Parson Lauthrop up? Tell him that Joe Smith has called; and that I shall be back in half an hour, and will take him home to breakfast." He was not gone his half-hour, but I managed to be at the door as he came up, and after a quick drive of a mile through the sharp morning air we reached his house, and breakfast was soon announced. It was excellent and abundant; its novelty to me was the hard, pure, sound cider, freshly drawn, and poured into a tumbler by my plate, and which Mr. Smith assured me was a healthful and refreshing morning draught. I had heard of this as a New England custom, but never before seen it.

Towards the close of the first week in April I came up to Boston. The snowstorms, which had been frequent and heavy since my ordination, had left the roads in such a condition that we went as far as Salem on runners, and the rest of the way on wheels. During this visit were made all the arrangements for my marriage, which was to be on the evening of Tuesday, June 3. A day or two after, as Mary and I were walking together, and passing the old Columbian Museum, on the site where the Massachusetts Historical Society's building now stands, she said to me, "Here is Alexander's studio; don't you want to go in and look at some of his pictures?" We went in. There was a large number of portraits; many of them of persons whom I knew. Suddenly I stopped, saying, "Who is this, that looks so like you?" Her answering question, "Do you think it like me?" the tone of her voice, and a glance at her face revealed to me at once that she had been sitting to Alexander, and that this was the result.

Perhaps the best criticism of this, the earliest portrait of your mother, is to be found in my taking it for some one resembling her, but not for herself. It gives some faint, but inadequate idea of how she looked in 1829, when she was twenty-four years old.

After my return to Dover I was busy in arranging our rooms in the house where we were to board ; and it was at this time that I received from Dr. Kirkland the characteristic letter which I transcribe.

MY DEAR SAM,— The way is, not to touch your sermons till Friday morning, but take the first four days of the week for general and professional reading and study, which will all tell ultimately in your sermons. If you begin your sermons on Monday morning, they will dawdle along all through the week, and when it comes Saturday night you will have done nothing but write those two sermons ; and you will soon write yourself out in this way. Whereas, if you do not begin your sermons till Friday morning, they will be done by Sunday morning, because they *must* be done, and you will have gained the four days of study. The way is, therefore, I say again, not to touch your sermons till Friday morning.

Very affectionately yours,

J. T. KIRKLAND.

Our wedding was very simple and quiet. Dr. Greenwood officiated, using the King's Chapel Liturgy, but offering a prayer of his own at the close. "Little Lucy Emerson" was the only bridesmaid. She insisted on standing next to her aunt Mary and holding her hand during the whole service. About forty persons were at the wedding, of whom perhaps a dozen stayed to a sit-down supper. Our wedding journey was short. We left Boston on Wednesday morning in a chaise, drove out over the Milldam through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, Lincoln, and Stow, to Bolton. The next morning we went

to Lancaster, where we passed the day with my old friend Dr. Thayer, and towards evening drove to Northborough. On Friday we came by Grafton and Westborough, Southborough and Framingham to Sudbury, and on Saturday morning to Mr. Lee's, in Brookline. Sunday I preached all day at the North Church in exchange with the Rev. Francis Parkman, who had gone to Dover for me. Monday afternoon we took the stage for Salem, passed the night at Judge White's, and leaving there the next morning were quietly seated by tea time in our new home at Dover. Life had now begun in earnest; and how sweet and pleasant the work was when I had a second self wiser and better than myself to share it with me!

The first cloud was the death of my father, on the 15th of June, just twelve days after my wedding and that of my sister Mary Ann, which took place in Utica on the very day and hour of my marriage in Boston. He had been ill, but had rallied from his attack, and was able to be at my sister's wedding, and for some days after seemed as well and strong as usual. His death was therefore a shock to me; and though, having been twelve years away from home, the loss was less, yet I still remember the feeling of loneliness it gave me. My father was a most agreeable, intelligent, accomplished gentleman, of genial manners and disposition, with a fine person considerably above the medium height, rather too stout, but so well proportioned that he was not clumsy. He was a good classical scholar, and a master of English literature up to the time of Scott and Wordsworth. He was very fond of poetry, and occasionally wrote verses himself; and he could repeat from memory for hours at a time passages from the best English poems. He was a good musician, and played the flute splendidly to my boyish ears. He played

the guitar also, and had a fine tenor voice; and used to accompany with his guitar his own singing or my mother's, so that music was often a resource in our family circle in the evening.

Dover had been one of the earliest settled towns in New Hampshire; and the struggles of the first residents and their conflicts with the Indians were occasional matters of conversation even as late as my ministry there. Situated on Cocheco falls, at the head of tide-water, the land favorable to farming and largely covered with many varieties of good timber, it presented attractions which those seeking homes in the New World two hundred and fifty years ago were not slow to appreciate. After the Indian wars ceased the town was prosperous, and growing gradually through the colonial period, shared in the impetus which pervaded the country when the troubles of the Revolution ceased, and at the beginning of this century was doing a pretty extensive business in lumber, in ship-building, and in supplying with goods the country lying back of it; it contained a number of old families of wealth, culture, and refinement. About 1822 the Dover Manufacturing Company established its mills there, and with this new industry came a new class of population; and between these two elements — the old families and residents of the ship-building town and the new-comers of the factory town — there was a certain antagonism; and it required some wisdom and a spirit of conciliation to bring them into harmony. Though the greater part of my congregation was made up of the old residents, with a large number of substantial farmers from the adjoining towns, yet I had my share of the new element in the superintendent of the mills, his assistant and clerk, and in several overseers, with one or two pews full

of the "factory girls," as they were then called. All the factory girls at that time were native Americans, daughters of New Hampshire farmers, many of them by their labors redeeming from mortgage their father's farms, and those whom I knew very nice and intelligent persons. Two of the old lawyers of Dover, three younger ones, and three physicians, all college graduates, were also my parishioners; so that the congregation was a strong one, and capable of appreciating the best that any man could do. During my first winter I had Bible lectures every Tuesday evening, delivered in the Academy Hall, which was more central than my church. Many persons not belonging to my congregation attended these; some of them in consequence came to hear me on Sunday, and then joined the society, and the church prospered in all respects.

One addition, that of the blacksmith, happened in this way. Not long after my marriage I had bought a horse. He wanted shoeing, and I rode him myself to a blacksmith's, whose family came to my church. I found him at his shop, and called his attention to the bad way in which the horse had been shod and his hoofs pared; told him how I wished this done, and stayed to see my suggestions carried out. The next Sunday the blacksmith was at church with his family. I spoke of it to a friend, saying I had never seen him there before. "Nor did I," said he. "But I can tell you what brought him. He told me that you were at his shop the other day to get your horse shod, and seemed to know so much about *his* business that he thought he would come and see what you knew about your own." The blacksmith came to church regularly after this, and a friendship grew up between us which lasted long after I left Dover.

In coming from Boston in the spring of 1830, shortly after the murder of Capt. Stephen White at Salem, I passed the night at Newburyport, and as I drove up to the hotel there about half-past ten in the evening,—having left Salem after tea,—the clerk came to the door, and said, “Where did you come from at this time of night, Mr. Lothrop?” “From Salem,” said I, “I left there after tea.” “Which way did you come?” “The old way, by Wenham Pond and Ipswich.” “Well, you are lucky in getting here safe with all the things in your chaise. Don’t you know that there is a gang of robbers concealed in the woods near Wenham, and that they are the persons who murdered Captain White? I would not for all the world have taken the ride you have.” This was but one of the wild rumors that pervaded the neighborhood after this murder, until the mystery was solved.

Early in May, 1830, we went to housekeeping in a new house we had leased. We had Patience Hall as maid of all work, and James Downs, a boy of fifteen, to help about the house and take care of the horse and chaise in the stable. Here we lived very happily for more than two years. In August of that year we came up to Brookline on a visit to Mrs. Lee. One day during this visit as I was driving out to Brookline, my little black horse pegging along his eight miles an hour, a great heavy market-wagon, drawn by a large, well-built, but evidently neglected horse, walked by me. The horse’s action, strength, and speed struck me so that I gave chase, and succeeded in overtaking the wagon just as the horse had finished drinking at the watering-trough at the Punch Bowl Tavern. I drove up, as if to water my horse, and began to talk to the market-gardener about his. Looking at him, I felt so sure of his capabilities that

I began to talk about an exchange. The man at first laughed, and "could n't think of it;" but it was at last agreed that his horse should be sent for me to drive to Salem and back on Sunday, when I was to preach there. My chaise seemed nothing to him after his heavy wagon with its load, and he carried me so well that I bought him the next day. The morning after our return to Dover I drove him to Dover Landing, the place where the business men congregated, and the moment I stopped there was greeted by several of my parishioners with, "Well, Parson, where did you get that scarecrow? I am ashamed to see you riding behind him. What has become of your little black? However, parsons never did know anything about horses, and always get cheated in swapping." I answered good-naturedly, and drove home, and my horse did not see daylight again on the road for six weeks. In the evenings I had him harnessed and drove him after dark, and with James Downs spent a large part of every day in grooming him; I washed him with Castile soap, and had him wiped till he was so clean that a white handkerchief rubbed over him would not soil, and fed him with short feed. When I had got him in proper condition I drove him again on a bright day to Dover Landing, and stopped there. In a few moments up came some of the same gentlemen. But now they said, "Well, Parson, glad you've got rid of the old scarecrow. This is a splendid horse; where did you get him?" And they were all rather taken aback when I told them, after they had praised him to my heart's content, that he was the same horse they had laughed at a few weeks before.

During the winter of 1830-31, we had a long visit from my sister Fanny. She was a valuable addition to the corps of teachers in the Sunday-school, which was very

flourishing, as indeed was all my parish work. The congregation was not growing much,—for Dover was not increasing at that time; the line between Orthodox and Liberal churches was sharply drawn, and few persons, if any, passed from one to the other. But my congregation was strong both in numbers and means, accessions to the church, or body of communicants, were constantly made, and pastor and people were satisfied with each other and with their common prosperity.

This year, 1831, the 4th of July fell on Monday, and on that day I appointed and held a regular religious service. Never before or since in my ministry have I thus noticed this day, nor can I recall now the reasons that then induced me to adopt this mode of observance. I suspect that this year my patriotism demanded something a little more secular than my piety would admit into the regular Sunday service, while my piety insisted on such recognition and mingling with my patriotism that it would not consent to a purely secular and civil celebration, and so I harmonized both by calling them to share in a religious commemoration of the day. I remember also that this was not long after the failure in the Virginia Convention of 1829-30 of Mr. Broadnax's resolutions which provided for the gradual and prospective abolition of slavery in that State. These resolutions were discussed with the utmost freedom and force, and never before or since were the evil influences of slavery upon the economical, social, moral, educational, or intellectual progress and prosperity of a community more strongly set forth, or severer things said against it, than in this debate in the Virginia Convention. The only point of restraint, so far as I remember, was that there were no coarse, bitter, vituperative invectives against the personal character of slaveholders, such

as began about this time to appear in the antislavery press, and were heard not many years after in the Congress of the United States. After long discussion, the resolutions were carried by a small but decided majority in committee of the whole, and ordered to be reported for adoption to the Convention ; and this news gave gladness and satisfaction to all the North. Here was the true place and mode of action in regard to this evil ; had Virginia at this time entered upon the policy of the prospective abolition of slavery within her own territory, her own prosperity would have advanced, her example would necessarily have been followed by other slave States, and slavery would have been abolished by the wise and salutary action of the slaveholding States themselves, without the civil war of 1861.

Why did not the resolutions of General Broadnax, adopted in the committee of the whole by a clear majority, and so reported to the Convention, pass there ? It was understood at the time, and ten years later I heard it distinctly asserted by one or two gentlemen whom I met in Richmond, that on the evening of the day on which the resolutions were adopted in the committee a copy of "The Liberator" reached Richmond, containing an editorial by William Lloyd Garrison, in which the moral character of the planters and slaveholders of the South was most severely and vituperatively attacked ; that this article roused such an intense feeling of personal indignation and animosity that the next morning the report of the committee, and the resolutions themselves, were rejected in the Convention by a much larger majority than that which they had received in the committee. Ever since the extinction of slavery there has been a disposition to exalt and eulogize Mr. Garrison as the great

reformer to whose fearless independence and persevering zeal this grand result is to be primarily attributed. The question may at least be raised, I think, whether this is strictly true; and whether slavery would not have been abolished earlier, and at less cost, had Mr. Garrison never entered upon and pursued the course he did as editor of "The Liberator."

Entertaining these views, in July, 1831, I had the semi-political service of which I have spoken, in which, after dwelling upon the economical, social, and moral evils of slavery, I urged wisdom and prudence in our treatment of it, a firm resistance to its extension, but forbearance to it where it already existed,—in the conviction that the people of the South would ultimately see that its voluntary abolition on their part would be for their own best interests. To a request to publish this discourse, I answered that its publication would be in direct opposition to the principles it advocated.¹

We left Dover directly after the 4th of July for New York, expecting to meet there my sister Cornelia, who had been for many months in Philadelphia under the care of the famous Dr. Physic. She was failing fast, but it was hoped that she would be strong enough to reach her home in Utica. She did not live, however, to get farther than New Brunswick, New Jersey, whither we went on learning her condition. We had six or seven hours of the day with her after our arrival. She was bright and cheerful; but suddenly, as the sun was setting, she had

¹ My father was always an antislavery man, never an abolitionist in the political sense of that word. He voted with the Whig party until 1856. That year and afterwards he voted regularly with the Republican party. He always voted, never missing any election of any kind, and considered his vote a political privilege of which it was his duty as a good citizen to avail himself.—ED.

great difficulty in breathing, and after half an hour's suffering, died. We went on to Utica, and stayed there two or three weeks after her funeral.

The winter of 1831-32 was very severe, with large quantities of snow. For six weeks it did not thaw enough for water to drop from the eaves. It passed very quietly, with a good deal of hard work. At this time, in addition to my parish work, I was the editor of "The Unitarian Monitor," a fortnightly religious newspaper, — a quarto of eight pages, — printed and published at Dover, and made up by the contributions of the members of the Union Pastoral Association, which consisted of Dr. Nichols of Portland, the Rev. Jason Whitman of Saco, Wells of Kennebunk, Dr. Parker of Portsmouth, Fox of Newburyport, Thomas of Concord, and myself. I was the responsible managing and resident editor. My associates contributed very generously and punctually, according to agreement; still the brunt of the work fell upon me; and if there was any failure or deficiency in the contributions I had to supply it and see that the paper went to press and was issued at the regular time. I knew something of a printing-office in the days of my childhood, because my father supplemented his law-practice by editing the "Utica Patriot;" so I was every day at the printer's, learned to set type, helped set up the form, and work off the paper on the press. The "Monitor" was a good paper, as might be presumed from the names of the contributors. It soon had quite a reputation and a goodly list of subscribers, and I continued my connection with it so long as I remained at Dover.

In the spring of 1832 my oldest daughter, Eliza, was born, and in the course of the summer I bought for fourteen hundred dollars a house larger than the one I had

previously hired, with more land and a pleasant view, and nearer my church. I spent about two hundred dollars in repairs. We moved into it in September, and it was a pleasant home during the rest of our life in Dover, not quite two years.

Before the end of the year we were summoned to Boston by the death of Mrs. Emerson, my wife's sister Olivia; after which, her daughter Lucy stayed several weeks with us, during which Mr. Emerson also made us a little visit, and late in the autumn my mother came and passed several months with us. For one Sunday of this winter (1832-33) I had arranged an exchange at Newburyport, was to preach the same evening at North Hampton, and drive back to Dover after the service. I left home in a sleigh about three o'clock Saturday afternoon, and on reaching Exeter, stopped at Judge Smith's, and was persuaded to pass the night there. On Sunday morning I drove to Newburyport, about seventeen miles, preached there all day, and after an early tea went on ten miles to North Hampton, preached there, had my horse brought to the church door, and starting at once drove back to Dover, some thirty miles, reaching home a little before midnight, having driven nearly sixty miles and preached three times. It was a severe day's work, and I felt the consequences for some little time. If there are any persons still living who remember Judge Smith and his wife, who was the daughter of one of my parishioners and warm friends in Dover, they will hardly be surprised that, even with the prospect of such a day's work before me, I yielded to the temptation of an evening with them, and stayed in Exeter. She was a bright, sensible, and well-educated woman, and Judge Smith was learned, wise, and witty,—a person of dignity both in word and manner if

the occasion required, but full of playfulness and fun when he chose. His reading was large and varied, and he was an excellent talker, having also a fund of interesting anecdotes. I remember distinctly his graphic description of a visit to Mount Vernon, and of General Washington, candle in hand, showing him to his bedroom. The picture of the Father of his Country as a host conducting his guest to his chamber is quite different from that with which we are familiar.

Early in June, 1833, we started for Bangor to visit two of my parishioners who had moved there from Dover. The journey at that time took three days in a stage-coach. The first from Dover to Portland, the second to Augusta, and the third to Bangor,—from eight o'clock in the morning to six in the evening of each day. This mode of travelling had its inconveniences; but one saw the country, villages, and people, and had more opportunities for learning and observation than when whirled through the same distance in a dozen hours in a train. Bangor was then a more important place, relatively, than it is now; it was ambitious, and expected to become a large city. On the week of our visit hundreds of people poured in to attend an auction sale of public lands belonging to the State of Massachusetts; and the day of the sale was one of great excitement, increased by the arrival of the "Connecticut" from Boston,—the first steamer that had ever ascended the Penobscot. The sale was quickly over. All the lands were taken at high prices by a broker from Boston. He did not, however, carry out his purchase, and the lands came back to the State and were afterwards disposed of by private sales, in small quantities, during a period of years. An excursion down the river and bay was advertised by the steamboat captain,—the steamer to leave in the after-

noon and return in the evening. There was a great rush of people, and we were among the passengers. The captain had miscalculated the distance and the power of his boat. The flood tide and a strong head wind with a rough sea in the bay kept us back, and as we reached Castine we were told that we should have to pass the night there,—a pleasant announcement to five hundred people who had come out for an afternoon's excursion!

The next day we floundered about in the bay for some time; but the sea was heavy, and after a while we gave up trying to get to Belfast, and returned to Bangor, reaching there about twenty-four hours after we started,—a sorry-looking, tired, hungry company.

We were quietly at home for the rest of the summer after our return from Bangor. I remember going over to the town of Lee one Sunday with my parishioner, Mr. William Hale, to preach there. Lee had an old Congregational church, but no minister, and some of the farmers and land-owners made an agreement to supply the pulpit, each for one Sunday. Mr. Hale was among them, and he asked me to preach. So we drove over together and stopped at a little public house near the church. While we were waiting here, in came a man in his shirt sleeves, with his coat over his arm, a red bandanna handkerchief round his neck, with his shirt-collar turned over it, and a red rim round his eyes that indicated habits not peculiarly temperate. Mr. Hale returned his salutation of "Good morning, Squire Hale," with considerable coldness, and immediately said to me, "I think we may as well walk over to the church, Mr. Lothrop." As I arose to go, "Stop a minute, young man," said the red bandanna. "Are you to preach for us to-day?" I replied, "Yes, I believe so." "Can you preach the Gospel, young man,—

that is the main point; can you preach the Gospel?" I said, "I am going to try." "That is all that any of us can do," he said, "to try; but I shall be along pretty soon,—I shall be up in the pulpit with you." We went to the church, Mr. Hale apparently a good deal annoyed at this interview with "that disagreeable fellow, D——." I found a pretty good congregation, and D—— fulfilled his promise; for in the midst of the introductory prayer, I heard a heavy tramp up the broad aisle and the pulpit stairs; he took a seat in the pulpit and occupied it all day. He kept very quiet during the morning, and at the close of the service I bowed, preceded him down the stairs, and joining Mr. Hale, drove about two miles to his farm, where we dined and passed the noon-time. As we entered the church in the afternoon, I found a larger congregation assembled, and Mr. D—— reading the last verse of a hymn, which he finished as I was walking up the aisle. When I entered the pulpit he bowed and handed me the hymn-book, saying, "I thought I would set them singing till you came." When the hymn was sung I took charge of the service and conducted it as usual. When I took up the hymn-book at the close of the prayer after the sermon, I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, and heard a voice saying, "Stop a moment, I want to say a word to the congregation before the last singing." I said, "You had better let me get through with my service, then you can say what you please." "No! this is the proper time," he replied; and so saying, stepped quickly into the desk and began: "My friends, we have had the Gospel preached to us to-day. This young man, Squire Hale's minister, from Dover, has preached the Gospel to us as pointedly as it was ever preached in this pulpit." He then gave an abstract of both of my sermons, reiterated the assertion that

it was "good pungent Gospel preaching," and concluded thus: "You know we have had no regular minister in our town for some years. A parcel of us farmers determined we would have some preaching this summer for ten or twelve weeks at least, and so we subscribed to pay ten dollars apiece, or provide preaching for one Sunday each. Squire Hale has brought over his minister from Dover. I agreed to supply one Sunday, and I hereby give notice that my turn comes next Sunday; and as I have got no minister of my own, I shall preach myself, and I hope you will all come." Upon this announcement he sat down, and I finished the service without further interruption.

In the last half of September my uncle, Dr. Kirkland, and his wife returned from Europe and came to make us a visit, and we made with them a journey to the White Mountains, taking a large carriage with four horses from Dover. Starting on Monday, we drove to Alton Bay; the next morning, putting the carriage and horses on the boat we went up Lake Winnipiseogee to Centre Harbor, and drove in the afternoon to Conway Corner, which we left on Wednesday in a furious rain, and drove through the Notch to Crawford's. At Bartlett we forded the Saco River, our driver first riding one of the leaders across to see if it was safe. The clouds lifted in the afternoon, and we had the mountains on both sides in full view all the latter part of our drive. At Crawford's we were the only guests; and Thursday morning being bright and clear, we walked up to Bald Mountain or Eagle Head, where we had a grand view of the cone of Mount Washington and the country about and beneath us, and returning to the hotel drove in the afternoon by Bethlehem to Franconia village. Just before we arrived our carriage slipped off the corduroy road, one of the small logs of which catching in

the spokes of a wheel tore them all out in an instant. We had to walk to the village, and the carriage was got down to the wheelwright's shop. He worked all night for us, and in the morning we started with a new wheel with one coat of black paint on it, and drove through the Franconia Notch, by the Profile, the Flume, the Camden Hills, and Plymouth, to Meredith Bridge. On our arrival here we found everybody at the little inn, with the exception of the hostler, had gone to Friday evening meeting. He let us into the house. We lighted a fire in the kitchen, and while we were searching for something to eat the family returned. They gave us an excellent supper, and the next day, after an early start, we were at home in time for me to have the evening in my study preparing for my Sunday services.

At the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association in 1833 they had voted to employ a General Secretary,—some clergyman, who should devote his whole time to the work of the Association ; and the Rev. E. S. Gannett was chairman of the committee appointed to nominate a suitable person for this office. Late in January, 1834, he wrote to ask me to permit the committee to send in my name. After due reflection I replied that upon general principles I was in favor of the permanence of the pastoral relation, and had been settled with that idea in my mind ; that everything was prosperous and pleasant with me, except that one "crooked stick" in my parish interfered with my usefulness and happiness to such an extent that I was disposed to embrace any favorable opportunity of leaving Dover ; and that, therefore, though doubtful if I were adapted to the office of General Secretary of the Association, I was willing to make the experiment if the committee should see fit to nominate me.

I had received no reply to this letter when the Union Pastoral Association, of which I have spoken, met at Saco, at the house of my friend and classmate, the Rev. Jason Whitman, then settled there. I went to the meeting, and as soon as I arrived, Whitman, taking me aside, said: "I want you to do me a favor,—to write to Mr. Gannett and suggest my name for the office of Secretary of the Association. I think I am better fitted for that than to be a pastor of a parish, and there are reasons why I should resign here." I told him in reply that I thought him admirably fitted for the place, and that I would write at once to Mr. Gannett. I did so, withdrawing my own name, and urging Whitman's instead; and he was nominated and elected.

The sequel of all this was most important to me. A member of Mr. Gannett's committee, and who knew in this way the whole correspondence between Mr. Gannett and myself, was also a prominent member of the Brattle Square Society, and on the committee for supplying its pulpit, which had been vacant since the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Palfrey; and a few weeks after my last letter to Mr. Gannett I received a note asking me to preach as a candidate before the Brattle Square Society on the last Sunday in March, the first in April, and the Fast-Day following. I accepted the invitation,—though when I left home to fulfil the engagement I did not suppose that anything would come of it. I found, however, to my surprise, on my very first Sunday, that there was a strong interest in my behalf, and that the society, tired of being without a pastor, and broken up into various cliques each favoring a different candidate, was disposed to unite on me. My services were spoken of with approval. The memory of Mr. Buckminster was still fresh in the minds

of many persons, though he had been dead more than twenty years, and the fact that I was married to his youngest sister much increased their interest in me. On Fast-Day, the last service of my engagement, the church was fuller than at any previous time; so that when I left for home I felt, from what had been said to me, that in all human probability I should receive an invitation to become the pastor of Brattle Square Church. A meeting of the society was held on the Monday after my last service, at which one hundred and four votes were cast,—one hundred and two of them in favor of asking me to settle there.

I may relate here an incident connected with this visit to Boston as illustrating the habits and feelings of that time. There was then a great reverence for Fast-Day, and a devout observance of it. There were a few people on the Common in the afternoon playing ball, but this was frowned upon; and the churches were as well filled on that day as on Sunday. The Eastern mail stage at this time left Boston every evening at eight o'clock, arriving about three in the morning at Portsmouth, from which place the Dover mail was carried in a chaise by a postman, reaching there about six. If I took this stage on Fast-Day evening I could be at home early Friday morning,—I had been away more than a fortnight, and was very anxious to see my wife and children. But I had never travelled on Fast-Day, and it did not seem to me altogether right or proper to do so. I had a long mental struggle about it; but at last my desire to get home prevailed, and with some compunctions I engaged my seat in that evening's mail-coach. It was commonly full (it was limited to six passengers); but on this Fast-Day evening it had only one passenger besides myself, and he

was a Southerner who did not share our New England views of the day. Whether the change that has taken place since, the loss of all reverence for times and seasons, the secularizing of everything, even of religion itself, is a gain, I very much doubt.

Having decided to accept the call to Brattle Street I wrote to my parish in Dover a letter of resignation, to take effect at the end of May, and to the society in Boston that I should be ready to enter upon my duties with them at some time in June.

Among my Dover parishioners some were gratified for my sake that I should have what seemed professional promotion, while others were more or less disappointed at my leaving them. Among the latter was the Hon. John P. Hale, afterwards so well known in public life. While I was in Dover, and particularly in the first years, he had been a frequent visitor in my study. His father, a lawyer in Strafford County, out-Heroded Hérod in his Federalism, and came near being mobbed once at Exeter, because at the adjournment of the court, when the crier said, "God save the people!" he added, "God damn the rabble!" From his father, therefore, Mr. Hale had inherited Federal principles and prejudices, as I had from mine; and in his early visits to me the sins and follies of the Democratic party were frequent subjects of conversation; and one evening he gave a long and elaborate denunciation of Jefferson, as the founder of the Democratic party, and the source of all the trouble and misery that party had brought upon the country. A couple of years later, when Mr. Hale had abandoned Federalism, and was a prominent leader of the New Hampshire democracy, I was walking with him and a mutual friend, when something was said about some political speeches just made in Congress, one

of which Mr. Hale praised very highly. I said to him, "Why, Mr. Hale, *you* can't approve of that speech." "I do; I think it is a grand speech." "But," I continued, "there is certainly one part of it you cannot approve, and that is its absurd and extravagant eulogy of Mr. Jefferson." "That was the noblest and best part of the speech," was his reply. "Why, Mr. Hale," I went on, "don't you remember how you used to talk about 'Tom Jefferson,' as you called him? Don't you recollect one Sunday evening in particular?" I had got thus far when Mr. Hale, turning and putting his hand on my shoulder, said, with an air of gravity, "Stop, Mr. Lothrop! If I ever could have been left to say anything against that great and good man, it must have been in that confidence with which a parishioner speaks to his minister, and I trust you will never repeat it." Ready in escaping a difficulty, as this anecdote shows, he had also many fine qualities, but was too indolent ever to do full justice to his intellectual capacities. The cloud which rose between us at the time of my leaving Dover was soon dissipated; we became very good friends again, and he was often at my house in Boston.

Before my last Sunday in Dover our furniture and books were nearly all packed, and on the following Tuesday they were shipped on the same packet that had brought them from Boston five years before. The next day we took leave of the place where we had had great happiness, and came to Boston with our children. So ended my life in Dover.

IV.

MY MINISTRY AT THE CHURCH IN BRATTLE SQUARE, BOSTON.

I WAS not sorry to get back to Boston and become again a citizen of Massachusetts.

On coming up from Dover we went to my uncle's, Dr. Kirkland's, who was keeping house in Summer Street,—on the right hand, just above Chauncy Place,—where we remained about a fortnight, while we were arranging the Brattle Square parsonage, 42 Court Street. This parsonage was a double house, with the front door in the centre; on the left as you entered, two parlors with folding doors,—the back parlor longer and larger than the front. On the right a small dining-room, and back of that the kitchen, with a long wood-shed and a large yard. On the right of the house, between it and the next building, was a passage-way to the yard and kitchen. This house had come into the possession of the Brattle Square Society about sixty years before, as a gift in trust from Mrs. Lydia Hancock, aunt of Hon. John Hancock. It was her own property, and had been the residence of her father. It had already been occupied by the Rev. Dr. Cooper, Dr. Thacher, Mr. Buckminster, Mr. Everett, and Dr. Palfrey; had been thoroughly repaired about the year 1823 or 24, and was in excellent condition when I moved into it,—

excellent, that is, for the condition of Boston houses at that time. There was no furnace or grates for burning coal, and no gas. Wood, candles, and lamps were then the great instruments for procuring domestic light and heat.

On the morning of June 15, the day of my installation, the council convened at ten o'clock in a room in Concert Hall (a building on Court Street, at the corner of Hanover Street nearest Brattle Street). The business of the council was speedily done, and it was voted to proceed to the services of installation. A procession was formed, at the head of which was the committee of the society; after whom came the moderator of the council, the pastor elect, and the clergymen who were to take part in the services, all in gown and bands; then the other members of the council. We passed along Court and down Brattle Street to the church, which was crowded, all the male members of the society being seated in the south gallery.

At the conclusion of the services in the church all the men of the society, the members of the council, and a large number of invited guests found their way to Concert Hall, where we sat down to a splendid dinner,—the last of its kind that I have ever known in Boston. Formerly, ordination dinners were great occasions among the Congregational churches of Massachusetts, whether in city or country; but since mine, all ordinations and installations have been held in the evening, so far as I recollect, and the council regaled with coffee and sandwiches, tea, and toast between their business meeting and the services in the church. At the dinner in Concert Hall from a hundred and fifty to two hundred persons were present. There were two tables stretching the length of the hall, and a cross table at the head. The Hon. James T. Austin pre-

sided, and there were many speeches and toasts. At six o'clock the whole thing was over, and I went home to the parsonage ; and the evening was so cold that we found a fire in the parlor added much to our comfort.

One element in my mental condition at this time is quite inexplicable to me. I was not quite thirty years old ; but my settlement in Boston did not seem to me so solemn or important an event as my ordination in Dover,— rather as a temporary arrangement for the closing portion of my life. I felt as if the real field of my ministerial labors had been Dover ; my important life-work had been done, and there was not much more for me. This feeling was for a time vivid, but a few months' work knocked it out of me quite effectually.

Boston society in 1833 was by no means broken up in summer as it is now. Comparatively few people went out of town at all, and those few only for a journey or for a short time ; so I had enough to do during the rest of June and July in becoming acquainted with my parishioners and preparing for my Sunday services, at which there was a large attendance. My five years' stock of sermons brought from Dover was of not much use to me, save as skeletons to be reclothed. I never, I think, preached more than three or four of them just as they were ; but they were of great help as plans to be remodelled and rewritten, and as I thought, improved. I soon began to make acquaintance with the poor of the parish, in some of whom I became very much interested. Among these was "old Mr. Peirce, the barber." He had occupied a shop in Union Street, near the Boston Stone,¹ since some time previous to the Revolution, and was very fond of telling how he had shaved and

¹ The Boston Stone was at the corner of Union Street and Marshall's Lane.

dressed the hair of the British officers, Pitcairn and others, on the afternoon of the 18th of April, 1775, just before they started on the expedition to Concord. He was about ninety-five years old when I first visited him. He still kept his shop, though the customers were few. He did not attribute this, however, to his advanced years. It was simply, as he put it, "because a parcel of nasty West India niggers had come in and taken the barbering business out of the hands of white people." It took the old fellow some time to make out who I was. The moment he did so he wanted me to sit down and be shaved or have my hair cut, remarking that he had "barbered for every minister of Brattle Square Church from Dr. Cooper's time." He was born in Boston, had always lived there, and could remember leaving it only twice,—the first time during the siege, when he got out of the town and went to Salem, where he opened a shop and worked a few months, but returned to Boston after its evacuation by the British, and re-opened his old shop; and the second, about 1830, when his son had driven him out to Mount Auburn. He had been a worshipper at Brattle Square about seventy-five years, remembered the original church, the building of the new one in 1772, the introduction of the organ, and the offence it gave to some people,—particularly to one man, who, to use Mr. Peirce's expression, flounced out of church saying they might as well introduce a violin and dancing at once. He told me that when he was young and had a large run of business, he had three times attempted to close his shop on Sunday, but that every time he lost nearly all his customers, and was obliged to resume Sunday business to keep his family from starving; and that this was the reason why he had "never become a communicant, because he did not think it right for him to go to

the Lord's table and still open his shop and work on Sundays." A few years after this his eyesight failed so entirely that it was absurd for him to attempt to do anything *professionally* for anybody, and he was persuaded to take down his sign, shut up his shop, and remove to a quiet boarding-house, where he was comfortably cared for during the rest of his life. After he had done this, and was no longer keeping his shop open on Sunday, he wished to become a communicant; and he was in his ninety-ninth year, I think, when he was received into the church.

I will speak of three other old people among the poor of the parish at that time, simply because my visits to them illustrate a certain exactingness and spirit of exclusion in matters of religion which I have often observed, not merely among the poor, but in others. In the same house lived on one side of a common passage-way a worthy and devout old couple, while directly opposite on the other side were the rooms of a shrewd old Scotch woman of eighty years of age, who had spent her life as a domestic in various families. All three were my parishioners. They were neighborly and friendly with one another. Whenever I made either of them a visit they expected that I would read the Scriptures and pray with them. But any suggestion of mine to either that their opposite neighbor should be asked to come in and join us, was always met by the same objection: They "liked their neighbors, thought them excellent, but preferred to have the reading and prayer by themselves."

About the middle of August, 1834, I took a vacation of three or four weeks. Starting from Boston in a carryall with one strong horse, and taking the two children with us, we drove to Boar's Head, near Hampton Beach, one of our old resorts from Dover, and after a week or two there

by the sea, and short visits to our friends at Portsmouth and Dover, returned to Boston to find everybody back in town and the winter season, so to speak, fairly begun. Boston and the parsonage seemed more like home than before we went away, and everything familiar and pleasant.

Besides the Sunday services this winter I gave a great deal of time to the Sunday-school and the teachers' meetings, which were held once a fortnight, and for which I always prepared an essay which was read, and afterwards discussed. Late in the winter I was at an interesting dinner at Dr. Channing's. There were only seven persons at table,—Dr. and Mrs. Channing, Professor Norton, the Rev. Dr. Walker, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. George Ripley, and myself. While Mrs. Channing was at table the conversation was occasionally somewhat general; but after she left, Dr. Walker, Mr. Greenwood, Ripley, and I were all silent listeners to a talk on slavery between Dr. Channing and Mr. Norton. It was at the time that Dr. Channing's little book on Slavery, written after his return from Cuba, was going through the press, and we had the substance and marrow of it in what he said. It was not precisely conversation; of the two talkers, one would first make his point in a speech of five or ten minutes, and then the other would reply. I used to be able to repeat a great deal of it, but I can now only recall one particular point. Dr. Channing, in illustration of the unhappiness of the slaves under all their gayety, spoke of some women whom he heard singing at their work, and to one of whom he said, "Well, you seem to be very happy;" and her reply was, "Ah, Massa, we sing 'cause it's some comfort; but Massa, we're forced to work." "*Forced to work*," he continued, "forced to work; there's where the iron

of bondage enters the soul. They are forced to work." When he had finished, Mr. Norton waited a moment, as was his wont, and then said, "Yes, yes, that woman was 'forced to work;' but give her liberty, bring her to Boston, tell her she is absolutely free,—free to go where she pleases and to do what she likes, and she will be forced to work. We are all forced to work." Dr. Channing's answer I cannot remember, nor have I any further recollection of the conversation than a vague impression of an interesting intellectual tournament in which Mr. Norton's cool, calm, forcible reasoning had the better of Dr. Channing's enthusiasm and eloquence.

In the early summer of 1835, Abner Kneeland, an infidel lecturer, and the publisher of an infidel newspaper in Boston, was convicted under the State statute against blasphemy. The institution of proceedings against him may not have been wise, though his paper and lectures were blasphemous in language, spirit, and purpose. After his conviction sympathy was excited for him, especially upon the ground that to prosecute and punish him was an invasion of his religious liberty; and a petition was circulated, signed by various Unitarian clergymen, asking that sentence might not be passed upon him, and that he might be discharged. This petition was brought to me to sign. I had heard nothing of it before, had talked with no one about the matter, but declined to sign it, apparently much to the surprise of the gentleman who brought it. The next Sunday I preached a sermon upon Religious Liberty and its Limitations, alluding to this petition and my refusal to sign it; and at the request of many of my parish it was published.

After a short vacation in the summer, passed at Hampton Beach, I announced in the autumn a course of nine

lectures, as answers to three questions: What is Christianity? Why do we believe in it? How can we best increase its power in our community? These lectures were to be delivered on Sunday evenings in the church vestry,—into which gas had lately been introduced, though not into the church. I remember well the time when it would have been as difficult to find a place of public worship in Boston or the neighborhood provided with the means of lighting for evening services as it would be now to find one not so furnished. The practical idea of the time was to have two religious services on Sunday,—the morning and afternoon service,—reserving Sunday evening for family gatherings, friendly calls, and social visiting. Knowing this to be the habit among my own people, it was with some anxiety that I gave notice of my proposed course of lectures. But any apprehensions I may have felt were, as the event showed, wholly unnecessary. The vestry was crowded at every lecture; and for all the labor they cost me I felt repaid by a single incident.

The Sunday morning on which I gave notice of my lectures I observed in the gallery a man some sixty years of age, whose dress was poor, but whose face was intelligent, with a pair of keen, piercing eyes behind large round glasses, which were fastened on me during my whole sermon. At my first lecture, the same evening, and on the following lectures, and Sunday after Sunday, I saw him always present, and always most attentive. I inquired about him, but no one knew who he was. Later in the winter, as I was passing through Dock Square on my way to preach for Dr. Parkman, with whom I was to exchange, I met this man, evidently on his way to my church. I determined to improve my opportunity and speak to him; so, putting out my hand, I said, "How do

you do? I have seen you constantly in Brattle Square Church for several weeks, and should like to know you." He took my offered hand, but at first did not recognize me, for he said, "Oh, you go there, do you? What a preacher that Lothrop is! Did you ever hear anything better than his sermon this morning?" I explained that I could not have much to say in answer to his question, being myself "that Lothrop;" and after a little talk asked him to come to see me the next morning. He did so, and then told me his history. He had been brought up in the strictest form of Calvinism, and became when a young man a member of the church. In the parish library he came across a copy of Calvin's "Institutes," which he read,—finding in them, as he told his pastor, "some nuts hard to crack." After this various discussions took place from time to time between him and his clergyman, till at last he was brought before the church, and was at first suspended, and then, failing to recant, was excommunicated for heresy. As might have been expected, confounding Christianity with Calvinism, he renounced all religion, and became a professed infidel, left his native place and came to Boston, where he lived for several years, not a dissolute, but an utterly irreligious and godless life. When Abner Kneeland established his newspaper, he was among the first subscribers; when he began his lectures, he was one of his first hearers. He became one of Kneeland's most devoted followers, and shared their indignation at his prosecution and conviction, and was, as he said, very much disgusted with my sermon on the Limitations of Christian Liberty. When Kneeland after his discharge from prison went West, this follower of his found his principal satisfaction in reading and rereading all the documents, newspapers, and pamphlets in any

way connected with or referring to Kneeland's trial and imprisonment. In doing this he came across my sermon, and after reading it several times in the course of two or three weeks, thought he would come to hear me preach; and did so the Sunday that I gave notice of my course of lectures. After his first visit I saw him frequently, both at my own house and also in the little room where he lived alone, supporting himself by making bandboxes. I gave him books to read which opened to him ideas of Christianity different from those of his early life; and a year or more after his first coming to my church he said to me, "I owe you a new life, and a new spirit, and a return to Christian faith; and I should like to make profession of it and become a member of Brattle Square Church." He did so, and for all the rest of his life was a constant attendant and worthy member of the church and congregation.

A journey to Washington with my friend and parishioner Mr. Amos Lawrence, was a pleasant termination in May, 1836, to a pretty hard winter's work. We travelled leisurely, stopping in New York at the then newly opened Astor House; then on to Philadelphia, where we passed some days in company with Mr. Harrison Gray Otis, who was also my parishioner,—of whom I may write here what I have to say.

Mr. Otis was on the whole the most agreeable, fascinating, accomplished gentleman I have ever known. I have sometimes thought that the force and vigor of his mind were not sufficiently appreciated because of the grace and skill with which his thoughts were always presented, and the smoothness of the language in which they were clothed. Scott's account of Saladin with his scimitar dividing the cushion and the veil is a good illustration

of the quality of Mr. Otis's mind. I first saw him soon after my coming to Cambridge, when the corporation of the college dined in a quiet way with Dr. Kirkland, and I was at table, a solitary boy. I remember perfectly how Mr. Otis then fascinated me by his manners and his stories, and relieved my position by speaking to me from time to time, and occasionally looking at me when he was telling a story, as if he recognized the fact that I appreciated it. Always afterwards when I went to his house on Dr. Kirkland's behalf, as I did several times, he received me in the most kindly and gracious manner; and later, the fact that his youngest son was my classmate brought me into some contact with him all through my college life. When I came to Brattle Street, Mr. Otis, who had been for many years a member of that church, welcomed me with great cordiality, and was to the close of his life a most kind and attentive parishioner. As a host he was a model of perfection, neglecting nothing, overdoing nothing. No guest ever was or ever felt himself slighted; no one was ever disturbed by over-officious attention. At the head of his own table his ease and tact were admirable. Without in any way interfering with the talk between neighbors at table, he would at not too short intervals, by speaking to some distant guest, by telling some anecdote, or in some other way, make the whole company for the time a unit, and then leave them to their several talks, to unite them again after a while as before. In politics he was a staunch Federalist, the last leader and always the eloquent orator and spokesman of that party in Massachusetts. He was the last candidate for Governor that the Federal party as such nominated, and he lost his election, — the democratic candidate, Dr. Eustis, being his successful competitor. It was a very exciting canvass, and various

elements outside of party politics entered into it,—among others, sectarian considerations. Mr. Otis was connected with the Liberal or Unitarian church of Brattle Square, Dr. Eustis with the old-fashioned Orthodox Church, and he received in consequence nearly the whole Orthodox vote of the State. Mr. Otis, to use his own expression, was “very much cut up” by the result,—“so mortified” that when the returns satisfied him that Dr. Eustis was elected he thought that he must get out of town for a few days till the excitement was over. As he was riding over Roxbury Neck (Washington Street) he saw coming towards him Dr. Eustis in his sulky. Much annoyed, but unwilling to turn back, he trotted on till they met, when pulling up his horse he said, “Good morning, Governor Eustis,”—and then followed a little stiff and formal chat between them. Just as they were parting, Mr. Otis said, “Stop one moment, Governor. Will you let me ask you how long it is since you became such an earnest and devout Calvinist?” “Why, don’t you know, Mr. Otis?” said Eustis. “Ever since I believed in the doctrine of election.” And so they laughed and parted. Mr. Otis rode on a few steps, and then decided that the worst was over now that he had met Dr. Eustis, that his answer was too good to be lost,—and so turned round and rode cheerfully home, that he might go at once to State Street and the Suffolk Office¹ and tell the story.

When his political prejudices or old rivalries were roused, Mr. Otis could be both witty and sharp. Judge Story had begun life as a rather violent Democrat, but after his appointment as a justice of the United States Supreme Court became more and more conservative, until

¹ The Suffolk Insurance Office was in those days a great resort of the Federalist leaders.

at length he was a thorough Federalist. Upon the death of Chief-Justice Marshall, Judge Story at the request of the Suffolk Bar delivered a eulogy upon him in the Odeon. It seems a singular conclusion to a eulogy; but as there were many lawyers here from a distance, the services were followed by a large dinner at the Maverick House in East Boston,—then a new and crack hotel. I was at this dinner as chaplain. Mr. Otis declined to go, on account of his age, but asked me the next day to tell him about it. He listened without comment to my account of the dinner and speeches, until I had finished telling him of Josiah Quincy, Jr.'s, toast. As Mr. Quincy rose, Judge Story left the table and was trying to get quietly out of the room. Seeing this, Mr. Quincy said, "Mr. President, every toast that has been given this evening has called up some one to respond to it; but I fear that my toast now"—looking at Judge Story who was just going out—"will not call up anybody unless it be Pharaoh, king of Egypt, for I suppose it has not been given since his day. It may be found in the forty-first chapter of Genesis, the fortieth verse, and is in these words: 'And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou.'" The allusion to Judge Story's being appointed chief-justice was of course patent, and the toast was received with great applause. As I told it to Mr. Otis, the last word of the quotation was hardly out of my mouth, when he said, "It would hardly have been fair, would it, to say a word about Joseph's coat of many colors?"

Mr. Otis was by no means so familiar with the Bible as Mr. Webster or John Quincy Adams, but he was familiar with it. He had studied Christianity in its records and

principles, and sometimes for his own satisfaction and the determination of his own mind wrote upon various questions of religion. One or two such papers he read me, and one which he wished me to examine I had for many years in my possession.

His well-known courtesy and good manners were most conspicuous in the very last visit I made him just before his death, when he was, and had been for some time, seemingly wholly unconscious. On my coming into the room he roused sufficiently to recognize me, but soon relapsed, and had no apparent cognizance of anything about him. After a few moments I rose and was quietly leaving, when so pained an expression came over his face that I was called back. I went to his bedside, took his hand and said good-by; his countenance lighted up, he returned the pressure of my hand, became perfectly tranquil, and, as I was told, never roused again.

After leaving Philadelphia we passed a Sunday in Baltimore, where I preached; and I then had a pleasant week in Washington. We called on General Jackson, whose courteous, cordial, and dignified manners and winning voice forced me to dismiss some of my prejudices and previous impressions of him. I renewed my acquaintance with some of the families I had known when I was there in 1828, and preached in the Unitarian Church to a congregation which included John Quincy Adams, Judge Story, Mr. Webster, and other distinguished senators and representatives.

Parish work occupied me the rest of this and the following year. In each summer we spent five or six weeks at Boar's Head, taking a vacation in this way.

In the late winter of 1838 we suffered our greatest grief in the death of our son Buckminster; and when the spring

opened and summer came we could not bear the thought of going to Hampton Beach, where we had been with him for three years, and so went to board in Milton, near my uncle Frank Amory's [now Col. H. S. Russell's place]. The next summer we spent at Nahant with my uncle, Dr. Kirkland, in a cottage Mrs. Kirkland had bought there; and in the spring of 1840 I bought the little place on Milton Hill where my daughter and son-in-law, Mary and Oliver Peabody now live.

It was in this year (1840) that Theodore Parker preached his well-known sermon at the Rev. Mr. Shackford's ordination at South Boston. I was present as one of the council, and had some part in the services. I did not know much of Mr. Parker, but I liked him, and had exchanged with him several times. Ten years before, R. W. Emerson had left the pulpit and the Christian ministry, and I supposed that from necessity and consistency any one must, and would do so who could not stand by the New Testament, and be a reverent, trusting, loyal disciple of the Christ there portrayed. It never occurred to me, till Mr. Parker exemplified it that afternoon, that any one would assume to stand in a Christian pulpit and throw ridicule and disrespect upon the New Testament records, and upon the life, character, and history of the Christ whom those records present. Yet such was the case. A report of the sermon was soon in the newspapers, and severe comments were made upon the council for continuing the services and ordaining Mr. Shackford after listening to Mr. Parker's sermon. In one of these articles of the secular press I was mentioned by name, I think, and surprise expressed that I should have performed my part of the service. To this article I thought it best to reply, and did so in a paragraph or two, in which I took

the ground that nobody but the preacher was responsible for the sermon at an ordination ; that it was competent, and had formerly been quite common for the candidate for ordination to preach the sermon himself, and, that it was his prescriptive right and usage to invite any one whom he might choose to preach it for him, without consultation, if he saw fit, with his parish that was to be, or with any members of the ordaining council ; that the council appointed or approved (which implied their right to disapprove) the persons appointed to deliver the charge, and the right hand of fellowship, and to offer the ordaining prayer, but had nothing to do with the sermon ; and that as to the preacher, though, as he was appointed by the candidate, it might be presumed that there was some sympathy of opinion between them, yet this presumption was not to be pushed so far as to authorize an individual to refuse to perform his part at the ordination service which the council had voted to approve, merely because he was dissatisfied with, or indignant at, the doctrines of the sermon that had been preached ; and that, therefore, I did not feel it my duty to interrupt the services of Mr. Shackford's ordination ; and that while I thus felt justified in not disturbing the church and the service at the time, I yet felt constrained to say that in my judgment a man who entertained such views of the New Testament Scriptures and of Jesus Christ as Mr. Parker set forth had little claim to call himself a Christian, and I should suppose would have little desire to do so. By this article I was among the first of the Unitarian clergymen, publicly over my own name, to put myself in opposition to Mr. Parker's rationalism, and insist that it was not Christian ground.

Mr. Parker's opinions and position excited great interest and led to strong utterances in conversation, in ministers'

meetings, in the executive committee of the American Unitarian Association, and in the pulpits. In October, after the people had returned from their summer exodus, I preached a sermon in which, without mentioning Mr. Parker's name or making any direct reference to him, I maintained that the New Testament Scriptures, and especially the four Gospels, were the only authentic source of our Christian knowledge, and the only enduring basis of Christian faith, and that a man who did not acknowledge the authority of this record, and go to it for the facts and truths of his Christianity had no right to call himself a Christian. This sermon, under the title "The Christian Name and Christian Liberty," was forthwith published, at Mr. Webster's suggestion. The Tuesday after its delivery, meeting him at a small gathering, I asked him some question about politics, which he answered, but then said, "I don't want to talk with you about politics. Come, let us sit down on that sofa there;" and when we had done so, he went on: "You know I told you on Sunday how much I liked your sermon. I was so impressed by it that when I got home I took down my Greek Testament to look at the passage in Luke from which your text was taken, and became so interested that I read the whole Gospel through, — and what a wonderful work it is! It is the best Greek in the New Testament; and with what force and simplicity the story is told there!" We then had a long conversation about Luke's Gospel, in which he showed that he had read Schleiermacher's essay and was familiar with many of the critical questions connected with this Gospel.

About the same time the question of Mr. Parker's position came up in the Boston Association of Ministers, — a large majority of whom did not sympathize with him, but wished to treat him with tenderness and respect. At that

time, the old Thursday Lecture at the First Church was under the charge of the Boston Association of Ministers, and the only condition of membership of this Association was expressed by the moderator, when he said to every one on his admission, "You will take your turn, sir, at the Thursday Lecture." Here, in the judgment of many members of the Association, was a difficulty. So long as Mr. Parker continued and we recognized him as a member of the Association, we were associated with him in upholding and conducting a special religious service, and we thereby recognized his position as Christian. A committee was appointed who represented this difficulty to Mr. Parker, and asked him to relieve us by resigning his place as a member of the Association; but he refused to do so, and insisted that some members of the Association, and other prominent clergymen of the Unitarian body, sympathized with him, and were (if they dared to speak out) precisely in his theological position. Upon his declining to resign, a resolution to dismiss him from the Association was offered, was long and earnestly debated, and would have been carried, I think, but for the opposition it received from the Rev. E. S. Gannett,—who differed "*toto caelo*" from Mr. Parker theologically, but had at the same time a very tender and very crotchety conscience. A substitute resolution was offered and adopted; namely, that the Association resign the charge of the Thursday Lecture into the hands of the minister of the First Church, where it originally belonged, and that it be preached in turn by such clergymen as he may invite.

This ended the matter so far as Mr. Parker and the Boston Association were concerned. He never came to our meetings after this, and we never took any further action in regard to him. He resigned his charge of

the church in West Roxbury, came into Boston, established what was called the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, and his subsequent career is familiar to all his contemporaries.

This outbreak, if I may call it so, of Mr. Parker disintegrated the clergy and the whole body of Unitarians, and dealt a blow from which Unitarianism has not, and probably as a religious denomination never will recover. The trouble caused ten years before by Mr. Emerson, when he preached against the Lord's Supper and proposed to discontinue its administration, was slight and limited, because he resigned his charge and left the ministry ; and, like an honest man, did not wish to make or hold the religious body to which he belonged and in which he had been educated responsible for his opinions. But Mr. Parker insisted on retaining in all the ways that he could his connection with the Unitarians, and maintained that his views, opinions, and doctrines were not imported,—not the result of his study of German theologians and philosophers,—but the logical result of the New England Unitarian theology. This made his influence damaging to Unitarianism, excited afresh the prejudices of the Orthodox against it, and obtained for him sympathy and a large following, both of clergy and laity, among the Unitarians themselves.

Since then the Unitarian Congregationalists as a body have never been a unit, as they were during the first forty years of this century. From the time of Dr. Freeman's settlement at King's Chapel, and the secession of that society from the Episcopal Church,—all through the close of the last century and the first forty years of this,—the Unitarians were a distinct body, planting themselves upon the Scriptures as the rule and basis of faith,—claim-

ing to differ from other Christians, not on the ground of reason and philosophy, but on the interpretation of Scripture. They always distinctly acknowledged the authority of Christ as a divine messenger and teacher, whose words were the supreme law in the spiritual world of religious thought and life. Adhering to this principle, they were a continually growing body, and exercised a very controlling influence upon public thought and faith. And in Boston and its vicinity, in New England, in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and in some Western cities, Buffalo, St. Louis, Louisville, many new churches and religious societies were established and prospered.

What has happened since the Parker movement introduced discord into the Unitarian body and made upon the public an impression that the Unitarians were divided,—that here and there some of the older clergy and laity were standing fast and firm by Christ as the son of God, and by his gospel, as a special direct revelation, attested by miracle, while a large portion of the younger members, both clergy and laity, regarded Christ and Christianity as an outgrowth of humanity, the product of simply human thought, the absolute in religion, which man's instincts and intuitions must lead him to accept and approve without acknowledging any supernatural element in it? This has virtually been the position of the Unitarian body before the world, especially in this country, for the last forty years. And what has been the consequence? Have we really grown and increased? Think of the growth of the city of New York the last fifty years. Have we now any more Unitarian churches or societies in that city than we had in 1827,—fifty-two years ago? No. How our own city of Boston has grown and enlarged in this period! Have we any more Unitarian churches in the city proper,

or in the towns we have annexed, than we had in 1827? In the city proper not so many, and those that remain are not so large, strong, flourishing as they were then. Roxbury has probably quadrupled its population in the last fifty years, but has only one more Unitarian church than it had at the beginning of this century. Jamaica Plains has no more, though its population has very largely increased. Brookline, Brighton, Watertown, Dorchester, Charlestown, all largely increased in population, with new religious societies of some Orthodox form of faith, have the same number of Unitarian churches that they had fifty years ago,—and no more. Belmont, a new town, has a new Unitarian society; but the whole territory covered by Cambridge,—Cambridgeport, Old Cambridge, East Cambridge, and West Cambridge, now Arlington, all of which has more than ten times the population upon it that it had fifty years ago, remains to-day, so far as Unitarian churches are concerned, where it did then,—save that the Lee Street church, in Cambridgeport, has added one to the number of churches by making two rather small societies in the place of a single large one. And, relatively, the Unitarian Congregationalists and the clergy of that body do not hold the same position of growing influence and power in Boston and its vicinity, in New England, or in other parts of the country that they did forty years ago.

The Triennial Conference of the body brings together a large gathering of people; but that Conference at its first meeting failed to take so strong and conservative a position as many of its members desired; it barely secured the adoption of the phraseology the "Lord Jesus Christ" in the preamble to the principles, rules, and objects of the convention; so that the conservative Unitarians, or those

who stand upon the Scriptural platform of the fathers, are not now largely represented in these triennial conventions or sessions of the Conference. Its style is "The National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches," — a conference in which "the Christian theist," as the phrase is and the Buddhist theist may each have equal opportunities, by speech or paper, to present his speculations and theories, and where persons of the most antagonistic opinions may alike have a fair chance to utter themselves. This broad liberality seems plausible and inviting to many, but its tendency is to pass the bounds of Christian liberty and end in un-Christian license, and the disturbance of all fixed or deep religious convictions. It is a question which cannot be absolutely answered, — but it is a question, — whether the proceedings, papers, speeches at the successive Unitarian Conferences have attracted to the Unitarian faith a single person, young or old, educated in some other form of Christian belief.

It may be doubted whether the prudence of the Unitarian Conference in its unwillingness to define its position distinctly, in its attempt to unite Christ and Belial, and do and say nothing that should drive from its body or exclude from its fellowship those who treat with disrespect the Christ of the New Testament, and hold the Gospels to be in part a collection of myths and fables that may be ridiculed and denied, and in part a collection of moral truths, whose highest authority is their correspondence with the instincts of the human heart, — is favorable to the growth of the body in numbers, or in intellectual, moral, religious force.

I have often asked myself what would have been the result if the Boston Association of Ministers, the American Unitarian Association, and other organizations among

us had, at the outset, taken ground against Theodore Parker and declared that they did not consider him as standing upon Christian ground, or having a claim to the Christian name; that they did not consider any one who rejected the Christ of the New Testament, and refused to receive him on the grounds and in the way he is there presented, as entitled to the Christian name, and saw no reason why he should wish to claim it himself. If they had done this, it would have been but in harmony with the position which the Unitarians up to 1840 had constantly held. They contended for liberty; but it was a liberty within the Christian fold and under the authority of Christ and the New Testament, and not outside of both. These Associations need not have uttered any anathemas; they need not have formulated a creed; they needed only to re-assert their faith in, their loyalty to Christ as the son of God,—“the word made flesh,”—the incarnation of the divine wisdom, truth, and holiness; their adhesion to the genuineness and authenticity of the New Testament writings as the basis of Christian faith, of Christian fellowship, and of the right or claim to the Christian name. Had they thus simply defined their position and stood to it firmly, they would have checked the tendency to wild and extravagant speculation; they would have preserved many young people from the shipwreck of Christian reverence and faith, and have saved themselves from the grotesque attitude in which they have long stood before the world as a body claiming to be Christian, yet having no standard of what constitutes a Christian. And if they made little progress as a denomination, they would at least have retained their own old churches in a strong and flourishing condition, have kept the young people in them, and have saved Congregationalism—which has been the glory of

New England, and done more for it than any other form of religious instruction and administration — from the prospect now before it of being overshadowed and thrown into the background by the Episcopal church. For a century and a half prior to 1840, Episcopacy was stationary in Boston, and all but stationary in New England. Since then it has much increased, and that increase is largely made up of those who should by birth and education have been Unitarian Congregationalists, and would have been so, had the Unitarians in their councils, conferences, conventions, and various organizations been fairly and squarely faithful in their allegiance to Christ and his gospel. Whether the Unitarians can recover the position they have lost, and continue to live and grow as a religious body upon their present uncertain, undefined platform, is one of those questions hid in the womb of the future which no man can fully determine. Judging from the changes of the last forty years and the tendencies of the present, one would be disposed to answer in the negative.

With one word more I leave this subject. I admit and honor Mr. Parker's *intellectual* force and power. He was not, I think, so much of a scholar, or so familiar with the history of the religious philosophic thought of the world as many supposed him to be ; but he was a great worker, — a man of ardent, enthusiastic temperament, seizing every subject with a strong, nervous grasp, and writing upon it with vigor and eloquence ; but I doubt whether he was a large, broad, many-sided man. I remember hearing Ephraim Peabody, of King's Chapel, say once, "I object to Theodore Parker not so much on account of his opinions as for his bad temper and un-Christian spirit." But peace be to Mr. Parker's memory. He was a strong man ; and like all strong men he did great good, and not a little

evil. Unitarianism, as a form of Christian organization and administration received, I apprehend, its death-blow from him; the truth there is in it will survive and bloom afresh in some new way which Providence will unfold; but the old Unitarianism which flourished and grew here from 1780 to 1840 is, I fear, doomed.

As early as 1843, nine or ten years after the railroads were built, their effect in alluring people out of town for the summer began to show itself. As I have already said, when I took charge of Brattle Square pulpit the great mass of the people were in town and at church regularly during the whole year. But the railroads inaugurated a new Exodus which showed itself very distinctly in 1843, and the summer congregations grew "small by degrees and beautifully less." This had an unfavorable effect upon pastoral relations, and compelled the clergy to bring all their work into eight or nine months of every year. But though the summer was thus broken, my winter work went on as usual, with the sewing-circle, Bible class, Sunday-school, and the Sunday services; and I was also editing "The Christian Register." In one summer, in the early forties, I made with Mr. William Lawrence the journey to Virginia Springs to which I have alluded in speaking of Mr. Garrison, and in which I was much impressed by the scenery and the people, and the mingled pride and poverty, decayed grandeur and shiftlessness that we almost everywhere encountered.

In the summer of 1845, while I was engaged in writing the life of my grandfather, the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, the first missionary to the Oneida Indians, I made a journey to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where the remnant of this tribe was then living. From Boston we went by rail to Buffalo.

The great channel of communication with the West and Northwest at this time was by steamers from Buffalo round the lakes to Chicago. So at Buffalo we took passage on board of one of these steamers, and leaving there on Thursday, reached Mackinaw, after a stormy passage, on Sunday evening. Here we were detained ten days waiting for a steamer to take us to Green Bay. On our arrival there I went to the proprietor of a store to whom I had a note, and told him that I wished to go up the Fox River some eight or ten miles to the house of the Rev. Eleazar Williams,—who had been missionary among these Indians since about eight years after my grandfather's death, and whom I had seen in Boston two years before,—from there to the Indian Reservation, and then down to Fort Howard. I found the shopkeeper pleasant, but inefficient. He did not see how it was to be done, and knew no one who could be my guide. I was just about to leave in despair, when a tall fellow stepped up to me and said, "Stranger, what is it you want to do?" I told him, and he offered to help me as far as Mr. Williams's house, which he said was only about three miles above his own on the river. He would take me home with him in his wagon, and send me from there on horseback with his boy. "There is no road beyond me," he added, "but there is a bridle-path through the woods, and Mr. Williams, I reckon, will see to getting you over to the Indians." Half an hour later he called for me at the hotel in a large wagon with a pair of horses. We had a pleasant drive five or six miles up the river, sometimes close upon its banks, then in primeval forests, and again through open, cultivated fields. Suddenly we made a sharp turn to the right, drove through a heavy piece of woods to the river's bank, and on the opposite side I saw a comfortable homestead on a pleasant

knoll a few rods from the water, and commanding a pretty view both up and down stream. Mr. Stewart (this was my friend's name) sounded a horn, and presently a scow ferry-boat was pulled over to us by the line to which it was fastened ; we drove on board, and in a few moments were landed on the opposite shore. Mrs. Stewart's friendly welcome grew still more cordial and kindly when she learned who I was, and the object of my visit. "I must have some dinner ; and then would I be willing, before starting,—it was so long since they had seen any gospel minister or heard any preaching,—would I be willing to hold a little religious service with them?" I said, "Certainly, with all my heart." She sent for her son and his wife and one or two neighbors, and after dinner I read from the Bible, offered a prayer, made a little address ; we sang a hymn, and closed with the doxology and benediction. I have always looked back upon this little service on the Fox River with peculiar pleasure ; it is the only real missionary's work I ever performed.

During the service it began to rain, and we had a heavy shower. When it was over, Mr. Stewart said the horses were at the door, and at last yielding to my persuasions,—which his wife and daughter seconded,—agreed to go with me himself to Mr. Williams's, across to the Indian Reservation, and back to Green Bay. We had not ridden half a mile before we were wet through from the dripping branches of the trees that overshadowed the bridle-path ; but we soon left the woods for the open fields, and were quite dry again on arriving. Mr. Williams was expecting me, and made us both welcome. His house was large and commodious, standing some six hundred feet above the river, and about a hundred and fifty from the bank, in the midst of open fields. It had a garden with some claim to

cultivation, in which was a long, low building which he called a lodge, where he had a handsome and valuable library, a present from the Prince de Joinville, in remembrance of his kind services to the Prince when in Wisconsin.

The next morning we breakfasted at five, were soon in the saddle, and after crossing a mile of open land or prairie, struck into the woods with no path or trail that I could see. Mr. Williams led the way, and after seven miles or more of rough riding we reached the open settlement of the Oneidas a little before noon. We went first to Madame Schonandoa's. We were shown into a good-sized room in a frame house. The furniture was a plain table in the centre and some stools. We were told that Madame would like us first to eat some dinner, and would then see us. The dinner consisted of Indian corn cake baked in the ashes, hot and buttered, some unhulled corn, boiled so as to be quite soft, and to be eaten with milk or maple-syrup, and milk or water to drink. After we had finished our dinner our hostess came in,—a majestic person, more than eighty years old, but tall and straight, with keen black eyes, and her white hair twisted round her head; she was in full Indian dress, but everything was rich and handsome. I was formally presented to her as the grandson of Dominie Kirkland, and we began to talk, Mr. Williams acting as interpreter. Presently I said to him, "I wish you would tell Madame that I remember her more than forty years ago, when she was often at my grandfather's, and that she spoke English then, and ask if she will not be kind enough to talk with me now in English." I saw something like a flush pass over her face. And pausing a moment after what I had said was repeated to her in Indian, she replied that she remembered me as a

boy ; that she did speak a little English then, but had forgotten it, or at any rate did not like to talk it now, and could not do so with me. This was a great disappointment to me ; but I then asked her, through Mr. Williams, to tell me anything she could remember about my grandfather and his connection with the old Oneida chief, her father. She began in a low quiet voice, keeping her seat on the stool ; presently she became more animated and made gestures ; and then getting excited, stood up, looking like an old Pythoness, and rolled out for a quarter of an hour a torrent of words, of which it was impossible for Mr. Williams to give me more than the drift, with no attempt at the eloquence with which she had spoken. The only thing I got from what she said was that her father and Dominie Kirkland were great friends ; that they labored together to keep the Six Nations neutral during the Revolutionary War, and did a great, a difficult work, by penetrating through the forests to Niagara and bringing important information to the Americans. But the scene itself — the old Indian woman in her splendid native dress, her eloquence and excitement — was very striking. Meanwhile there was a gathering of Indians, as the news of my visit was circulated among them ; but Madame was so hedged round with dignity that no one ventured in. We had a formal and ceremonious leave-taking, and then went outside where were a variety of people, some in Indian, some in civilized dress, — many of them speaking English, and the older ones expressing great joy at seeing a grandson of Dominie Kirkland, whom they remembered. I made a visit to the daughters and granddaughters of another old Indian friend of my grandfather, some of whose letters to my grandfather, written in the Oneida dialect, I had brought with me, and asked them to trans-

late. This they declined to do. But they read the letters, and one said to another, "How curious, how interesting. Our father has been dead more than forty years, and now he is speaking to us here. We have his very words!" Mr. Williams translated the letters; and one, in which their father declared that the Oneidas wished to use in a certain year their annual allowance from the government for repairing their church, I gave them at their earnest request. After leaving the Oneidas' village we pressed on to Fort Howard, which we reached at twilight, and where we found our steamer waiting for us. Here I parted company with Mr. Stewart, who seemed quite indignant at my offering to pay him, saying he had n't gone for money, but to accommodate and for the pleasure of my company.

On our return to Mackinaw we took a steamer for Chicago,—then a very dirty little place,—where we passed a day and night, crossed the lake to St. Joseph, rode through Michigan twenty-four hours in a stage to Marshall, went from there by rail to Detroit, where we took the steamer for Buffalo, and travelled thence by rail and stage home to Boston.

The years from 1845 to 1850 were not very eventful to me. In the autumn of one of them I paid Mr. Webster a little visit at Marshfield. There were no guests in the house except Mr. James W. Paige, Edward Webster, and myself,—Mrs. Webster was not at home,—and the first evening I was there Mr. Paige said to me, "You play whist, don't you? We shall be just four." Before I could answer, Mr. Webster broke in, "Stop, Paige; I am not going to have it said that I brought my minister down here to play cards. We'll play dummy. The parson shall read the newspapers aloud, and I will make com-

ments." And in this way we spent the evening. When the whist was over, Mr. Webster told me about his place, how he first saw it when he was taking a little "horse-and-chaise" journey, and came to the brow of the hill on the west looking down on the farm and the sea. It was high tide ; the prospect was grand, beautiful, and peaceful ; and the place so attracted him that when he reached the gate he turned in, drove up to the house, saw the owner, and the interview resulted in his purchase. He described his improvements, particularly the trees, shrubs, and plants he had set out, and stated why he had selected them ; and had any one heard him, not knowing who he was, he would have been taken from this talk for a great nursery man who had given his whole time and thought to the culture of trees and shrubs. The next evening we had a long talk on popular education, the objects it should aim at, and the best modes of instruction ; and on this Mr. Webster talked as if he had devoted his life to education and the instruction of the young.

Though Mr. Paige and Edward Webster were the only other guests in the house, visitors were constantly coming and going, and occasionally stayed to dine, driving away in the evening. Among these was a well-known gentleman, an excellent farmer, but not a scholar, who came to look at Mr. Webster's stock. The whole day was spent out of doors on the farm, and as we were in the library just before dinner, Mr. Webster said to me, "Mr. Minister, have you ever read Professor Stuart's 'Essay on Prophecy'?" I answered that I had, adding some words of strong commendation ; and Mr. Webster went on, saying, "I entirely agree with you ; I think very highly of the essay ; but it is a mistake for professional men, when writing for the instruction of the great mass of the people,

to use technical and professional phrases, whose meaning is clear to scholars, but not so to multitudes of those for whose benefit the work is intended. There is an instance of this in the very first paragraph of Mr. Stuart's essay, where he speaks of something as contrary to all the laws of '*exegesis*.' And more than half his readers will not know what '*exegesis*' means." At this point the gentleman farmer broke in with, "That is perfectly true, Mr. Webster. I have heard of ex-presidents and ex-governors, but who *Ex-egesis* is, or what are his laws, I am sure I don't know—I never heard of him." We were uncertain whether this was said in jest or earnest, but of course we all laughed, and Mr. Webster gave the heartiest and most boisterous laugh I ever heard from him.

I was preaching in Washington the spring the Mexican War began, and heard the debates on the message of President Polk, the preamble of which began, "Whereas, war exists by the act of Mexico." The country between the river Nueces and the Rio Grande was disputed territory. The original province of Texas extended only to the Nueces. When Texas revolted and became free, it claimed the Rio Grande as its boundary, but was never able to make good its claim; and when it was annexed to the United States this boundary question was a subject of negotiation between our government and Mexico. President Polk had ordered General Taylor to advance with his forces into this disputed territory, the Mexicans resisted General Taylor's army, and the war was begun. The Whigs in the House of Representatives were willing to vote any measures necessary to the succor of Taylor, but not in any way to indorse the truth of the statement in the message that "war existed by the act of

Mexico." The debate began shortly after the House met at noon, and lasted till nearly seven o'clock. The Whigs made a glorious struggle; every weapon and stratagem of parliamentary tactics was brought into play, but in vain; the House in the end adopted every recommendation or demand of the message, preamble and all. I dined the same evening in company with several Whig senators and representatives, and the talk was earnest. Some one had said that Polk's war policy would be fatal to his administration, when Mr. Evans, then one of the Maine senators, replied, "By no means. On Saturday this administration was the weakest we ever had; to-day it is one of the strongest, with a purpose that will fire the enthusiasm of the South and of a large part of the North." And he was right. The very next morning I went into the telegraph office at Washington. The line had lately been opened between that city and Baltimore, and telegraphing was a novelty about which every one was curious, and to some extent incredulous. Mr. Morse, the inventor, whom I knew, was sitting in the office; he asked me if I should like to know what was going on in Baltimore, and how many volunteers there were for the war. He rapped for a few seconds, and stopped. Presently the click on his instrument began, and Mr. Morse said, "He tells me that the war is of course very popular in Baltimore, and that a hundred and eighty volunteers have been enrolled this morning." This was my first experience of real telegraphing, and it gave me a feeling as if there were something almost uncanny about it.

On this visit to Washington I met Asa Whitney, of Connecticut, who interested me very much, because of his project for a railroad across the continent to the mouth of the Columbia River. Only a few days before

my arrival in Washington a joint committee of Congress, with Mr. Benton of Missouri as chairman, had made a very favorable report on this scheme; and calling upon my venerable friend, Mr. John Quincy Adams, I began to speak of Whitney's project and the report, when Mr. Adams said, "The whole thing is knocked in the head by the Mexican War; and how long this is to last, no man can say. But Mr. Benton's report will never come before Congress for any action, unless it be indefinite postponement. For years to come neither Congress nor the people will have place for any thought about a Pacific railroad, but it will come eventually; and I have no doubt, Mr. Lothrop, you will live to see the mail carried from Washington to the mouth of Columbia River in as short a time (twelve days) as it was carried from here to New Orleans when I first entered Congress."

In the early summer of 1850, upon the invitation of Mr. Amos A. Lawrence, I went in the steamer "Asia" from Boston to Halifax, drove from there to Windsor, thence by steamer down the Bay of Fundy to St. John's, and up the St. John's River to Fredericton. Here we found the water very low, but determined to attempt to reach Woodstock in a small steamer that was to start for that place. Our fellow-passengers were a large company of lumbermen who had just brought down their logs to Fredericton, and were on their way to their homes at Bangor and on the Piscataquis. They had been in the woods since the previous August, and were beginning their five or six weeks' vacation before returning for their next season's work. At first they were like boys let loose from school, full of noise and fun and frolic, and playing all manner of pranks upon one another, and if this had

kept on all day we should have had a sorry time of it. But after an hour or so they became quiet and were disposed to sit still and talk, and we found them as intelligent and interesting a body of men as one often meets. They told us a great deal about their business and life in the woods, and many anecdotes of hunting. This did not surprise us ; but we were surprised, when some allusion was made to what had been going on in the world while they had been shut up in the woods, to find that they knew quite as much about these matters as we ourselves. We had just been passing three or four days in the society of some of the foremost people of Halifax, but they had no knowledge of the news of the day except what they found in their local newspapers, and there was more in common between us and these Maine lumbermen, than between us and the best people we met in the Provinces. The trial of Professor Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman, which had taken place not long before, afforded a striking illustration of this. At Halifax nothing was known about this but the gleanings from the local newspapers ; yet these lumbermen were familiar with every point in the evidence, with the arguments and the judge's charge. "The mail came to camp every ten days," said their captain ; "and among us we took eighteen newspapers a week, published in different places, reaching all the way from Bangor to New Orleans. All singing and dancing in the camp was stopped at eight o'clock, and Sunday was a quiet day, so we had plenty of time to read and find out what was going on." Their talk made interesting what would otherwise have been a very tedious day, for we were twenty hours — from six in the morning till midnight — in making the sixty miles from Fredericton to Woodstock. Here we found a comfortable hotel, with the "Fredericton

Courant," which we had already read, as its only newspaper. A drive of fifteen miles carried us across the Province line to Houlton, where in the reading-room of the hotel were Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington papers. And this is also a fair illustration of the difference at that time between the Provinces and the States.

In the summer of 1851, by the kindness of my parish, we were able to go to Europe for six months, leaving the children at Milton with Eliza as the head of the family. We sailed in the "Canada" on the 10th of June, stopped at Halifax, passed in full view of Cape Race, went round the north of Ireland and by the Giant's Causeway (there was no calling at Queenstown in those days), and were landed in Liverpool Saturday evening, June 20. From there we went to Chester, Conway Castle, and Bangor, where on a market-day I saw the Welsh women on horseback with long blue cloaks and high steeple-crowned hats, and both in dress and manners exactly like the Welsh women at Utica when I was a boy there, forty years before. From Bangor by Holyhead to Dublin, and thence to Belfast by railway and coach. From the coachman I heard the first genuine Irish bull. It was the 24th of June and very bright, though after half-past ten at night, and when I spoke of it, he said, "Sure at this sason here, sir, it is not dark till it is daylight." From Belfast we crossed to Glasgow, and thence by Dunbarton and Loch Lomond to Edinburgh, passed a night at the Trosachs, and drove to Stirling Castle, and after a few days' sightseeing in Edinburgh, left for Melrose, Abbotsford, and by Kelso to Durham, from which we went by Ripon, Studley Park, and Fountain Abbey to York; stopped at Chatsworth, visited Haddon Hall, Matlock, and Derby, and on Saturday night, a fortnight after our landing, were at

Leamington ; here we stayed for excursions to Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon, and then went directly to London. We were in London about three weeks, seeing all the usual sights, and through the kindness of my friend, Mr. Abbot Lawrence, who was then our minister to England, some private galleries not usually open to visitors, and getting also a glimpse of some of the conspicuous people in England. At Lord Palmerston's I was introduced to the Duke of Wellington, who made a sort of royal progress through the rooms. Mr. Lawrence asked me to observe him as he went downstairs. When no one was in sight he took hold of the balustrade to support himself, but directly any one appeared he left it, and walked down the middle of the stairway without support. I had heard him make a short speech the night before in the House of Lords, and he told me that on coming out, as he could find no cab, he had walked through the rain all the way to Apsley House at half-past three in the morning.

The Crystal Palace and the exhibition there was the objective point of every visitor in London this year. On my first visit I was disappointed at our country's part in the exhibition ; but farther examination taught me that I had no reason to be ashamed but rather proud of what we sent. If we presented little to gratify the pride or pamper the luxury of the rich, the inventions, machinery, and manufactures we did exhibit were for the most part such as were for the use, benefit, and comfort of all classes, and thus in harmony with the spirit and institutions of our country.

One of the pleasantest things I did in London was to go to the First Congregational Church of the city of London, in the borough of Southwark. The nucleus of this society dates back to 1595-96. In 1616 it was thoroughly organ-

ized and erected a small brick chapel in Union Street in the borough. Its third pastor was the Rev. John Lowthropp, my first American ancestor. At the time of my visit the pastor was the Rev. Dr. Waddington, whom I had already met in America. I went to hear him preach, and in the vestry after the service was introduced to many of the congregation, who were interested to see me as a lineal descendant of one of their early and marty rministers.

Leaving London, we went by Ostend to Brussels, and giving one day to that city and one to visiting Waterloo, started for the Rhine. We stopped at Cologne, Coblenz, and Frankfort, and then went to Heidelberg, where we met an old Boston friend who had lived there for several years. As we were walking together down from the Castle, I turned to look back, and said to him, "I suppose it is very unchristian; but in seeing such a magnificent ruin as this I sometimes have a feeling of regret that the state of society which could produce such buildings has forever passed away." To my surprise he burst into a hearty laugh, saying directly, however, "I am not laughing at what you have said, but at its contrast with the feeling of the last American with whom I came here, who turned to look just as you have done, and then giving me a slight tap on the shoulder, said, 'Oh, Mr. D., with a few repairs, what a splendid place that would be for a Young Ladies' Institute!'"

We spent a week at Baden-Baden; went from there to Freiburg, and thence by diligence through the Black Forest to Schaffhausen, and so to Zurich, and by Zug and Arth to the Rigi, where we passed the night, and saw the sunrise above a thunder-storm far down in the valley. Descending to Weggis we took the boat for Lucerne, and from there by diligence to Berne, Thun, and Interlachen;

here we stayed for an excursion to Grindelwald and the Wengern Alp; then went back to Thun, and made our way by Vevay, Lausanne, and Geneva, to Chamouni, and crossed the Col de Balme to Martigny. There we took a carriage and vetturino, drove up the Rhone valley and over the Simplon to Baveno, where we stayed to see the Borromean Isles, and then drove on to Milan. While we were here, your mother in my absence went out with the courier, and spite of her lameness mounted the long flight of stairs, and ascended one of the towers of the cathedral to a higher point than I had reached the day before. From Milan we took the diligence for Verona, and from there the railway to Venice, and after a few days there went by Padua, Ferrara, and Bologna to Florence. Here we stayed a week, and then taking the train for Leghorn, went from there by steamer to Civita Vecchia, and thence by diligence to Rome, which we left after a fortnight for Naples. We visited Pompeii and Herculaneum, but were not able to ascend Vesuvius, the guides saying it was so hot it would "make dead" to go up the mountain. This was our *ultima thule*. At Naples we took the steamer for Marseilles, came by diligence to Lyons, and after one day there to Paris; stayed there nearly three weeks, spent a fortnight in London, and after a rough passage were landed in Boston early in December. Our voyage, though stormy, had not been tedious. Rarely has a more agreeable company been gathered round a steamer's dining-table than we had in the "Cambria" at this time. Among them was a young Englishman from the Foreign Office, coming out to America as an *attaché* to the British legation, with whom we soon got well acquainted; and this was the beginning of a friendship with W. W. Follett Synge, which has lasted now more than thirty years.

The winter of 1851-52, after my return from Europe, was uneventful. We went to Milton early in May, and passed the summer there, and in October I was at Baltimore at the Unitarian Convention. While I was away Mr. Webster died, and I was not able to be at his funeral. The Sunday after my return I preached a sermon about him, as multitudes of the clergy of all denominations did. My sermon was published, and I abide to-day by what I said in it. It was not elaborate, but so far as it asserts anything it does him justice, which is more than can be said of some of the others. Theodore Parker's I always thought a moral outrage, and quite as strong an argument against himself, against the largeness of his charity, the wisdom, justness, and comprehensiveness of his judgment, and the nobleness and Christian spirit of his own character, as against Mr. Webster. It may be a question which will be raised for long years to come, whether a desire for Southern votes to raise him to the Presidency, or calm, wise, pure, patriotism inspired Mr. Webster's speech of March 7, 1851. For myself I am free to say that while I find the Apostle's injunction, "Honor all men," a very difficult one to obey, especially in regard to prominent political men of my own and other countries, I am able to retain for Mr. Webster as profound a reverence and admiration as for any of the public men whose names are on the scroll of our country's fame. Humanity in its noblest manifestations is always accompanied by some testimony that it is not perfect, and Mr. Webster had his faults and weaknesses like others; but take him for all in all, he was the grandest man, with the most gigantic intellect, and as pure, large, and noble a heart and purpose as I have ever known, and I had opportunities for knowing him pretty intimately. While living at Portsmouth he was on the most close and

friendly terms with the Buckminsters, owing to which I saw much of him during all the years from 1823 till my installation at Brattle Street in 1834, when I became his pastor ; and my relations with him grew more and more intimate, and continued so as long as he had a domicile in Boston. His pew was the first from the pulpit on the right of the broad aisle ; he always paid devout attention in church. He was a communicant, and one of the most impressible persons I ever addressed from the pulpit ; and the workings of his mighty and massive countenance when he was deeply moved were often an inspiration to me.

I never saw Mr. Webster but once after the delivery of his seventh of March speech, but during the winter of 1849-50 I had some little correspondence with him on the subject of Slavery, originating in the fact that I was one of a Committee of the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers appointed to consider and report on this subject, and that the part of the work assigned to me was "the Connection between Slavery and the Constitution of the United States." Incidentally I had a talk with Mr. Webster about this, and though I read and exercised my own judgment, the general ideas and principles of my paper, as accepted and published in the report, were virtually the result of this conversation. Before it was published I sent him a copy, as I had agreed to, and he answered, asking me for more copies to circulate among members of Congress, and for the precise volume and page of a reference I had made to the Madison papers. This correspondence lasted till shortly before the seventh of March ; and in my last note to him I said that we were looking with much interest for his speech, and that while we felt sure that it would be for freedom and for right, I trusted it would be like oil upon the troubled waters and help to beget peace.

A few days after the speech was delivered I received from him a note, which I give from memory, but I am quite sure correctly:—

WASHINGTON D. C., MARCH 11.

DEAR SIR,— I have done the deed. Did you not hear a noise?

Yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I wrote an answer stating at some length my opinion of the speech, and describing the feeling with which it was received here; but I never sent it, thinking it not worth while for me as a clergyman to take part in the controversy about this matter; and my personal relations with Mr. Webster continued pleasant, if not so cordial as they had been. In the great contest of these years (1849-50-51) I believe Mr. Webster to have been honest and patriotic, and as free from unworthy self-seeking as it is perhaps possible for any ambitious, prominent public man to be; and that he did and said what he thought would be for the best interests of the country. He made a mistake both for himself and for the country. But he had before that, and independently of it, rendered great and magnificent public services, that justly place his name in the first rank of the illustrious men whom our country has produced.

In the winter of 1852 my friend Mr. Amos Lawrence, the senior deacon of Brattle Street Church for several years, died suddenly. He had been an invalid ever since I moved to Boston, and during all this time I had been in the habit of riding or driving with him three or four times a week, and had done so the very day before his death, when he seemed as bright and well as usual. His physical and probably his mental vigor had been affected by his illness before I knew him well, but he was lovable, kind, generous, tender in all his impulses and affections; and his char-

ties were numerous and constant. In his strong and early manhood as well as in the days of his invalidism he was a man of earnest principle, and his death deprived me of a warm and steadfast friend, and our church and the community of a member justly held in universal reverence, love, and honor. His death was followed three years later (in 1855) by that of his brother Abbot, for whom I had a great regard, and whose memory I cherish with the most sincere affection. Of the five brothers Lawrence he was altogether the ablest, — a large, broad, strong, patriotic, Christian man, whose career and fortunes, whose private character and public services and benefactions were alike honorable to himself and worthy of grateful recognition by the city in which he lived and the country whose best interests he sought to promote. I knew him intimately for the last twenty years of his life, during all which he had been to me a steadfast friend and parishioner.

The winter of 1854-5 was the last that we passed in Court Street. Business had taken possession of that locality, and it had become intolerable as a place of residence. The house had been devised to Brattle Square Society as a parsonage, and after a protracted litigation it was decided that the gift was not restricted to the occupation of that particular piece of land, but that the Society might sell it and invest the proceeds in another house more suitably situated, and this was about to be done. The autumn opened for us very pleasantly; but in November your mother had the first difficulty of breathing, the beginning of that trouble which five years later had its issue in her death; and in February of the same winter (1855) my daughter Mary was attacked with a most serious illness, the effects of which lasted several years. The summer of this year, the last we ever passed at Milton, was made

pleasant to us by her gradual recovery; in the autumn we moved to the new parsonage house No. 12 Chestnut Street, and our first winter there was a cheerful one. The following summer we stayed in Boston, but your mother missed Milton very much, and was not so well when autumn returned and the winter set in; when the spring came she was so much of an invalid that we determined to try an entire change of air, and went for the summer to a farm-house about a mile and a half out of North Conway on the road to Jackson. Our summer there was very pleasant. We all enjoyed the mountains, and your mother improved very much. Kirk had a good time in various ways, one of which is sufficiently amusing to mention,—his “camping out.” He and some friend selected for this exploit a little grove of evergreens on a hill about ten rods from the house, and made their arrangements very thoroughly; but their experiment was short. They left the house for the camping-ground about eight o’clock in the evening, and by half-past nine had got through and were quietly in their own beds at home.

In the spring of 1857 I declined a re-election as President of the American Unitarian Association. I was not sorry after so many years’ service to resign an office which had occupied much time, which I could now give to my parish work. I had been on the Executive Board for more than twenty years; and for fifteen of them had stayed there to exert such influence as I could in favor of conservative Unitarian theology and conservative action on the part of the Association. I am a very decided Unitarian; that is, I do not believe in the Trinity, the Triune God,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in which the Father is God, and the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God,—yet making only one God. I am a

very decided liberal Congregationalist. I believe independent congregationalism to be the simplest and best form of organization and administration for the Christian Church. Still, I have had very little of the sectarian spirit in me, and have always been more desirous of making people Christians than of making them Unitarians. I have always disliked the name "Unitarian," as a denominational designation, and have thought that, in view of the traditions and descent of by far the larger part of our churches, "Liberal Congregational" would have been the true term by which to describe us.

The benefit your mother derived from the mountain air was not permanent. She went out very little during the winter, and for the summer of 1858 it was necessary for her to be nearer home; so, as Milton was rented, we took rooms in a house on one of the hills in Dorchester, on the Brush Hill Turnpike [Blue Hill Avenue]. We christened this house, and with reason, "Starvation Hall." Here we stayed till early October. It was the year of the great comet, and your mother was well enough to drive late and enjoy its splendor in the waning autumn twilights. But it was clear that she had lost ground. Early in January (1859) she took cold in driving, and on the night of the fifteenth had an attack, which was the beginning of the end. I did not know it at the time, nor had I any suspicion of it when I left her to go to Sunday-school and to preach the next morning. On coming home I sat with her till I went to church in the afternoon. She was very bright and cheerful, asked about my sermon and the Sunday-school, and if certain people were at church; wished to know what sermon I was to preach in the afternoon, and I read her parts of it, and then went to church. When I came home I overtook Dr. Homans just coming in, and

asked him about her condition. I knew he had seen her in the morning. He said to me, "Don't you know? Mrs. Lothrop does." And then he very gently told me she had but a day or two to live. After a while I went into her room, and began to speak, when she looked at me and said with calmness, "I see from your face you know all now." The next two days were wonderful days. She saw several of her friends, and the serenest spirit, the most cheerful voice in her room was always her own; the light and glory of both worlds was within and around her, the past all beautiful, the future all grand, as distinct a reality to her faith as was the past to her memory. She lingered till Thursday morning, and then in a sleep like an infant's ceased to breathe.

A few weeks afterwards I invited William Furness, the artist, to make me a visit and see if he could not paint a picture of your mother that would be more satisfactory to me than anything I had. When the head and face were finished, I said to him, "That is all I want; shade off the rest of the canvas, and leave it so." After a moment's thought he answered me, "Doctor, I cannot; I have an image of Mrs. Lothrop as she sat in that chair in the parlor of the old parsonage in Court Street, knitting and talking, or rather hearing me talk, and at last when her needle was full, looking up to speak; and that image in my mind I wish to put on the canvas. If you do not like it when it is done, I will wipe it all out and leave only the head." And so he finished the portrait, and I have never felt any disposition to change it.

In the summer of 1859 I went to Europe for six weeks for a much needed change. Sailing from New York with Mr. Francis E. Parker on the twentieth of July, we landed in Liverpool on the morning of the

thirty-first, and after a day or two in London crossed by Dieppe to Paris, left there the next Monday evening for Basle and Lucerne, passed a day on the lake, crossed the Brünig to Brienz, and from there to Interlachen and Thun ; on Friday went by an early train to Berne, and on to Neuchâtel in the afternoon ; and the next day, partly by diligence and partly by posting, made our way through the vale of Travers and over the Jura to Salins in France, where we took the night train for Paris, arriving on Sunday morning, August 15, to see the great fête of Napoleon and the triumphal entry of the army of Italy. The streets from the Place de la Concorde to the Bastille, and the Boulevards from there back to the Rue de la Paix, and so to the Tuileries, were lined throughout by the army of Paris, standing at ease in single file on each side of the way ; and between marched the army of Italy, with the pieces of artillery and the battle-flags they had taken from the Austrians. It was a grand military display. The most striking thing about it was that the Emperor rode all alone. After the band and the escort of cavalry that headed the column, he followed, a solitary horseman, and about a hundred feet in the rear, his full military staff. It was openly said that day in Paris that he did this that he might be the only sufferer in case some infernal machine should be discharged against him. I was in a window at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue de la Paix, and had a capital opportunity to see him. As he stopped to look at a colossal statue of Peace, and then turned and passed down the street I had a perfect view of his left, front and right face. He was not more than twenty-five feet from me, and I had an excellent opera-glass. I saw little or nothing of the Bonaparte family in the features, shape, or expression of his countenance ; and of all the mul-

titude of faces I looked upon that day,—officers, soldiers, and people,—his was the most stolid, indifferent, immovable. It gave no indications, you could see nothing in it; and he seemed to take less interest than anybody else in what was going on.

I left Paris the following Wednesday, passed a day or two at Havre with Mr. Charles Sumner, with whom I had several talks about Louis Napoleon. He had already written me his opinion of the Emperor,—that he was a very ordinary fellow, upon whom all the ablest and best men in France looked with contempt. While we were at Havre on our return from an excursion to Trouville, we fell into conversation with a French lady, apparently from one of the interior provinces, who eulogized Louis Napoleon to the skies, insisting that France in her day had never been so well governed, so prosperous, and so happy. Mr. Sumner's only answer was that she was not competent to judge. We sailed from Liverpool on the following Saturday and after the stormiest passage I ever made across the Atlantic, reached Boston on the Saturday fortnight.

During the following winter, aside from my parish work which was pretty hard but successful, I wrote for the Young Men's Christian Union two lectures, one of them on Charles Wesley, for a course this Society had upon The Christian Poets. In reading for this lecture I became very much interested in both the Wesleys, and in the history of the rise and progress of the Methodist Church, and wrote *con amore*. The lecture was in consequence much appreciated by the clergy and laity of that denomination, and during the next ten years I repeated it many times a year in Methodist churches in different places, and delivered it once before the New England Conference

of the Methodist clergymen. I attended some of the sittings of this conference, and was much struck with the power and authority of the Bishop. He kept absolute control of the debates upon the various questions discussed, and if there was the slightest occasion for it would interrupt any speaker, saying, "The brother is wandering from the subject. He will speak directly to the matter before us." The scene at the close of the conference was especially curious and interesting to me. After the last hymn had been sung the Bishop came forward on the platform and said in substance, if not in these precise words, "Brethren, nothing remains but to announce the appointments for the next year. I cannot expect that these will be equally satisfactory to all of you. I can only say that I have made them according to my best judgment." Then followed the reading of the list, by which every one of two or three hundred clergymen was ordered to go to this or that parish. Commonly no response was made to any announcement, but a minister particularly pleased with his appointment would occasionally answer in a quick, cheerful voice, "Amen, Amen," and presently from some disappointed or dissatisfied clergyman would come a sepulchral "Amen" in a most doleful tone.

One evening in the early autumn of 1860 a card was brought me bearing the name of an old college classmate from Louisiana, whom I had not seen since we graduated more than thirty years before. I rushed to meet him, but had taken only a few steps in the parlor when I slackened my speed, satisfied that the person whom I saw under the gas-light was not my classmate P——, who when in college was one of the best-dressed men in the class, always particular as to his appearance, and a good deal of a dandy. The gentleman in my parlor was rough-looking, with

bushy gray hair, a pair of great spectacles on top of his head fastened by a string back of his ears, and a shirt-front and collar that looked as if they had never known starch. He turned out, however, to be my old classmate, and in the course of our talk expressed a wish to meet some of "the fellows." So I asked him to dine with as many of them as I could get the next day but one, at *three* o'clock. "I shall be very glad to come," said he, "if you will put your dinner at *two* o'clock. I always dine on my plantation at two, and order my dinner at that hour at the hotels." I told him that most of our classmates were men of business, who could not easily get away so early, and that we should lose seeing some of them by dining at two. But he refused to come at three and insisted upon his own hour. When the dinner came he declined soup and fish and wine, but said if I could raise a little whiskey he should like that. We asked him about his chum and our classmate, who was living in New Orleans; he had not seen him since his last visit there fifteen years before. In fact, he had passed his whole life on his plantation, an absolute monarch; had the plantation manners and spirit fully developed, and wished to carry his absolutism everywhere; had lost the amenities of society, become rude, and could not agree to dine with an old friend to meet his classmates unless he could dictate the hour of dinner. I have told this trifling incident only as an illustration of the effect of plantation life in the days of slavery upon the masters, and upon their manners, making them insensible of what was due to other gentlemen, and resolute in having everything conform to their own wishes.

I had agreed to preach two Sundays in Baltimore in April, 1861, and arrived there with my daughter Olivia on

Saturday the thirteenth, the day after the news of the attack upon and surrender of Fort Sumpter. Everything on my arrival seemed to be loyal, at least so far as flags, emblems, and other indications in the streets were concerned; and even in private conversation, though there were differences of opinion, very little "copperheadism" showed itself. On Tuesday and Wednesday, when troops from Pennsylvania began to go through on their way to Washington in obedience to the President's call, I thought I saw rather fewer of the "stars and stripes," and felt a little difference in the atmosphere pervading the city. I saw nothing of the attack upon the Massachusetts troops on Friday; but on Saturday morning we woke to the information that the railroad bridges and telegraph lines had been destroyed, and Baltimore cut off from the rest of the country. Not an American flag was anywhere to be seen, but only those of Maryland and the Confederacy, and Maryland troops were everywhere in the streets. On Sunday morning it was reported that ten thousand troops were at Cockeysville, some twenty miles off, marching upon Baltimore, and rumor soon swelled their numbers to twenty thousand. At the church the trustees, against my suggestions that the service should go on as usual, determined that a hymn should be read and sung, a prayer offered, and the congregation dismissed. After this I ascertained where the wounded Massachusetts men were lodged, which I had been unable to do Saturday, and went to see them. My great business on Monday was to make arrangements for our getting out of the city, and reaching Philadelphia; and I agreed with a man whom I already had employed several times to come, with the carriage and horses we had previously used, at five o'clock on Tuesday morning to take us and our luggage to Havre

de Grace, thirty miles, for thirty-seven dollars. The next morning, just before five, there came to the door a very scrubby pair of horses and a very small and shabby victoria; and the proprietor excused himself by saying that the city government had the night before taken for artillery and cavalry service all his best horses, including the pair he had promised me, leaving him only the little horses with which he had come. Whether his story was true or not, there was nothing for us to do but to go. Our drive was pleasant and without molestation. We met with a good many surly looks, and one person called out, "Going home to the North? Glad of it; good riddance." At one place, after we had been passing through a country apparently perfectly desolate and uninhabited, we stopped at a little hamlet, with a tavern, a grocery store, and one or two houses, and one of the loafers on the tavern steps entertained our driver with an account of the great muster of the day before, and how jubilant and ready for fight the troops were, and gave their numbers as over two thousand. When I asked our driver if he did not think that a small muster for so densely populated a country, he admitted that he did not suppose they had had two hundred people. We reached Havre de Grace about two o'clock. At the hotel, in the public square, on the houses, nothing was to be seen but the Maryland and Confederate flags. There was no steam ferry-boat, but a man agreed to take us and our luggage across in a sail-boat for five dollars. After an hour or two waiting at Perryville we took the train for Philadelphia, and reached there by eight o'clock in the evening.

I was much interested, in the early summer of 1862, in the formation of the Second Massachusetts Regiment under Colonel Gordon, and in the autumn paid him a visit

at his camp at Darnestown. I was quartered with the chaplain, who had christened his tent "The Rectory," and preached to the men on the Sunday I was in camp. It was a most impressive scene. Colonel Gordon and the staff of his regiment were about me ; on my right General Banks and his staff, on my left General Abercrombie with his staff, and in front the regiment drawn up, while beyond were large numbers of men from other regiments,—some from Pennsylvania and some from Wisconsin ; perhaps in all two thousand troops. It was a beautiful afternoon, the sun fast verging to the horizon, the air still, and the camp and the troops as still as the air. The usual order of service was that of the Episcopal prayer-book ; but when the service was finished, and I had given out the hymn, I said to the chaplain, "The grand old Puritan element is strong in me ; I cannot preach to these men from written prayers, I must offer a prayer growing right out of my heart, this scene, and this hour." He assented to my doing so ; and brought in this way into harmony with the occasion, I have rarely if ever, I think, spoken better than I did that day.

From Darnestown I went to Washington, and there first saw President Lincoln. I had already written him in behalf of a prisoner in whom I was interested, and called at the White House to press the matter in person. I was told at the door that the President was at lunch, but would be ready to see me in about ten minutes, and was shown into the ante-room. Here I found three other persons and fixed for myself my number as four, supposing, as I had often been there in this way, that we should be called in to a private interview with the President, according to the order of our coming. But the ten minutes became twenty and more,—and more than twenty persons,

among them some ladies, had entered the ante-room ; and just as I was congratulating myself that I came fourth in order, the door opened, the usher said the President was ready to receive us, and the whole company made a rush. When I reached the doorway it was already crowded with people hesitating to enter, over whose heads I saw a tall man with a mass of rough black hair, and heard a voice saying, "Walk in, my friends, walk in." We did so, and the scene which followed was very curious. My last visit to that room had been in 1859, to see President Buchanan. At that time I entered in my turn and saw the President alone. But here were twenty or twenty-five persons seated round the walls of the room, and the President at the table with an empty chair near him. He bowed, or made some sign to the person nearest him on the left, who then got up, took the vacant chair, and began to talk to the President in a tone so low that what he said could not be heard,—the President leaning toward him.

The first suitor was a young man ; and when he had got through what he wished to say, the President, drawing back and sitting upright in his chair, replied aloud for the benefit of those present: "Now, what you say, young man, is perfectly true ; I am authorized to appoint thirty *assistant-paymasters* for the army, but I can't do this till the paymasters themselves have been appointed and confirmed. The first has been done, but some days may pass before the Senate can do the second. I can do nothing for you at present. Good-morning, sir,"— and he uttered the whole of the last part of the sentence in such a way that there was a general laugh, in the midst of which he took up a pin from the table, began to pick his teeth with it, and continued the operation till the next person had taken the chair. This happened to be a lady. When she had

finished, Mr. Lincoln threw himself back and answered aloud, as before. He first told several stories which made every one laugh, and at last said, "I am very sorry, madam, that I cannot comply with your request, for my predecessor, just before he left office, distributed the whole of those ten scholarships at West Point, and I can do nothing in that direction till next year."

Two or three other persons took the chair in their turns and had their say ; and he replied aloud, letting every one in the room know what their business was, making answers and telling stories that made every one laugh, and very frequently picking his teeth, now with a pin, now with the blade of his pocket-knife. All this produced a most painful impression upon me, though I joined in the laughs, for I could not help it,—the stories were so pat, and such conclusive arguments against what was asked for ; but I was continually saying to myself, How is it possible that this man, so rough, uncouth, and almost ill-mannered, should have been elevated to this high position ? Fortunately, before I left his presence this question was answered, as he made a very different exhibition of himself. We had been there nearly half an hour, and the scene had been one of burlesque amusement rather than that of an audience with the head of a great nation, when a lady, graceful and dignified, dressed in black, took the chair, presented a paper, and spoke to him in a whisper. When she had finished he leaned back in his chair as before, but his countenance wore a totally different expression, and his voice had a different tone, as he said, "I am very sorry, madam, but I see not how I can help you in this matter. General Banks is the military commander in that district, with full discretionary power ; and I suppose he has arrested your husband as a suspicious or

suspected person, very probably because he would not take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Do you know, has he declined to take the oath?" As he asked this question he leaned forward to receive her answer, which was not heard; but Mr. Lincoln, as he drew back immediately, said, "I thought so, madam; he declines to declare his allegiance to the United States, and therefore General Banks, who has full authority in the matter, very properly holds him a prisoner under arrest, and I have no authority to set him at liberty." She leaned forward and spoke to him again; when he replied, "Madam, such an indorsement would do you no sort of good; still, if it will be any comfort to you, I am perfectly willing to indorse on the back of your petition to General Banks that I have no objection to the release of your husband, provided General Banks, who is the best judge, thinks it compatible with the public safety." She said something and handed him a paper, on which he wrote what he had said above; and as he handed it back to her, his form seemed to dilate with majesty and dignity, and his voice was grand and impressive, as he said, "Madam, this indorsement, as you see, is neither advice nor command to General Banks, but simply the assertion that I have no objection to the liberation of your husband if the General thinks the public safety will permit; and I desire to say, madam, to you and to all, that there is no man who sympathizes more deeply and tenderly than I do in all the cases like yours of individual sorrow and suffering caused by the present unhappy condition of the country; but I do not see how I can interfere to prevent or relieve them. I am here to administer this Government, to uphold the Constitution, to maintain and preserve the Union of the United States. That is the oath of my office, and before God and the

world I mean to stand by it and fulfil it to the best of my ability. But all these private sorrows and troubles I cannot relieve or comfort; I must leave that to others, while I strive to be faithful to the great duties of my office."

Soon after my return from Washington, Mr. Anthony Trollope arrived in Boston. He brought me a note of introduction from W. W. F. Synge. He was here only a few days at this time, but returned in November, and made me a visit of a fortnight or more. While he was with me we had some pleasant dinners and good talk, especially when Richard Dana expounded to Trollope the Constitution of the United States, or corrected him on some point of English History. We went one day to Concord to see Hawthorne, whom Trollope had met in England, and Emerson. Hawthorne was in one of his happiest and most genial moods, cordial and cheery in his talk upon everything that came up; but there was not much in common between Trollope and Emerson, who seemed to find a difficulty in getting his words out, was reticent and contemplative, as if he were trying to solve the question why this wide-awake, jolly, flesh-and-blood man should write books or come to see him.

I began this winter to preach habitually without notes. I had done so occasionally before. But all through the summer and autumn of 1861 I had preached very often to the soldiers, and in these services I had from the outset accustomed myself to preach without manuscript, having only on a slip of paper the heads of every sermon, that I might speak without the formality of a written discourse, and with more directness to these men who had taken their lives in their hands, and offered them for their

country's service. And this practice I now carried into my regular services in the pulpit and have ever since kept up. My sermons, since I adopted this plan, have cost me more thought and labor than they did before, and I think my preaching has been better and more effective than when I wrote out my sermons in full.

In February, 1863, I went with my daughter, Mary Peabody, to Newberne, North Carolina, where her husband's regiment, the Forty-fifth Massachusetts Infantry, was stationed. We had an excellent passage from New York, the sea calm, even off Cape Hatteras, and the weather warm and beautiful. On Sunday, when it became known that I was a clergyman, it was proposed that I should say a word in season in the saloon, and after the service the passengers stayed some time singing hymns, mingled, as was natural, with the popular patriotic songs of the day; and when at last the company's repertoire seemed exhausted, and it was ten o'clock, a nice country-bred old gentleman said, pointing to Mary Peabody, "Now, if that young lady will by herself sing 'Home, sweet Home,' I think we shall all feel better, and go to bed and sleep well." Of course she did so, and the people separated.

We reached Beaufort on Tuesday morning, found Lieutenant-colonel Peabody waiting for us, and a short railway ride brought us to the quaint, quiet, and rather beautiful old city of Newberne, originally founded, as its name suggests, by Swiss from Berne. I passed a week at the headquarters of the Forty-fifth, a fine, large, old house in a pleasant street, and found much to interest me,—the regimental morning parades and guard-mounting, the brigade drills, reviews, and manœuvres under Gen. T. C. Amory, in observing which I was pleased to see that my old college experience as an officer of the Harvard Washington Corps gave me a more

intelligent interest than I should otherwise have had, and commonly enabled me to comprehend the object of an order and the movement which was to follow. The town itself was curious and interesting, with its broad streets lined with trees just beginning to bud, its houses without cellars, raised on brick pillars a foot or two above the ground. The "contrabands," as the slaves who had come within our lines were then called, were numerous ; they supported themselves by various work. I often visited the quarter where they lived,— "Contraband City,"— and it was pathetic to see the colored carters, porters, and other laborers of all kinds, with their books out whenever they had an opportunity, poring over them, not so much reading as trying to learn to read. I went to the wedding of two colored persons, where the mixture of ease and freedom with the most formal politeness was amusing, and where the ladies imitated the customs of their former mistresses by "dipping ;" that is, putting snuff into their mouths with a flat wooden spoon. On Sunday I preached twice,— to the Forty-fourth Massachusetts, Col. Frank Lee, in camp, and to the Forty-fifth in one of the churches in Newberne.

After a week's visit I started for the North, by way of the canals and Norfolk. The Government sent boats every day through Albemarle Sound to Roanoke Island, and thence by Currituck Sound and the canals to Norfolk. Transportation and a sleeping-place on the deck or cabin floor was furnished to persons who had the proper permits, but no food of any kind was either furnished or to be procured. Our voyage through Albemarle Sound was not propitious ; either the captain or pilot, or both, were drunk, and our course was never for a quarter of a mile in one direction ; at last we ran aground on a sand-bank, where we lay all night till the tide helped us off in the morning ; and the

helmsman being more clear-headed than the day before, we reached Roanoke Island without further accident about noon on Friday, too late for the boat for Norfolk. During the morning I had fallen into conversation with a young man, who proved to be C——, a well-known reporter, then on the staff of the "New York Herald." He gave me a great deal of information about the management of that paper, and told me, among other things, that he was instructed to spare no pains or expense to secure the Herald the receipt of reports from the armies and any war news, in advance of all other newspapers. Before the day was over I had an illustration of his skill and success in this respect. As we were approaching Roanoke Island, and were mutually expressing our regrets that we had missed the Norfolk boat, he said that if there was, as he believed, another boat at Roanoke, he should endeavor to persuade the quartermaster there to send it on that afternoon ; that we could reach Currituck Bridge before dark, and starting from there as soon as it was light, should arrive at Norfolk so as to catch the Baltimore boat, and thus enable him to reach New York on Sunday, and have his report and news in Monday morning's "Herald." As we came near the pier and saw a small steamer lying there, he advised me to leave my luggage in charge of some one on the pier, that it might be all ready for the boat, and on our landing hastened on that he might see the quartermaster as quickly as possible. I followed more leisurely, having a letter of introduction for that officer, and before I reached the quartermaster's office, met C—— returning. He told me it was all right, the boat would go at two o'clock, but that nothing was to be said about it. The quartermaster received me very courteously and asked me to dinner at one o'clock, where we were joined by C——. Nothing was

said about our leaving till just before two, when the quartermaster said it was time to walk down to the boat. We found on board some army officers who had come up with us from Newberne, and a few other persons, and running up the Sound reached Currituck Bridge just as the darkness settled down. Here we stayed during the night, surrounded by Secessionists, who might have easily come on board and robbed or captured the whole party, for we had no means of resistance; but the traffic through the Sound was of some advantage to them, and they did not wish in any way to interfere with it. In the evening I went on shore, but not liking the looks of things in the village at the Bridge, soon returned to the boat. My friend C—, however, was away for an hour or more; but all the army officers stayed on board, and I observed that whenever in passing through the Sound or the canals, we were near woods, so that they could have been easily picked off by sharp-shooters, they kept under cover and out of sight. Getting off again at daylight, we reached Norfolk in time to take the steamer for Baltimore, and C—'s report and news appeared, as he wished and intended, in Monday morning's "Herald."

The spring of 1863 was a very gloomy period of the war; I devoted myself to my parish work and to my daughter Olivia, who was very much of an invalid from an injury received in driving the summer before. On her account we went to Milton for the summer, taking lodgings at Mrs. Crehore's, near Paul's Bridge. She got through the next winter comfortably, though without any substantial improvement, and in the spring she and I went again to Milton, to the Billings House, near Blue Hill, while Thornton, who was very closely confined by his

duties as Assistant-United-States-Attorney, remained at home in Boston. In August of that year (1864), he and I took a driving journey through the White Mountains. We left Plymouth for the Profile House in a commodious buggy with one horse, but our drive there showed us the folly of this scheme; our horse and buggy were sent back to Plymouth, and we took from the stable at the Profile a Concord wagon, with room at the back for our luggage, and a nice little pair of bay mares accustomed to the work we wanted them to do. I look back on this journey as one of the very pleasantest, most healthful, and invigorating I ever had. Thornton drove and I held the umbrella; and this latter duty was no sinecure, for the clouds and the sun were apparently playing "hide-and-go-seek" with each other. Every day it rained, and the umbrella had often and long to be held up to protect us from a pelting shower; and then, in half an hour after the rain had ceased, the sun would come out in full force, and we, or at least I, needed the umbrella to protect my head from the scorching beams. But it was these changes—the blackness of the clouds at one time, and the play of the sunbeams upon the hills, valleys, and mountain-tops at another—that made the scene and scenery so varying and beautiful. We left the Profile House pretty early one morning after breakfast, and drove through the villages of Franconia, Whitefield, and Bethlehem to Lancaster, about thirty miles, where we passed the night at a very comfortable hotel, large but cheerless, as its summer visitors had nearly all left. The next day we drove up the river, stopping to dine at Brunswick Springs,—a rather pretentious little watering-place,—and thence pushed on in the afternoon to Colebrook, the last town in New Hampshire before reaching the Canada line. As we drove through the village we came in front of one

hotel, whose external appearance seemed to claim and invite guests. I supposed we were to stop there, but Thornton said he had been advised that an old tavern at the other end of the village, on the left-hand side of the street, was the best place. So we drove by the Grand Hotel and presently drew up at a little old-fashioned inn. At first we were afraid we had made a mistake, for as the old landlord was a farmer as well as tavern-keeper, and was busy in his fields with his men, it was some time before we could see anybody but the "women-folks," or get anything done for ourselves or our horses; we were only told that the men would be "home shortly," and that we could have "accommodations for the night." So we sat on the piazza and waited, and on the whole were repaid. Presently the landlord, a hale old fellow, came home; our bags were taken out, our horses driven round to the barn to be well taken care of; we were shown into a parlor, evidently the family's "best room," and thence to two bed-rooms, whose white dimity curtains and knick-knacks of all sorts showed some taste and culture, and infinite neatness. We ordered supper, and after ablutions and clothes-brushings came down into the parlor, and in a few moments a door at the rear opened and the old landlord asked us with a cheery voice to walk in to supper, which we were nothing loath to do. The supper-table was as neat as one would meet with in any private home or family, with snow-white table-cloth, napkins, silver forks, and white gilt-edged China plates and tea-set; and the food — tea, toast, eggs, and mutton-chops — corresponded to the implements with which it was to be eaten; and we soon came to the conclusion that we had made no mistake in coming to the "old tavern." After supper we adjourned first, not to the parlor which was lighted

for our accommodation, but to the public-room, where we took our cigars and had a talk with the landlord, who proved to be what I suspected from the time I saw the supper-table, an old Federalist-Whig-Republican in his politics. The moment our cigars were lighted we began to talk about public affairs, the war, its origin, issues, etc., and presently I said, as I was in the habit of saying at that time, "Well, the man whom I think the most to blame, because if faithful to his oath and office he might have prevented it,—the meanest and most dastardly fellow of all of them, and who deserves hanging first and foremost as a traitor,—is James Buchanan; he might have nipped the whole thing in the bud." To which he replied, "I agree with you, sir, save that I should except Frank Pierce; he made the same agreement, offered the same pledges to the Southern people that James Buchanan did. They tried to bring on the Rebellion in his day; and if they had succeeded, Pierce would have behaved in precisely the way that Buchanan did; he was bound by the same obligation and promises that Buchanan was." I answered, "Well, I don't know about that; only, I did not suppose that this would be admitted by a New Hampshire man." He answered, "Well, sir, it is the way a great many of us think and feel up here."

This seemed to bring our political conversation to a culmination, and Thornton began to make inquiries about the road to and through the Dixville Notch, and thence through the woods to the Errol dam on the Androscoggin River. The landlord told us the road to the Dixville Notch very distinctly, but did not know about getting through to the Androscoggin. He said there was a cart-path through, he believed, but people very seldom went through; they went from Colebrook out to the Notch and

down through to a stream in the valley, and there picnicked and came back to Colebrook. He seemed to take very little interest as we persevered in our inquiries, and at last, as Thornton went out of the room for a moment, he turned to me and said, "You don't really mean that you are going through the Dixville Notch in the morning, do you?" To which I said, "Certainly we are; why not?" "Oh," he replied, "I beg your pardon. We are only five or six miles from the Canada line, you know, and I thought from your traps and good team that you were anxious to get the young man over the border, to prevent his being drafted or enlisted."

After a very comfortable sleep and an excellent breakfast, we left Colebrook for the Dixville Notch. This Notch, with the township in which it is situated, took its name from its first owner and settler, Col. Timothy Dix, Jr., the father of Gen. John Morgan Dix, of New York; while Colebrook, the town we had just left, took its name from Sir John Colebrook, who with others first settled it. The Dixville Notch, as you approach it from Colebrook, is very imposing. The road for some miles is, or was in 1864, on an ascending grade, never very steep, but shut in by woods so that you see little that is in front, and nothing on either hand, until you suddenly emerge upon an open plateau, and there stands before you at a distance of four or five hundred yards, the Dixville Notch, which is a narrow defile through a mass of mica-slate rock. In some places the roadway at the bottom is not more than twenty or twenty-five feet wide, while the rock on either side rises twelve hundred feet, at many points a perfectly perpendicular wall. The western side of this rock (the side by which we approached) has a gradual slope to the base, and is covered with grass and shrubs; and through these on the

right as you enter the Notch, is a winding path by which, if you are sure on your feet, and have good wind, you can climb to the top. Thornton did this while I waited in the wagon below; and when he returned and reported unfavorably of the view, I told him it was well known that what we look up to is always better than what we look down upon. The road began to descend almost immediately, and after driving a mile or two we came to a beautiful stream of water and an inviting grove of trees. We thought we could not do better than make this the spot for our own "nooning;" so we drew up by the side of the brook, unloosed our horses, gave them some water and then some oats, which we had brought with us for the purpose, and finding a comfortable place for ourselves under the trees, partook of the excellent lunch with which the Colebrook landlord had furnished us. In this valley, under a bright sun and little or no wind, I was, for the only time in this splendid drive, thoroughly warm. I had left Boston with little thought of the weather on the higher regions I was to visit, and had with me only my summer gear. I remedied the difficulty to a considerable extent by putting on extra shirts, and when I got on three at once I felt very heavy, but tolerably warm. After leaving the valley we had a cart-path road for five or six miles through the woods, seeing no habitations or signs of human life, or of any other life that I remember, till we came out upon an open country and cultivated farms, at Errol Dam, on the Androscoggin. Here was a nice-looking hotel; but as it was still rather early to stop for the night, we pushed on for Umbagog Lake. As we were turning from the main road to go down to a little cluster of houses on the borders of the lake, we were hailed from the roadside by Brackett, the artist, a famous painter of fishes, who was passing the

summer there, pursuing his avocations as a sportsman in catching the fish, and then as an artist, in depicting them on the canvas. After a little chat with him we drove, by his advice, to the oldest and most inferior-looking inn in the little village at the lake, where he and his wife and one or two other persons were boarding. We found it "a singed cat,"—better than it looked,—and though old and painted red I know not how many years before, decidedly better than its neighbor, the new hotel, with its fresh coat of white paint and green blinds. Brackett was an agreeable fellow, an enthusiast in his art and sport, and so we had a pleasant evening at Umbagog. Leaving there we drove through the Grafton Notch to Bethel. This was a charming drive. The Grafton Notch is entirely different from the Dixville or the White Mountain at Crawford's. It is a winding road of four or five miles through beautiful hills of different shapes and heights, but all wooded to the top; and the sunbeams playing upon these woods, while we were often in the shadow below, gave a very picturesque effect to the whole scene. The morning was brilliant and beautiful, but we were overtaken by a very heavy shower and had ample use for our umbrella before we reached the tavern the other side of the Grafton Notch, where we were to dine. The sun came out brilliantly again in the afternoon and we made our way through an interesting country to Bethel, reaching there in time to see a very nice thriving village under the gathering twilight, which exhibited beauties and concealed defects. The next day we drove to the Alpine House at Gorham, then climbed up the hills to Jefferson, and after a somewhat dangerous drive in the dark through the woods from Franconia, reached the Profile House in just a week after our departure.

In the autumn of 1864 was the contest between Lincoln and McClellan for the Presidency. I have never before or since felt so deep an interest in any Presidential election. It seemed to me then and it seems now the most important matter which was ever decided by the popular vote in this country. The one idea in the platform of each party was distinct and of the greatest moment. That of the Republicans was, that the war for the preservation of the Union and the government of the United States should be prosecuted till the Rebellion was crushed and the authority of the Federal government established over all the land, and over all the people. The Democrats declared in substance that the war was a failure, and its further prosecution a folly and a wrong, and that peace must be secured by some compromise. I watched the campaign with the deepest interest and felt no small satisfaction when Abraham Lincoln was re-elected to the office that under such heavy trials and burdens he had filled so wisely and so well. His death was a terrible loss to the country, and the shock of his assassination was only surpassed by the sad and solemn impressiveness of the day of his funeral, which was recognized throughout the land by public services and by public and private emblems of sorrow, which in Boston were so numerous and imposing as to bring tears to my eyes as I walked the streets.

In the summer of 1865 General Grant came to Boston, and I was at a dinner given him at the Union Club. This was the first time I had ever seen him. His appearance did not greatly impress me, and he was so very silent at dinner that I spent much thought in trying to make out how he could be so great a man as he had evidently proved himself. At the close of the dinner, however, after there

had been a little breaking up, I got a seat near him, had a little conversation with him, and then heard him talk for fifteen or twenty minutes with a clearness, energy, and force that made me realize how much there was slumbering under that quiet, subdued manner.

Just after this dinner Mr. F. E. Parker and Thornton were going to Europe for a few weeks' vacation, and I decided to go with them, and so packed up on very short notice, and we sailed together in the "Africa" on the second of August. I left the steamer at Queenstown for a visit to Killarney, and then joined Parker and Thornton in London, where we passed two or three pleasant days together, after which they started for Switzerland, leaving me to make a visit to Anthony Trollope, and join them later in Paris. I found my old friend Synge in London, and we went together to Trollope's.

Mr. Trollope was living at this time at Waltham Cross, about fifteen miles from London. A high brick wall protected his place on the street, and passing through a broad gateway you entered a spacious courtyard, on either side of which were long low buildings containing the stables, offices, and other rooms, and extending in a curve to the house, which stood some eight or ten rods back. It was of brick, three stories high. On the lower floor were the hall, dining-room, library, and drawing-room, the last three opening on to a veranda with steps descending to the lawn and shrubbery, where were some noble trees, pleasant walks, and a running brook widened at one point to a little pond. To the right of the lawn were the flower and kitchen gardens, and beyond, a large paddock. In the whole place there were about fifteen acres. There were several other guests in the house besides Synge, his oldest son, and myself; among others Trollope's brother

Adolphus, with his daughter Beatrice, then a girl about ten years old, half a child, half a woman grown, singing airs from the operas with intense feeling and passion. The daily order of our life during my visit was this: Trollope himself rose at five, took his bath, and began to write on whatever novel he had in hand ; he always insisted on at least three hours' work before breakfast. About half-past eight he completed his toilet, and coming down to the library rang the bell for prayers, which were attended by all the household, including an old groom who had lived with him many years. The guests came or not as they chose. Mr. Trollope read prayers himself. He was a religious man in his own way, and attached importance to this service ; yet he did not object to his guests playing croquet on the lawn on Sunday afternoon ; indeed, I think I have seen him doing this himself. After prayers came breakfast, always a substantial meal, enlivened by cheerful and gay rather than profound talk. From the breakfast-table we adjourned to the veranda, where the two Trollopes, Synge, and myself took our cigars. At eleven, Trollope, who was still supervisor of the Post Office for the two counties on the borders of which Waltham lies, left us to attend to his official business, which commonly occupied him about two hours, during which we either talked, read, or wrote, or those who liked played croquet. When Trollope came back we usually strolled about the grounds until lunch, which was a solid meal of soup, chops, with cold beef or mutton on the sideboard, and beer and sherry to drink. About four o'clock Trollope always went to ride, and there was another saddle-horse in the stable for any one wishing to join him ; but he commonly went alone, as he needed a great deal of exercise and took it in this way, riding hard some fifteen or eighteen miles every day. Mrs. Trollope would then take

out some lady in her pony phaeton, with perhaps a gentleman in the rumble. Five o'clock tea was not then known at Waltham, but dinner, always in full dress, both for ladies and gentlemen,—low neck and short sleeves for the one and white cravat and an evening suit for the other,—was at half-past six. It was rather light and delicate, and if the weather was fine, we always adjourned to the lawn for our dessert and coffee. The ladies stayed with us, and we had many pleasant hours and much good talk round this table under the tree on Trollope's lawn. As the twilight waned we returned to the drawing-room, where we found tea for those who wished it, no one presiding at the tea-table, but any one who cared for a cup helping himself; and the evening ended with music, little Bice Trollope playing and singing superbly, and sometimes there was dancing also. One evening I remember Mrs. Trollope and her youngest son, having dressed themselves for the purpose, danced together with great spirit and energy an Irish jig. The servants came by permission to the drawing-room door to look on, and when Mrs. Trollope sat down breathless, the son seized the stout cook, apparently nothing surprised and nothing loath, and continued for some moments the jig with her. Nothing, however, kept Mr. Trollope up beyond his accustomed hour. He always took leave of the drawing-room and of his guests at ten o'clock, that he might be up early for his morning's work. Shortly after the ladies departed, and Synge, Adolphus Trollope, and myself retired to a little smoking-room in one of the wings on the court, where we had a last cigar and a chat before we separated for the night.

I passed ten days with the Trollopes; during these we visited Epping Forest, the Harold Oak, and the scene of the Rye House plot, all of which were within easy distance.

I enjoyed my visit greatly, Mr. and Mrs. Trollope were uniformly cordial, and I met various pleasant people there. Many artists and writers came out from London to lunch or dine informally, for all of whom Trollope seemed to keep open house. The two brothers, Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope, were a strong contrast, as well in manners and character as in personal appearance. Anthony was bluff, brusque, downright. If he differed from you, he said so distinctly and was ready for an earnest argument. He had a fair share of that self-assertion which marks an Englishman, but he had a warm and kindly heart, was honest and independent, with great integrity and purity of life and character, and freedom from everything mean, low, and vulgar. Thomas Adolphus was gentle, quiet, courteous. If he differed from you he showed it by asking a question, and if that were answered, then another, and so on, till his questions had strongly developed his side of the argument. Anthony was a Churchman, his brother a sceptic and radical, who thought Christianity, as set forth and administered by the Church, stood in the way of the regeneration of Europe.

Synge and I returned to London together, and on the following day celebrated his birthday by going with his oldest boy, Bob, to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and afterwards having a venison dinner, that Synge might show me how much better English venison was than American. Unless I had been told, I should not have known that I was not eating mutton.

Upon leaving London I made a little excursion to Leamington, the Lake district, Manchester, and Sheffield. At the little village upon Lake Windermere, above the station of that name, I found the Confederate flag still flying from the principal hotel,—though the war had ended some

months before by the complete crushing of the Confederacy,—and I learned further that it had been the resort of the Confederates; so I passed it by and found a comfortable, though less pretentious, inn beyond. The next morning I took a row-boat with a pair of oars, and went all round the lake, stopping where I chose, and having every interesting spot pointed out and much local and personal history told me by my loquacious oarsman. This occupied all day, and I returned to my inn to dine. The following day I went to Windermere and on to Ambleside, visited Rydal Mount, and walked nearly to Miss Martineau's gate intending to call on her, but thought better of it and turned back. "Why," I said to myself, "should I call on this lady? I did not like her over much when I saw her in America. She then held some opinions with which I had little sympathy, and since that time she has advanced far into the domains of radical, unchristian, and anti-christian philosophy, and utterly failed of the promise of usefulness which her earlier writings held out. I think her brother's criticism upon her book and her present religious and theological position was very severe, as coming from a brother, and that it was not incumbent upon him to attack her in this way. Still his criticism, if severe, is just. I have not much sympathy with him, and with his sister none at all. My call would be simply a visit of curiosity, not one of respect, and I won't make it." So I walked back to the hotel and went on to Keswick, stopping on the way to visit the graves of Sterling and Hartley Coleridge. At Keswick I saw Southey's house, and then drove round Derwentwater, the long way, taking the whole day. The following morning I went to Ullswater, the most quiet, romantic, and out of the world of all the English lakes, and returning to Windermere for the night, took

a morning train for Manchester. A few days later I joined Parker and Thornton in Paris, and after a short but pleasant stay returned to London, which we left by "the Irish mail" on Saturday evening to join our steamer on Sunday at Queenstown. This journey I shall never forget. I had travelled a good deal in this country in the old stage-coaches before the day of railways; I have since travelled somewhat in Europe, on the Mediterranean, and in Egypt; but I put this journey from London to Queenstown as the most vexatious and harassing I have ever made. It was then, and is probably now, the most impressive illustration of the disagreeableness of English railway travelling, and of that proud stupidity or stupid pride which makes the English regard their way as better than any other way in the world. Eight times in the course of this journey, largely by night, are you obliged to look after your luggage and see that it goes on with you. At Euston station, where you start, at Holyhead when you take the boat, at Kingston when you leave it, and at the station there before you take the train for Dublin, while at Dublin you must be sure that you have everything on your cab before you drive to take the train for Cork at the other station, where you must again see it properly in the van. At Cork there was a change for Queenstown, and at Queenstown you had to see all your things put on the tender, and to watch again over their final removal on reaching the steamer. And all these transfers required your close personal supervision and attention. You had no checks, no receipt of any kind, the porters, except in London, were few, and this constantly recurring trouble made the journey most detestable. This matter is about the only one on which I can look upon the English with contempt; but for their refusal to adopt our system of checks or some similar plan, and

their mode of treating luggage, I do hold them in superb contempt.

We reached Queenstown, however, in spite of these drawbacks, in time for our steamer, had a pleasant company on board and a fair voyage in the "Cuba," and I was glad to get home.

In February, 1866, Thornton was engaged to Miss Annie Hooper, and was married on the thirtieth of April of that year at King's Chapel. An incident of the wedding has often amused us since, though it was sufficiently annoying at the time. When the wedding party entered the church and were walking up the aisle, I came forward to the chancel rail to meet them and begin the service; but the organ would not stop, and when at last it seemed about to do so, it burst out afresh, and the choir joining sang, with many pauses and repetitions, a most inappropriate piece of music, beginning "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." This lasted so long that, leaving the bridal party standing, I went back to my seat and waited till the organ had ceased and the voices were hushed before coming forward again for the ceremony. Who ordered this music or how it happened was never explained.

Thornton's marriage and Olivia's continued confinement to her bed or couch, as an invalid,—she had never recovered from the effects of her accident four years before,—left me pretty solitary at home. Dr. Brown-Sequard came to Boston in February of 1867, and we determined to consult him, and see if he could give us any hope of Olivia's improvement or recovery. He recommended an entire change of treatment, the application of ice to her back and spine, and that she should be taken to Europe, pass the summer in the Isle of Wight and the winter at Nice,—continuing all the time this treatment,—and gave the opinion

that if this were done, in a year or a year and a half she would come home perfectly well. The treatment recommended was at once begun, and our passages were taken for the sixth of May; but there was a difficulty about getting Olivia to the steamer at East Boston. She had not been out of her room for many months, or in a carriage since October, and it was thought that it would not do for her to attempt to drive to the ship. One of our Boston pilots, then connected with the revenue service, came to our aid; he brought the revenue cutter's eight-oared barge to the boat-house at the foot of Chestnut Street, came to our house with some of the crew, who lifted her gently from her bed on to a litter, on which they carried her from her chamber to the barge; they placed the litter in the boat, and rowed down the river and under the bridges to East Boston, where it was hoisted on to the deck of the steamer. Here Olivia was obliged to remain for some time, as the litter could not be carried below during the crowd and confusion while the passengers were coming on board. She was very pale, and exhausted from the excitement and fatigue, but not unconscious, and lying there with her eyes shut and many flowers about her, which her friends had brought and sent her, was very much amused at the remarks of the passers-by. "She looks as if she were alive." "What a sweet, calm expression." "She must have died happy." When the decks were cleared she was carried below, was soon made comfortable by her excellent nurse, and our voyage was most prosperous and pleasant. At Liverpool Olivia was got ashore and in a carriage to the hotel without much difficulty, and a few days later accomplished the journey to Leamington, where we stayed a month, during which she so improved that she was able to enjoy going out in her Bath chair for a five or six miles' drive.

The second Sunday we were at Leamington I walked to Warwick to the Unitarian church there. The church itself was venerable, but small; the congregation was small, though in appearance very intelligent. It was raining as we came out, and a gentleman observing that I had no umbrella offered me the shelter of his so far as our paths lay together. In the course of our walk he told me his name and I gave him mine, and we had a very agreeable talk, so far as it could then be agreeable to me to talk with an English gentleman who soon let me know that he sympathized with the Confederate rebels in our civil war, and knew personally those of them — and they were many — who were living about Leamington. I declined his offer to introduce me to them; and it was a certain satisfaction to me to hear from him that he had made an investment in Confederate bonds, and to dash his confidence that he should still realize something on them, by the assurance that he would realize only a total loss. The following Sunday I preached at Warwick by invitation of the clergyman there, and an account of my sermon which appeared in the Unitarian newspaper in London led to my being asked to attend the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and to a letter from the Rev. Brooks Aspland, inviting me to preach for him at Hackney the Sunday before the meeting. It was a drive of nearly ten miles from my hotel in London to the Unitarian Church in Hackney, and when I started shortly after eight in the morning, I found Leicester Square and St. Giles and the streets beyond as quiet as the grave, an occasional policeman, milkman, or baker the only living, moving thing to be seen, though as we neared Hackney, about half-past nine, there were more signs of life. The Unitarian society there is a strong and famous one; in Dr. Bel-

sham's day it was really in the neighborhood of London, not in London itself, and there were plenty of trees and green pastures between the streets of the great city and the village of Hackney. I had a pleasant day there, preached twice to large and attentive congregations, and left about half-past six to return. What a contrast in the drives! In the morning a wilderness of houses with scarcely a human being, in the evening the streets swarming with men, women, and children; there were many whole families,—father, mother, sons, and daughters. I saw no one drunk, but many rough and coarse-looking people, all apparently enjoying themselves,—a holiday London, quite different in appearance from the week-day, working-day London.

The business meeting of the Unitarian Association was at the Unitarian Church in Brixton, in the southwest of London. Mr. James Martineau, Mr. Aspland, and a clergyman from Liverpool, whose name I cannot recall, most impressed me. After the business we took the train for Sydenham, where was the social gathering. An hour's pleasant talk was followed by a dinner, where I had the honor of sitting at the right hand of the President, Mr. Lupton of Leeds. The hall in which we dined was not so large as the Boston Music Hall, nor was the company so numerous, or the speeches so long and formal as at the Unitarian festivals here, but the sociality of the occasion seemed much more hearty, and the whole thing lively and genial, as if they were all very glad to find themselves together. Tea and coffee were furnished as a part of the *menu*, a note at the bottom of which said that gentlemen who wished could call for ale or wines; and I observed that many persons did so. The speaking generally was very good, sensible, and spirited. I was called upon to respond

to a sentiment complimentary to the American Unitarian Association and myself ; and I hope did not discredit the Association, myself, my calling, or my country.

The next day I returned to Leamington, which we very soon left for Ventnor, breaking the journey at Portsmouth, where we stayed four or five days for Olivia to get over her fatigue. We were very comfortable at Ventnor for three months ; the climate, according to our experience, was delightful and sufficiently invigorating. It was never too warm ; it was often misty ; one needed to have his umbrella with him, but there was hardly a day when I did not get a walk of several miles.

While we were at Ventnor I made an excursion to Paris to see the Exposition, arranging my time so that I might keep an engagement to preach at Brixton, where I dined at what was known as "the Manor House," with Mr. William Shakespeare, a collateral descendant of the poet. He himself was a Londoner, but his father had been born at Stratford-upon-Avon, and had come up to London to seek his fortune. The house was full of busts and engravings of Shakespeare, and my host bore a distinct family resemblance to him. We had an agreeable dinner, with a peculiarity in the arrangement of the seats at table. Mrs. Shakespeare sat at her husband's right, was treated with consideration as a guest, but seemed to have no responsibility about the house or dinner. The explanation subsequently given me was that she had been his daughter's governess, and that when he married her it was arranged that the oldest daughter should continue to sit at the head of the table, and carry on the house as before.

I had agreed to preach at Leeds the second Sunday in August, and taking the train from London on Saturday, I found myself in the carriage with two very intelligent and

agreeable gentlemen, evidently knowing each other very well, one clearly a member of Parliament, and the other not. Neither called the other by name, and I had no notion to whom I was indebted for so pleasant a journey until we arrived at the station at Leeds, where Mr. Lupton, with whom I was to stay, introduced me to both of them. One, the more polished and better-mannered, was his brother, a Leeds manufacturer; the other was the Hon. Wm. E. Forster, the member for Bradford, who had so stoutly upheld the cause of the Union during the War of the Rebellion.

I preached on Sunday at Leeds to a large and intelligent congregation, the largest Unitarian congregation I had ever seen in England. It used to be Dr. Priestley's when he was at Leeds. The Mill Hill Chapel, as it was called, was a modern structure, very agreeable to worship and to preach in, and the society still retained in the rear of this building the old chapel where Dr. Priestley used to preach, and which I visited after the service. Mr. Lupton lived in a pretty place a few miles out of Leeds, and a pleasant thing in his family was that all his servants were of the same faith with himself, so that they all came to family prayers, and those who could went to church with us. At dinner I met another brother of my host, who lived near by, though his mill and business were at Bradford. When he heard that Mr. Forster had come down with me on Saturday, he proposed that I should come to Bradford on Tuesday, take a counting-house dinner with him at two o'clock, and that he should get Mr. Forster to meet me. So on Tuesday we went to Bradford, and after going over Mr. Lupton's great establishment were taken to a large, pleasant, well-furnished parlor in the second story of the main building, where a table was laid for four persons. Mr. Forster came

in presently, and we sat down to a dinner of soup, fish, and roast mutton, plenty of ale, and some excellent sherry, and had a great deal of interesting talk about England and America,—our principal difference of opinion being as to the value of Mr. Garrison's services in accomplishing the extinction of slavery in the United States. Mr. Garrison had been at Leeds not long before, and had received a great ovation there, at which my host of the counting-house had presided. I told them I was very glad they had complimented Mr. Garrison, but that I could not hail him as the great apostle through whom the blot of slavery in the United States had been wiped out; that neither he nor his coadjutors the Abolitionists, the anti-slavery society in America, had ever looked at or treated the matter with the wisdom of a large, broad statesmanship, or the spirit of a true Christian philanthropy; that their ideas, principles, and modes of action, if persevered in and carried out, would simply have broken up and destroyed the Union, without abolishing slavery; while it was the principles and position of the Republican party and the logic of events under their sway, that preserved the Union and overthrew slavery. I still believe that when the living generations are dead this will be the verdict of history.

I had a pleasant week at Leeds, preached there the following Sunday, and left on Monday for an excursion to Scotland and a visit to some friends who had rented a shooting-box near Fort William, on the Caledonian Canal. When I returned to Ventnor after nearly three weeks' absence, I found Olivia very much improved, and we began to think of our arrangements for leaving there. Before we left, however, I had two other interesting professional experiences. I attended the quarterly meeting of a local

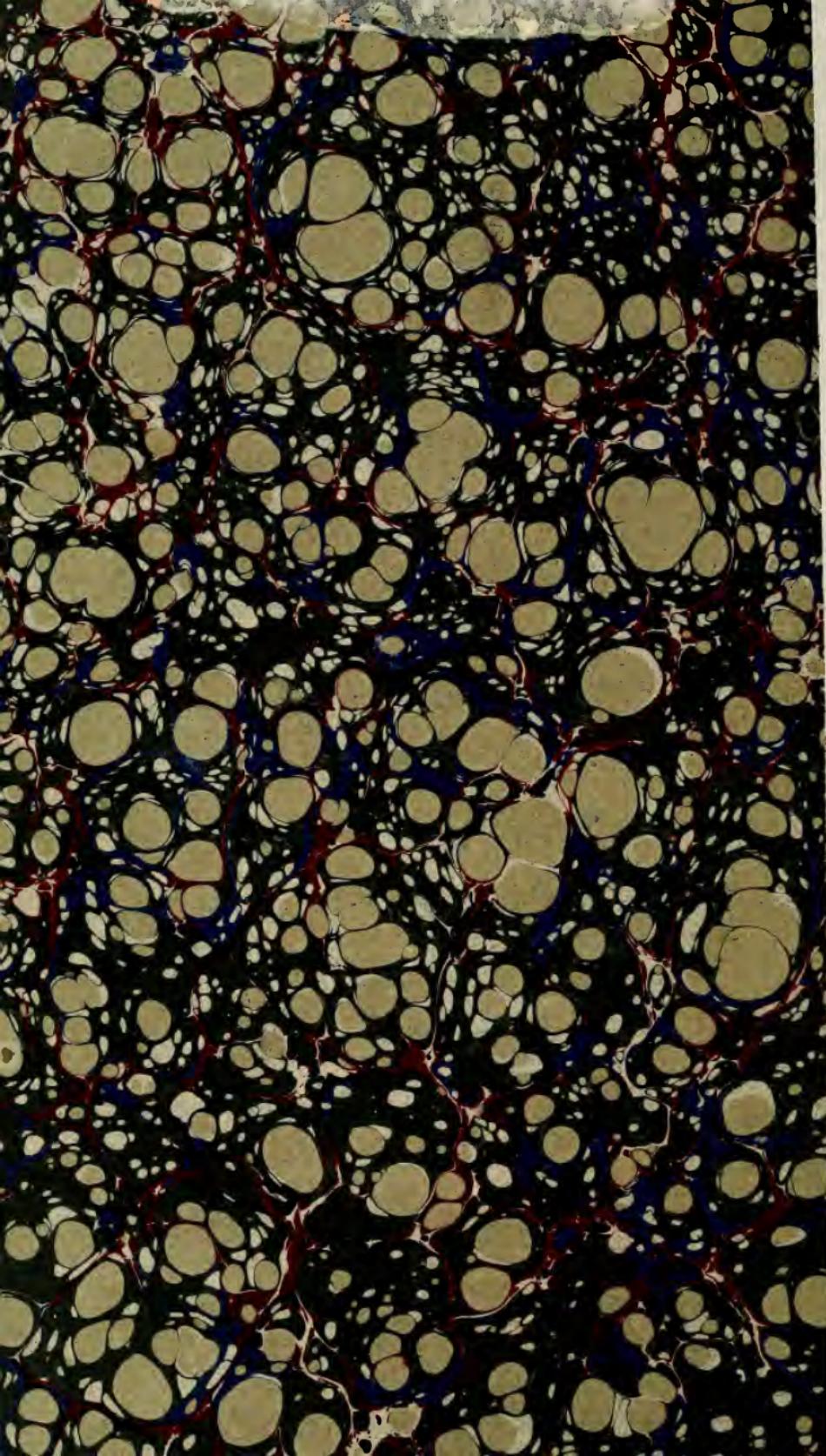
Unitarian Association at Portsmouth, and preached there. It was a week-day morning service, but the church was well filled. After church there was a pleasant lunch at the pastor's house at Southsea, and in the afternoon a Sunday-school celebration, ending with a collation in the vestry. This was a crowded social gathering of all the men, women, and children of the society, and was very interesting and successful.

The other incident was a service at Southampton on the reopening of the Unitarian Church there, which had been closed some months for repairs. The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Kell, thought this an occasion to be noticed, and asked me to come and preach a sermon appropriate to the event. Owing to a delay in the trains I did not reach Southampton till late Saturday night, and having decided to preach one of the sermons I had used at Leeds, with a close suitable to the circumstances, I went to bed and slept well. But I was a little disturbed in the morning when we left the house and began our walk to the church to find posted everywhere large handbills announcing that "The Reverend Dr. Lothrop, a distinguished American clergyman from Boston, Massachusetts, would preach," etc., and inviting the public generally to come and hear him. My sermon, of which I had thought fairly well the night before, seemed in the light of these posters, large in themselves and legion in number, to grow small by degrees and beautifully less, till I began to fear the service would be a failure, — a feeling which increased as we approached the church and I saw the number of people going in. I had a few moments in the vestry, during which I consoled and strengthened myself, especially by the thought that I was a perfect stranger, and that there would not be a single person in the congregation whom I had ever seen before

or should probably ever see again, and that I might therefore feel perfectly at ease. Entering the pulpit in this state of mind, the first thing I saw, directly in front of me, were four familiar Boston faces. All four persons I knew, and two of them I knew very well. After an instant, however, I felt that it was a pleasure to me to see their friendly and sympathetic looks, and so I found it during the whole service. I was thought to have met the occasion, and the editor of a Southampton newspaper said it was as much taller preaching than that he commonly heard as Mont Blanc was above the level of the sea.

After my return to Ventnor we were wholly occupied with our preparations for leaving the Isle of Wight and going South. Olivia had grown so strong that a drive of eighteen miles in a phaeton did not fatigue her, and she was able to take a walk of about three quarters of a mile, which she had said, when we first came to Ventnor, she should do before she left. So, the summer having accomplished what we had hoped, we left Ventnor full of cheer, and made our way by slow stages to Nice. Here I stayed long enough to establish Olivia in comfortable quarters under suitable protection, and then turned my face homewards, and sailed for Boston about the middle of October.

[My father's Reminiscences come to an abrupt conclusion a few years later than his return from Europe in 1867; but much of what remains is of a personal nature, which it seems to me best not to print; and I have therefore determined to stop here. His manuscript does not reach to the removal of his parish to the church in Commonwealth Avenue. He came home in the autumn of 1867 to an absolutely solitary house. In November, 1869, he married Miss Alice Lindsay Webb,—an event to which the happiness of the remainder of his life was largely due. In 1876 he resigned his pastorate, but continued to live in the parsonage until his death, on the twelfth of June, 1886.—ED].



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